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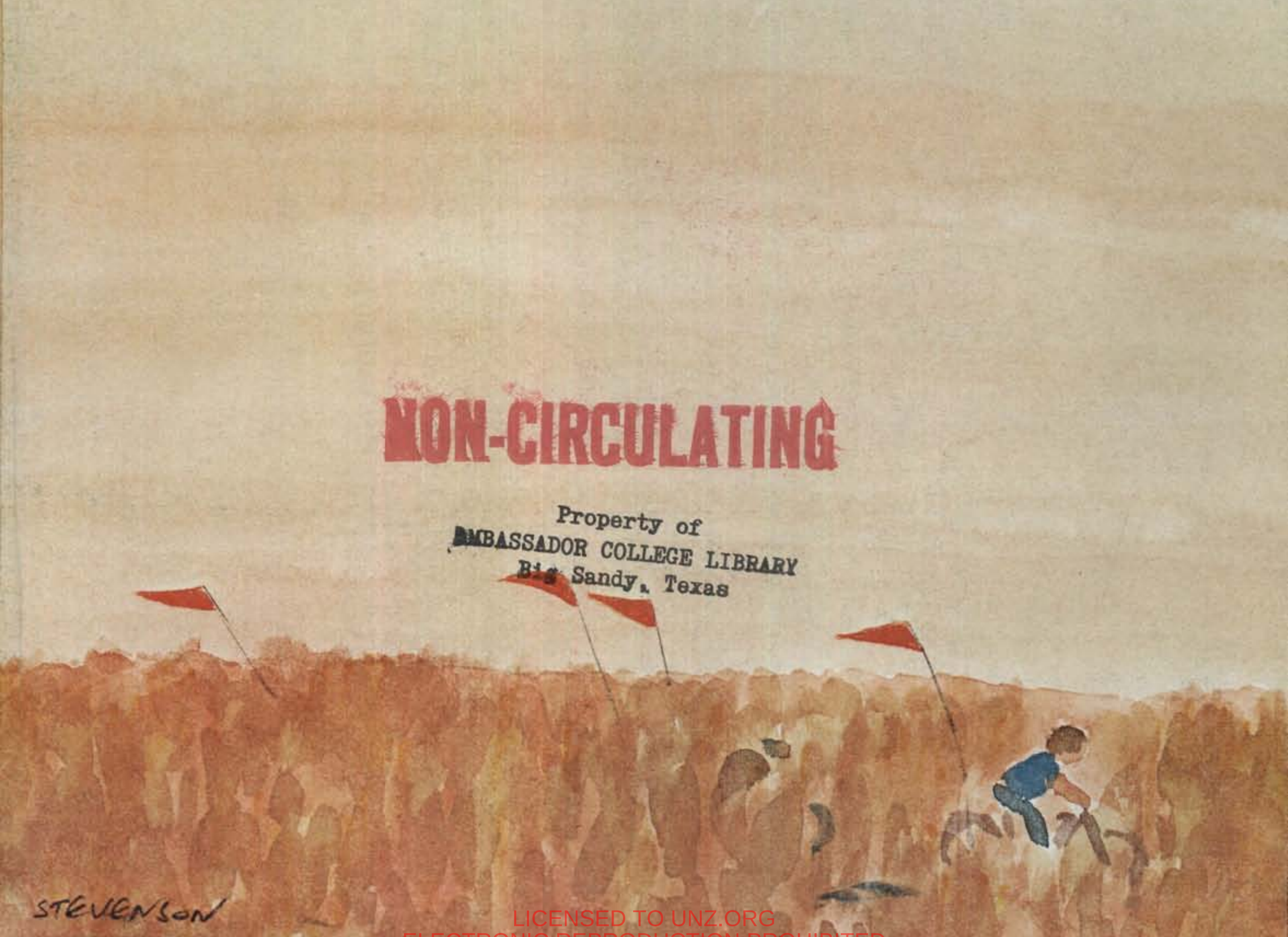

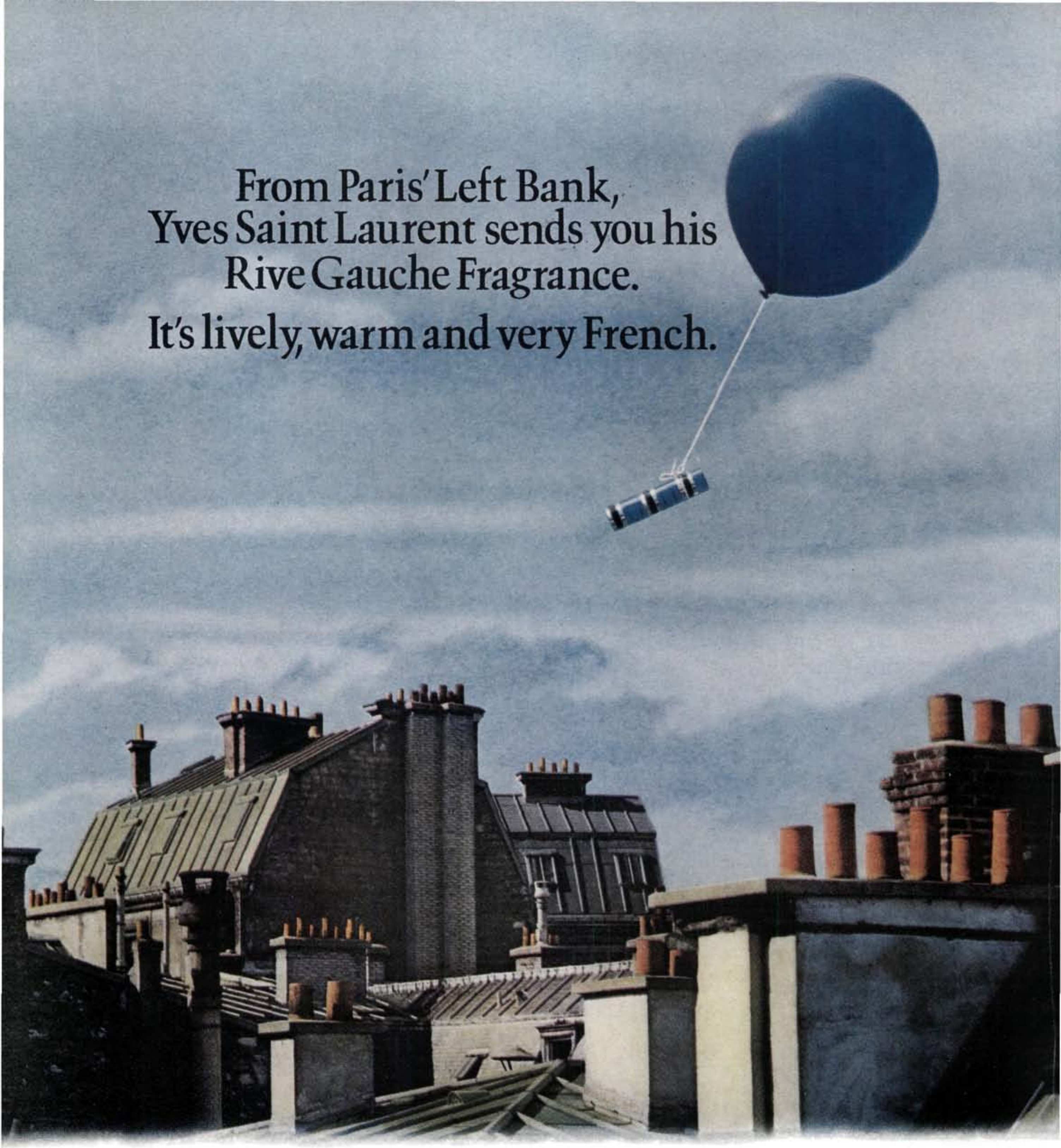
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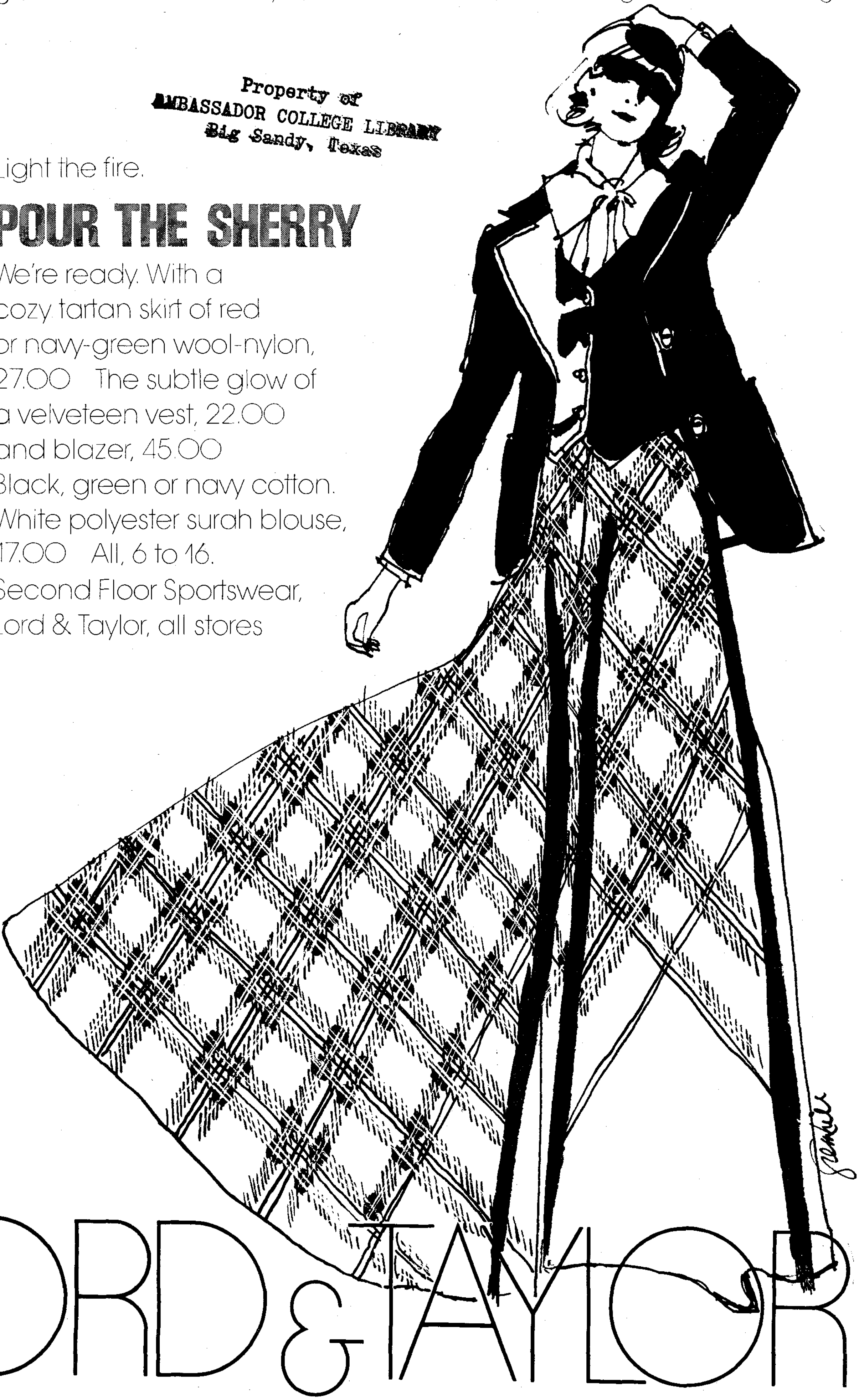

LORD&TAYLOR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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			10	11	12	13
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

CHICAGO—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Liza Minnelli (substituting for Gwen Verdon, who will return on Monday, Sept. 15), Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCE WITH ME—The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE RITZ—High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

RUBBERS and **YANKS 3 DETROIT 0 TOP OF THE SEVENTH**—The management has extended the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHENANDOAH—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH—Elizabeth Ashley, Alfred Drake, and Martha Scott in a six-week revival of Thornton Wilder's comedy. Directed by José Quintero. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE WIZ—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,401 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and

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COVER: *James Stevenson*

DRAWINGS: *Edward Koren, Saul Steinberg, Lee Lorenz, Joseph Farris, Robert Weber, William Hamilton, Robert Day, Charles Barsotti, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Dean Vietor, Bernard Fuchs, Stan Hunt, Warren Miller, George Booth, James Stevenson, Tom Funk, Al Ross*

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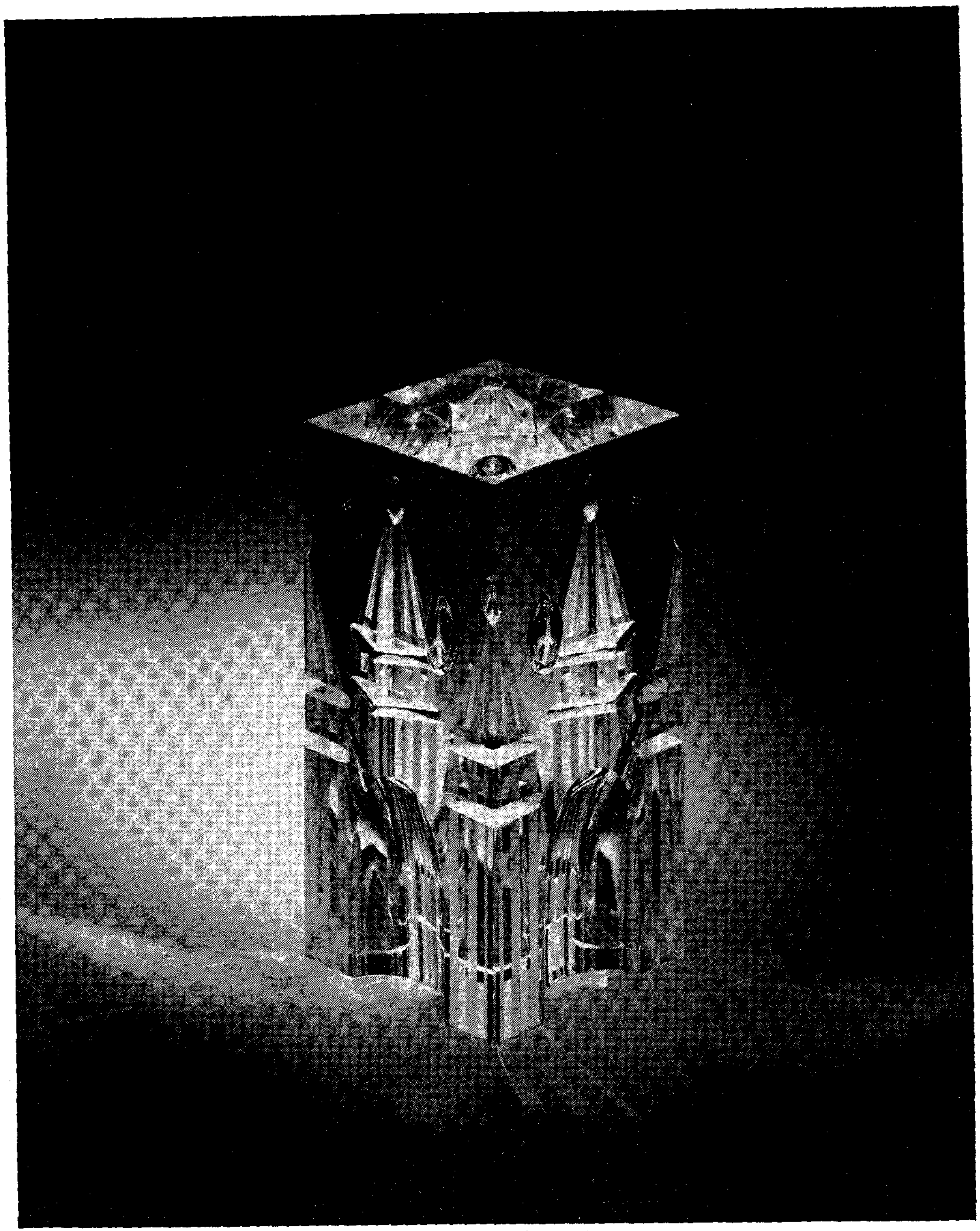

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SHERLOCK HOLMES**: Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with Robert Stephens as Holmes and Clive Revill as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Follies," with Peggy Fleming. Opens Friday, Sept. 19, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 5. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11:30.)

DANCE

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—"Classic Kite Tails," "Death Is the Hunter" (première), "Meditation on Orpheus" (New York première), and "Hurrah!" (New York première), performed to a program of American music played onstage by the Hudson Valley Philharmonic, conducted by Joel Thome. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, Sept. 11, and Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8.)

Nancy Hauser Dance Company—A modern-dance group from Minneapolis, appearing here for the first time. Friday, Sept. 19, at 8: "Beginnings," "Partapartita," "In a Garden," and "Dal-A-Bye."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Beginnings," "Dal-A-Bye," "Moose Lake," and "Temporary Site." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

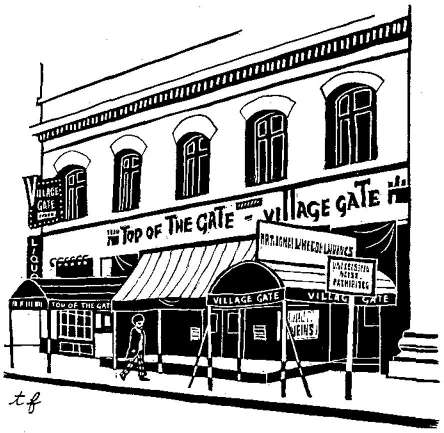
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head. On Mondays: five or six part-time but nonetheless exuberant Dixieland musicians known as the Grove Street Stompers. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE**, as loose, bluesy, and high-spirited as ever, heads a trio through Saturday, Sept. 13, in this relaxed and comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Roger McGuinn, who is now performing without the Byrds but who nonetheless still alludes to and sings songs written by Dylan, is here Wednesday, Sept. 10, opposite gospel-rock fiddler Papa John Creach and his band, Midnight Sun. On Thursday, Sept. 11, **JAMES COTTON** brings in his blues band. Cotton learned to play blues harp from Sonny Boy Williamson, the reigning giant of thirty years ago, whom Cotton had heard on the radio—he ran away from his Mississippi home at the age of nine to find Williamson, who lived in another part of the state—and he joined Muddy Waters' blues band in the mid-fifties, remaining a member for some twelve years. Now Cotton has a cult of his own, and he should—he's probably the best second-generation Chicago-blues musician. Several years ago, after he left Waters to form his own band, Cotton generally played Chicago and Detroit clubs that were a good deal smaller than the Bottom Line. Their intimacy and informality allowed his performances the looseness and vitality that made them exciting. Those who saw him then report that he would get so worked up that he would leave the stage, blowing on his harmonica, dance around through the audience and out the front door, go around the block, and burst back in ten minutes later, still going strong. Nowadays, he spends most of his time onstage, but he still projects the kind of enthusiasm that Jagger disciples aspire to. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, musical humanist-explorer and tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** will perform with his quintet, which alternates with **ROY HAYNES'** Hip Ensemble. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 16-17, Geoff Muldaur, a former member of both the Kweskin Jug Band and Paul Butterfield's Better Days, and a former husband of Maria, arrives to dabble in blues, thirties jazz, and country music. Beginning Thursday, Sept. 18, Barbara Cook, who does old standbys in addition to some of the songs she sang in her Broadway roles, will trade sets with Gotham, an exuberantly campy but quite mediocre male singing trio. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.



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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Highly proficient piano-bass duos perform in this crowded, buzzing, wood-panelled bar every night: Hugh Lawson works with bassist Stafford James through Saturday, Sept. 13. Cedar Walton comes in on Monday, Sept. 15, with *his* bassist, Sam Jones. From ten to two-thirty. On Sundays, Barry Harris holds forth, along with his accompanist, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**BUDDY RICH** and his youthful big band have begun another stand in their ritzy metal-and-glass home base. **MEL TORMÉ**, who sings, scats, plays piano, and wisecracks with Rich, is also on hand. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** returns home, much to the relief of his devoted coterie of followers, on Tuesday, Sept. 16. He'll be accompanied, as usual, by his loyal sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** is back, with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. Her accompanists are pianist Jerry Wiggins, an Art Tatum admirer, and bassist Morris Edwards; through Thursday, Sept. 18. On Friday, Sept. 19, songwriters **GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD** start alternating with pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and his bassist, **MICHAEL MOORE**.... ¶ On Sundays, Dick Hyman, a neatly bearded musical historian and memory bank, plays just about everything. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, John Bunch, Red Balaban (a bassist, occasional vocalist, and the owner of the club), and Connie Kaye (through Saturday, Sept. 13; on Monday, Sept. 15, Cliff Leeman replaces Kaye). Saxophonist Kenny Davern sits in with the regulars on Tuesday, Sept. 16. Jim Andrews plays piano all night from seven; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 14, the buoyant J.P.J. Quartet drops by around eight.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**THE ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO**, a highly, if not widely, regarded five-part New Music ensemble, finishes up a rare New York club appearance on Sunday, Sept. 14. The group, which plays strongly percussive-based music, has been together since the late sixties, working in Chicago (where it emerged from the Association for the Advancement of Creative Music, a coöperative) and, for a while, in Paris. In the past, as the spirit has moved them, the members—each of whom plays a staggering assortment of instruments—have appeared stripped to the waist and wearing body paint. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American snacks.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER**, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **BROOKS KERR**, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist Hal Galper take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist Sam Brown, and bassist Jamil Nasser collaborate on Sundays from four-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, Haig plays solo piano from six to nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Claude Hopkins on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Nick Sassone or Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

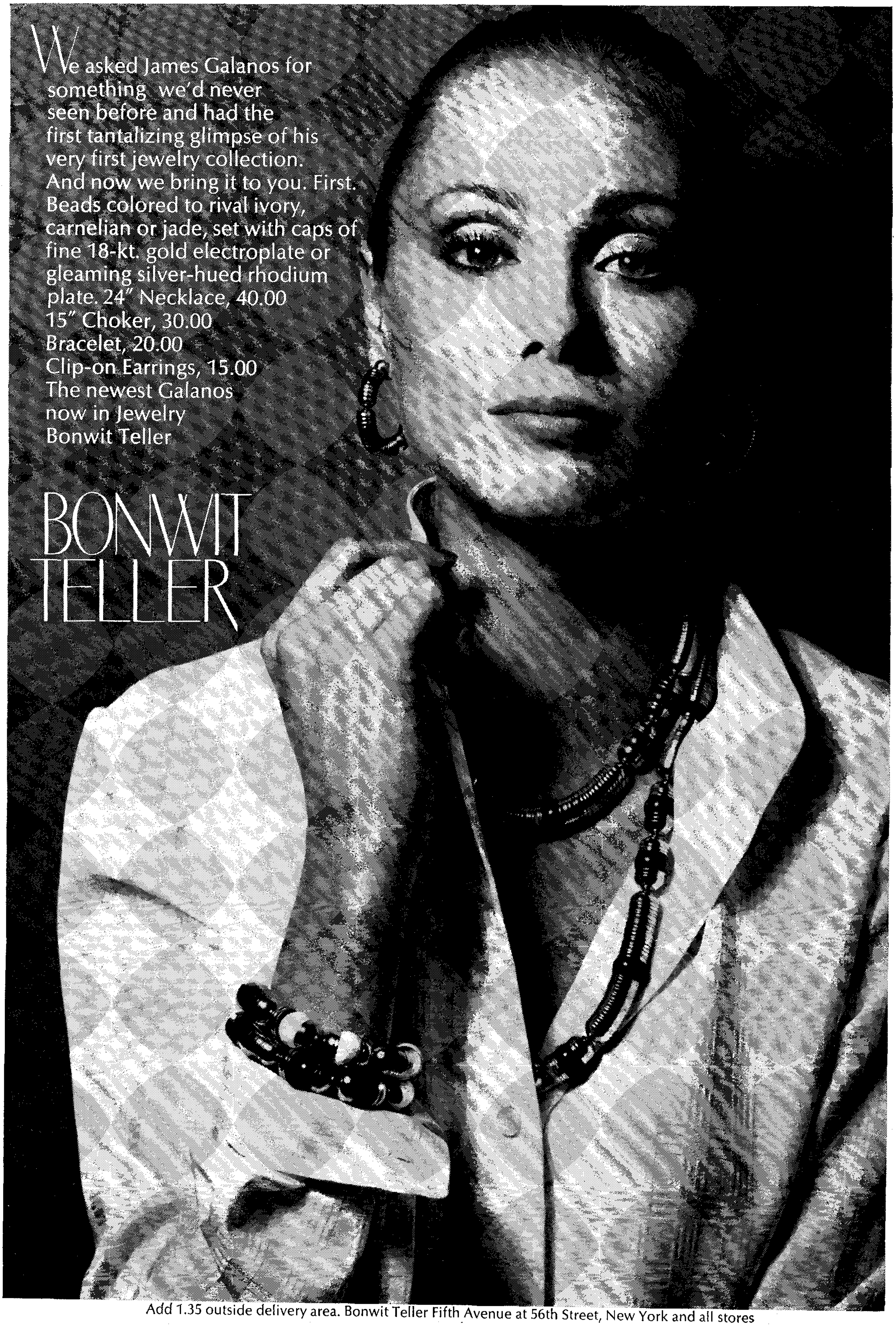
Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Four well-known traditionalists—Peanuts Hucko, Milt Hinton, Marty Napoleon, and Bobby Rosengarden—work out Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Sundays through Thursdays, bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated, and intricately laid-back rhythm-and-blues in this restaurant, which is situated smack-dab in the middle of upper West Side high-rise urban renewal. The Pazant Brothers—Alvin on trumpet and Edward on reeds—co-pilot their combo on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13. Music from ten until three.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. The **DEADLY NIGHTSHADE**, a fine, heavily amplified trio—acclaimed by feminists, college students, and good old boys alike—takes the stage after the opening set by folkie Doris Abrahams; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 11-14. A quartet of local jazz musicians called Smile will perform on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 15-16. Beginning Thursday, Sept. 18, **JEAN-LUC PONTY**, an exciting electronic, free-jazz-rock violinist, will alternate with folk and blues singer Garland Jeffreys. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for dancing and listening on this sterling rooftop, from seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Genya Ravan, who used to sing with the rock group Ten Wheel Drive and who now produces records, alternates with comic Richard Gerstein through Saturday, Sept. 13. Tom Waits, a young white folkie in black hipster's clothing and patter, begins his spiel on Tuesday, Sept. 16. On Sunday, Sept. 14, singer Laura Kenyon will show up. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost. **CHET BAKER,** who calls it home on Mondays and Tuesdays, plays and sings an occasional tune with his youthful quartet; **LEE KONITZ'S** nonet dominates the room on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 19-20, vibraharpist David Samuels brings along his foursome. Sunday, Sept. 14, is **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar-duet night. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Prince Igor—Igor Yahilevich, a Russian pianist—and his trio occupy the music corner in this lively restaurant through Sunday, Sept. 14. On Wednesday, Sept. 17, Kenny Barron, a young, occasionally Monkish-sounding pianist, moves in with his bassist. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Singer and pianist Norma Shepherd works with a bassist on Sundays and Mondays.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—The Central Park Sheiks tether their camels to a parking meter and come inside to play some country and bluegrass on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10-11, and on Sunday, Sept. 14. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 16-17, a stomping, three-part-harmony white rhythm-and-blues quintet called **CAKEWALK** will perform inspired versions of classics like "Brown-Eyed Woman" and "Mama Said (There'd Be Days Like This)," and some of their own original flagwavers, too. *Thursday, Sept. 18, will be turned over to* Joe (Bidewell) and Blake (Travis), a jazz and r.-&-b. duo from St. Louis who make a lot of music—Joe plays electric piano and harmonica and Blake plays congas and oboe, and they both sing and scat. **CECIL MC BEE,** a wonderfully colorful bassist, leads a sextet in this pleasant, hassle-free Bowery restaurant on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

CHARLES MINGUS is energizing his quintet during his current stand here, which ends after Sunday, Sept. 14. The band really moves, and Mingus is even taking some solos—a rarity of late. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, **ART BLAKEY** and his latest group of Jazz Messengers begin delivering some mainstream missiles. Nightly, except Mondays, from ten to two. Hellman's Angels—harpist Daphne Hellman and her trio—work the Terrace, on the ground level, on Tuesday nights, before and after (presumably around nine and eleven) the first set upstairs.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK,** a high-energy reed section all by himself, leads his quintet through Sunday, Sept. 14. On Tuesday, Sept. 16, tenorman **ARCHIE SHEPP,** who's not noted for his sluggishness, either, descends the stairs with *his* quintet. Mondays have been turned over to **GIL EVANS** and his youthful, up-to-date, highly percussive sixteen-piece aggregation. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music *from eight to two.*

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood- and brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. The Warren Court, an outfit that includes former Basie-ites Earle Warren on alto sax and pianist Dill Jones, is here on Wednesdays. A bop quintet takes the stand on Thursdays and Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays *have been claimed by tenor saxophonist* Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex, and boogie-woogieist Sammy Price, who must have always played with a Sammy Price complex, and their quartet. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

COUNT BASIE, ELLA FITZGERALD, and **FRANK SINATRA**—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and at midnight. Closes Saturday, Sept. 20.

THE COUNTSMEN—Earle Warren, Paul Quinichette, Doc Cheatham, Dill Jones, Ronnie Cole, and Franklin Skeete. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

ISAAC HAYES, THE POINTER SISTERS, and **THE DYNAMIC SUPERIORS**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 13-14, at 7 and 11.

A TRIBUTE TO DIZZY—Dizzy Gillespie, with Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, James Moody, Max Roach, Sonny Stitt, John Lewis, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8.)

LARRY CORYELL (WITH STEVE KAHN), RALPH TOWNER, and **THE BARNEY KESSEL TRIO**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Sept. 19, at 8.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION (WITH SANDY DENNY) and **CARAVAN**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL—Abstract oil paintings on canvas, plus four small ceramic sculptures. Through Oct. 4. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HELÉNE AYLON—Oil-stained paper applied to Plexiglas. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Through Sept. 27.... ¶ Also at Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Through Sept. 30.)

STAN BRODSKY / JEAN OLDS—Abstract oils and pastels based on the sea. / Box constructions of found wood and metal objects, as well as metal sculptures and paper collages. Through Sept. 27. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

HECTOR ESCOBAR—Semi-abstract oils, many of nudes, by a Colombian painter; first one-man *show in New York. Through Oct. 7.* (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Thirty-six hand-painted ceramic tiles (about half of her show at the Guggenheim last spring), mounted singly. Through Oct. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE GRANT—Built-up constructions that look like frosted cakes but are made with brick, wood, and plaster; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Sept. 20. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—The latest examples of this painter's abstract watercolors, this time with the pigment poured on paper. Through Sept. 25. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

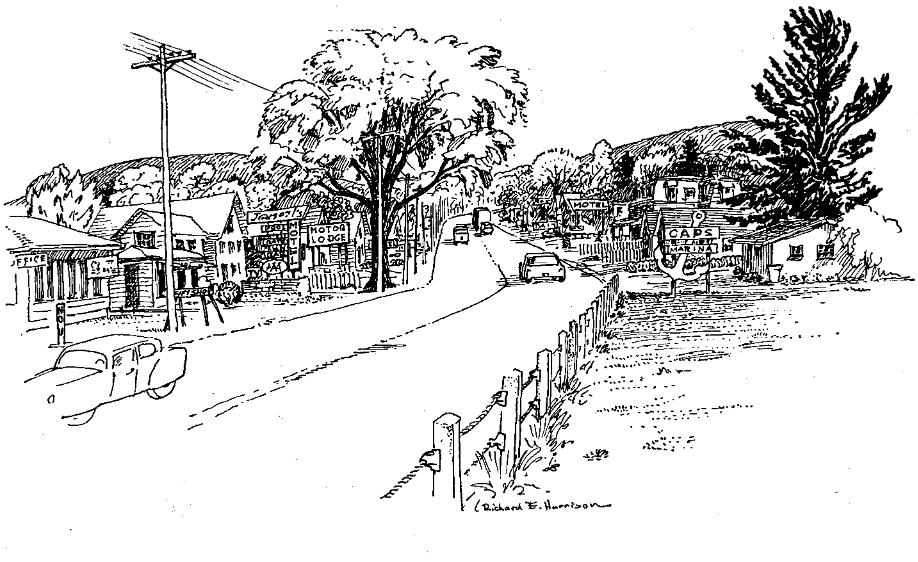
EDWARD KOREN—Drawings on paper and wood. Through Oct. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

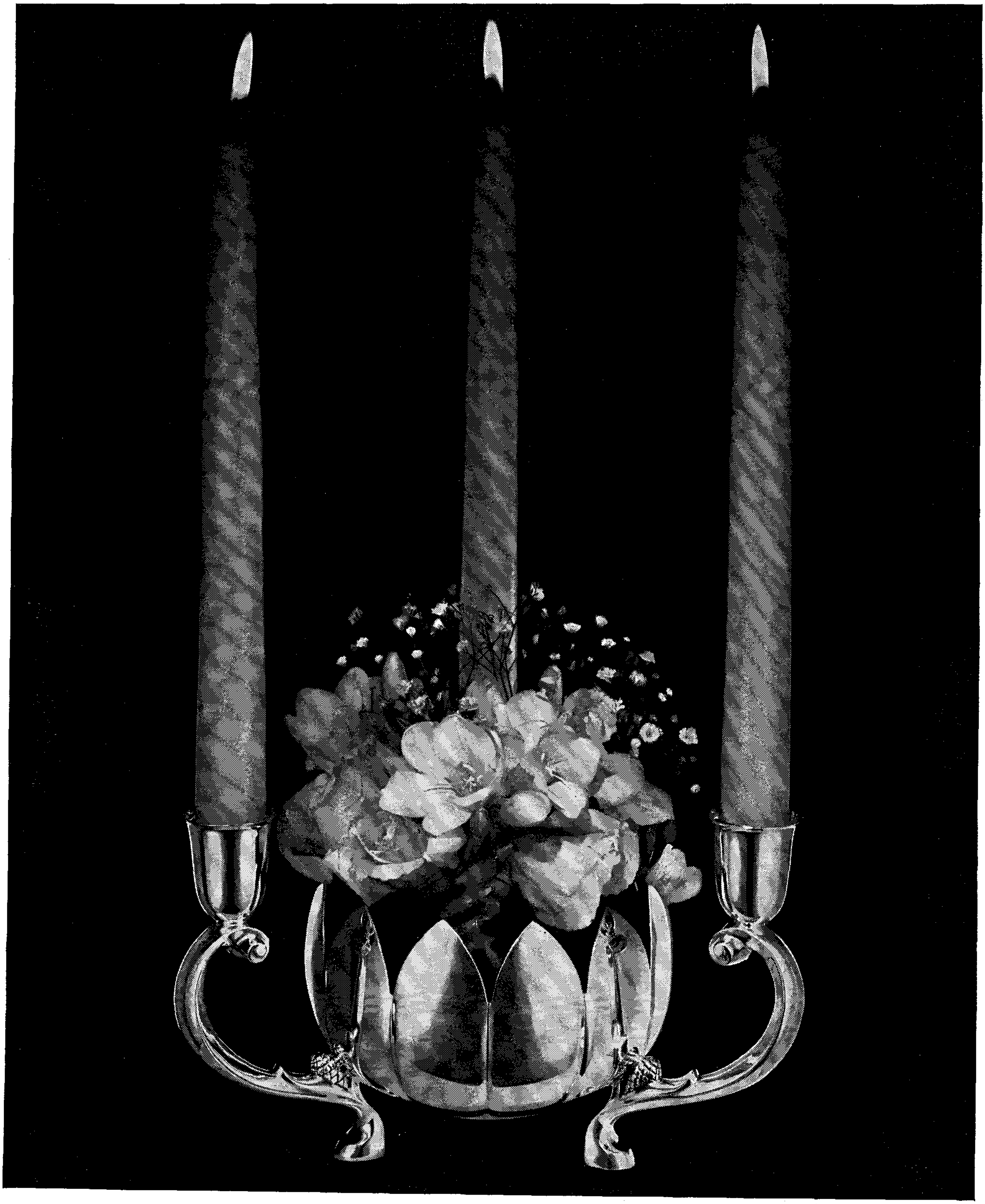
ANTONIO MARRA—Sculptures, most of them bronze torsos; first one-man show in New York. Through Sept. 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ARNULF RAINER AND DIETER ROTH—An exhibit of photographs of the two artists together that have been altered by black ink and color drawings, plus drawings and watercolors, all the joint efforts of the two men. Through Sept. 26. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

EDWIN RUDA—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Oct. 8. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in a variety of mediums by gallery artists Lynne Drexler, Lionel Gilbert, and others. Through Sept. 27.... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints on the subject of the sea by more than a hundred and fifty artists. Through Saturday, Sept. 13.... **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Heliker, William Glackens, Leonard DeLonga, and others. Through Friday, Sept. 19. (Closed Saturdays.)... **PHOENIX,** 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: All the members of this artists' coöperative are showing examples of their work. Through Friday, Sept. 19.... **WASHBURN,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Early paintings by Byron Browne, Balcomb Greene, Ralston





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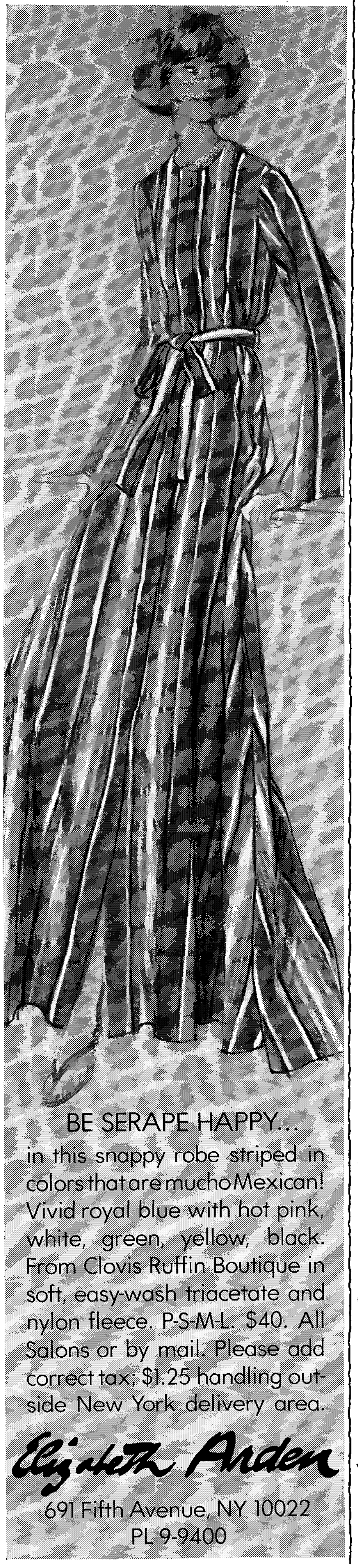

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Crawford, and four other artists. Through Sept. 26.

Sculpture—Bronze and marble pieces mostly, by Archipenko, Arp, Moore, and others. Through Sept. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Richard Avedon—Portraits made between 1949 and the day before yesterday of famous writers, painters, actors, and politicians, and of a few unknown persons; three oversize group pictures (the Chicago Seven, the Mission Council, and members of Andy Warhol's Factory); and twenty-five pictures of the Manhattan Project doing its manic "Alice in Wonderland." Through Oct. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell / Hiroji Kubota—Black-and-white and color Polaroids, some of them enlarged. / American culture as seen by a Japanese photographer. Starts Thursday, Sept. 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays, 1 to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jerry N. Uelsmann—Multiple-image prints that have a dreamlike quality. Through Oct. 18. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition of holograms done by artists here and abroad during the last ten years. Holography is a recently developed process that uses laser light to create a three-dimensional image on a photographic plate.... ¶ Two photo essays concerning California—one, by Richard Misrach, follows the trail of the flower children of the sixties, and the other, by Roger Minick, consists mostly of landscapes. Both exhibitions through Sunday, Sept. 14.... **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Conceptual photographs (arranged objects or figures) by Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"George Washington: Icon for America" is a display of about a hundred everyday objects bearing his likeness—wallpaper, cigar bands, a three-cent stamp—dating from the seventeen-seventies to the present. Through Sunday, Sept. 14.... ¶ Prints and drawings that depict this country as seen by Europeans between 1492 and 1776. Through Sunday, Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Masters: Manet to Matisse," an exhibition of more than a hundred paintings by European artists on loan from both public and private collections. Through Sept. 28. ... ¶ A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sept. 21.... ¶ "Picture Puzzles" is a show of about forty conceptual photographs. Through Nov. 16.... ¶ Posters, advertisements, record-album covers, book jackets, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser. Through Sunday, Sept. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.).... **Note**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28.... ¶ Collage paintings by Jiří Kolář, a contemporary Czech artist, showing here for the first time. Starts Friday, Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26.... ¶ About twenty portraits in the folk-art tradition by Sheldon Peck, a nineteenth-century Vermont portraitist who divided his time between painting and farming. Through Oct. 5.... ¶ Sculptures and drawings by Richard Tuttle. Starts Friday, Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A display of American folk art, including quilts, weathervanes, and wood carvings, from the collection of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Starts Thursday, Sept. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fish. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The only known manuscript of "Mother Goose" and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland" are two highlights of an exhibit of early illustrated children's books.... ¶ A tribute to Jane Austen on her bicentennary includes first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts. Both exhibitions through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Tramp Art" is the title of an exhibit of carved-wood furnishings—bedposts, lamp stands, mirrors, ashtrays—made by itinerants of a sort. The pieces date from 1860 to the thirties and are arranged in room settings. Through Nov. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSIC

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Catherine Malfitano, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Julius Rudel. ... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Elizabeth Haley, Nancy Shade, Patricia Craig, Samuel Ramey, and Gaetano Scano; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 12, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Spiro Malas; Charles Wendelken-Wilson.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 2: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Robert Nagy, and William Justus; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Kenneth Collins, and John Darrenkamp; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 14, at 1: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Johanna Meier, Olivia Stapp, Gianna Rolandi, and David Rae Smith; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 14, at 7: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Eleanor Bergquist, Tullio Pané, and Dominic Cossa; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Melvyn Poll, and Thomas Jamerson; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, William McDonald, and Spiro Malas; Judith Somogi. ... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 18, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Arlene Randazzo, David Griffith, and Alan Titus; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 19, at 8: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Olivia Stapp, Alan Crofoot, and Edward Pierson; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2: "Die Tote Stadt," with Carol Neblett, Diane Curry, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 20, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffman," with Elizabeth Haley, Nancy Shade, Patricia Craig, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

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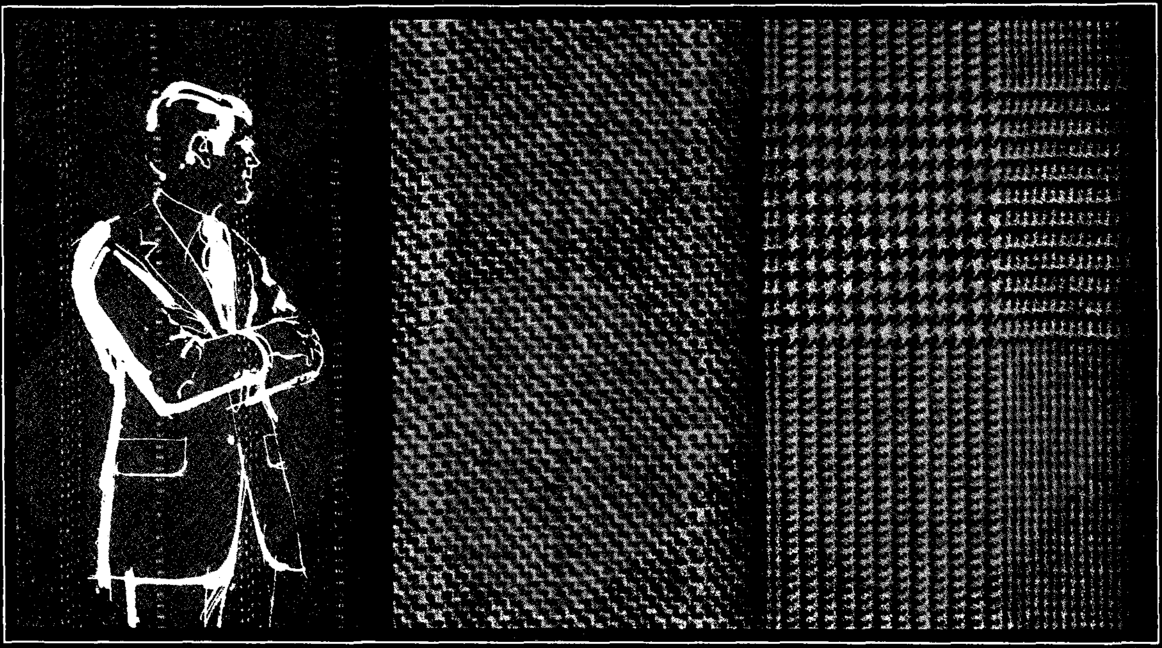

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

concert (postponed from May 19) of this orchestra, which concentrates entirely on twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Tuesday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Victoria Bond conducting a program of contemporary music, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and Karen Phillips, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, Sept. 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Eugene Conley and Maria Powell—Tenor and soprano, in a recital postponed from April 15. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Montreal, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 15-16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 17-18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 19, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 20, at 2:15. . . . **yankees:** Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 10-11, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 14, at 2.

Darts—United States Masters Darts Championship. (Holiday Inn, 440 W. 57th St. Sunday, Sept. 14, at 1. No tickets necessary.)

College Football—**saturday, sept. 13:** Army vs. Holy Cross, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . **friday, sept. 19:** Fordham vs. Iona, at Fordham, at 8. . . . **saturday, sept. 20:** Army vs. Lehigh, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Bucknell, at New Brunswick, at 2.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Maskette Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 10; the Marlboro Cup Handicap and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 13; and the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 20. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays; last day Saturday, Oct. 4. Through Saturday, Sept. 13, post time will be 2; after that, it will be 1:30. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

Yachting—The ninth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, run over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to a mark south of the George Washington Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Sept. 20 (rain date Sunday, Sept. 21). A spectator boat will sail from the Whitehall Ferry Terminal, foot of Whitehall St., at 9:30 (no boat on the rain date); for information about tickets, call 766-9020.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

Battery Park's Castle Clinton—Ainslee Cox conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a nearly exact reënactment of Jenny Lind's New York début, on this very spot, in 1850. With Britt-Marie Aruhn, soprano, and Håkan Hagegård, baritone. The last in a series of free concerts. (Thursday, Sept. 11, at 7.)

Wollman Rink—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer unheaval. Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 7: Average White Band and Jean-Luc Ponty. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 12, at 7: Barry Manilow and Melissa Manchester. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 7: John Sebastian and Lori Lieberman. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Walking Tour—Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of Central Park on Saturday, Sept. 20. It will meet at Central Park W. and 79th St., at 11. For information about tickets, call 673-3930, Mondays through Fridays.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 14.

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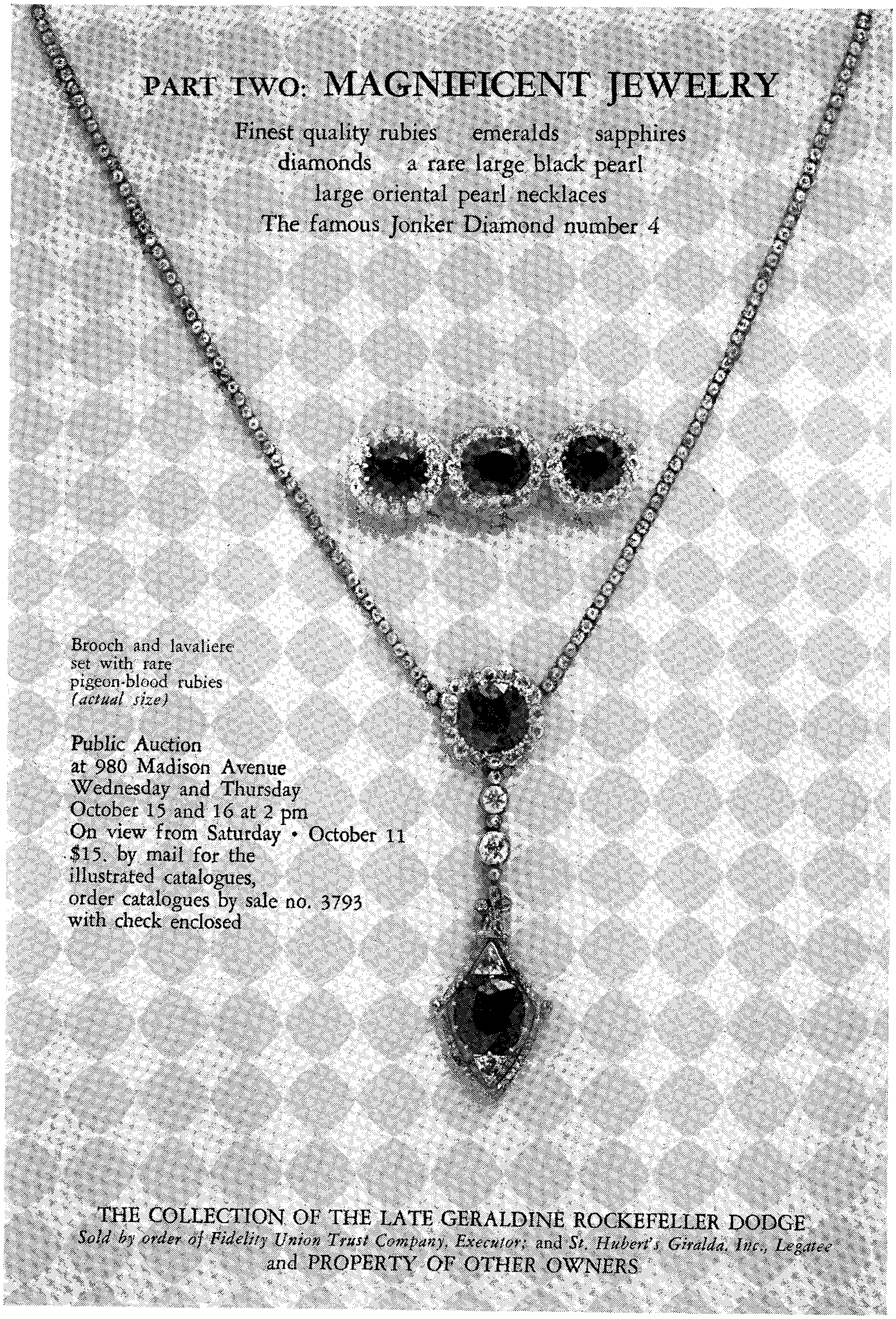

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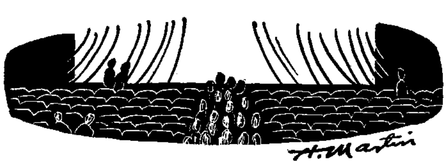
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 16: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From Sept. 17: To be announced.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Sept. 10: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" and "Conquest."
Sept. 11-13: "The Great Ziegfeld."
Sept. 14-15: "Evelyn Prentice" and "Libeled Lady."
Sept. 16: "The Shining Hour" and "White Cargo."
From Sept. 17: "Daddy Long Legs" and "Invitation to the Dance."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 16: "French Connection II" and "Capone."
From Sept. 17: "Once Is Not Enough" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 16: "The Little Rascals."
From Sept. 17: "A Safe Place."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 16: "French Connection II."
From Sept. 17: "Once Is Not Enough."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Russian Roulette."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Lion in Winter."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Coonskin."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"A Brief Vacation."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Exorcist."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Sept. 11: "Rollerball."
From Sept. 12: "Tidal Wave."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Sept. 16: "The Wilby Conspiracy."
From Sept. 17: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Jr."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust." (The theatre will be closed all day on Thursday, Sept. 11, and in the evening on Tuesday, Sept. 16.)

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Sept. 16: "Nashville."
From Sept. 17: "Swept Away."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Fortune."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Tommy."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Pain in the A.."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 16: "Harry & Tonto."
From Sept. 17: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 16 (tentative): "A Brief Vacation."
From Sept. 17 (tentative): "The Fortune."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Sept. 16 (tentative): "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From Sept. 17 (tentative): "The Drowning Pool."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Russian Roulette."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Lion in Winter."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Sept. 16: "Mitchell."
From Sept. 17: "Bug."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Sept. 11: "White Line Fever."
From Sept. 12: "Tidal Wave."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Sept. 16: "The Wilby Conspiracy."
From Sept. 17: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 10: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" and "The Blue Angel."
Sept. 11: "The Invitation" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."
Sept. 12: "Summertime" and "The Invitation."
Sept. 13: "The Seventh Seal" and "Summertime."
Sept. 14: "Donkey Skin" and "The Seventh Seal."
Sept. 15: "The Birth of a Nation" and "Donkey Skin."
Sept. 16: "Ivan the Terrible, Part I" and "The Birth of a Nation."
Sept. 17: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II."
Sept. 18: "Wild Strawberries" and "Ivan the Terrible, Part II."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York" and "Chinatown."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Sept. 11: "Shampoo" and "Aloha, Bobby and Rose."
Sept. 12-13: "Performance" and "Mean Streets."
Sept. 14-16: "The Boys in the Band" and "Something for Everyone."
Sept. 17-18: "The Sorrow and the Pity."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 11: "The Wilby Conspiracy" and "The Last Detail."
From Sept. 12: "Last Tango in Paris" (X-rated).

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Sept. 16 at one or another of the theatres: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "Take the Money and Run"/"Murder on the Orient Express" and "Don't Look Now"/"S.O.S." (X-rated)/"Naked Came the Stranger" and "Teenage Cheerleaders" (both X-rated).
From Sept. 17: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 10: "The Idol Dancer" and "The Love Flower."
Sept. 11: "King of Hearts" and "Putney Swope."
Sept. 12: "Les Enfants Terribles" and "Last Year at Marienbad."
Sept. 13: "Les Enfants Terribles" and "The Earrings of Madame De..."
Sept. 14: One performance, at noon, of "King Lear."
Sept. 14: "Les Enfants Terribles" and "Testament of Orpheus."
Sept. 15: "Les Enfants Terribles" and "Les Cousins."
Sept. 16: "El Topo" and "Theatre of Blood."
Sept. 17: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Hospital."
Sept. 18: "Macbeth" and "Repulsion."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Sept. 17: "The Sound of Music."
Sept. 18: Theatre temporarily closed.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 16: "French Connection II" and "Capone."
From Sept. 17: "Once Is Not Enough" and "The Gambler."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 10: "Olympia."
Sept. 11: "The Touch" and "The Ritual."
Sept. 12: "Morgan!" and "Little Murders."
Sept. 13: "All About Eve" and "Sunset Boulevard."
Sept. 14: "Der Rosenkavalier."
Sept. 15: "Une Femme Douce" and "Four Nights of a Dreamer."
Sept. 16: "How Green Was My Valley" and "Stagecoach."
Sept. 17: "La Salamandre" and "Le Retour d'Afrique."
Sept. 18: "Purple Noon" and "Strangers on a Train."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Just Before Nightfall."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death." (The theatre will be closed all day on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 16-17.)

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 11: "The Wilby Conspiracy" and "Report to the Commissioner."
From Sept. 12: "Last Tango in Paris" (X-rated).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 10: "I Remember Mama" and "Tom, Dick, and Harry."
Sept. 11-13: "Swing Time" and "Shall We Dance."
Sept. 14-16: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" and "Murder, My Sweet."
From Sept. 17: "The Best Years of Our Lives."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 16: "The Lion in Winter."
From Sept. 17 (tentative): "The Front Page" and "The Great Waldo Pepper."

LOEWS 83RD ST. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 11: "Cooley High." Sept. 12-16: "Tidal Wave." From Sept. 17: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Deliverance."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "Russian Roulette." From Sept. 17: "Bug."
Theatre 3: "The Groove Tube" and "Flesh Gordon" (X-rated).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue" and "Little Murders."

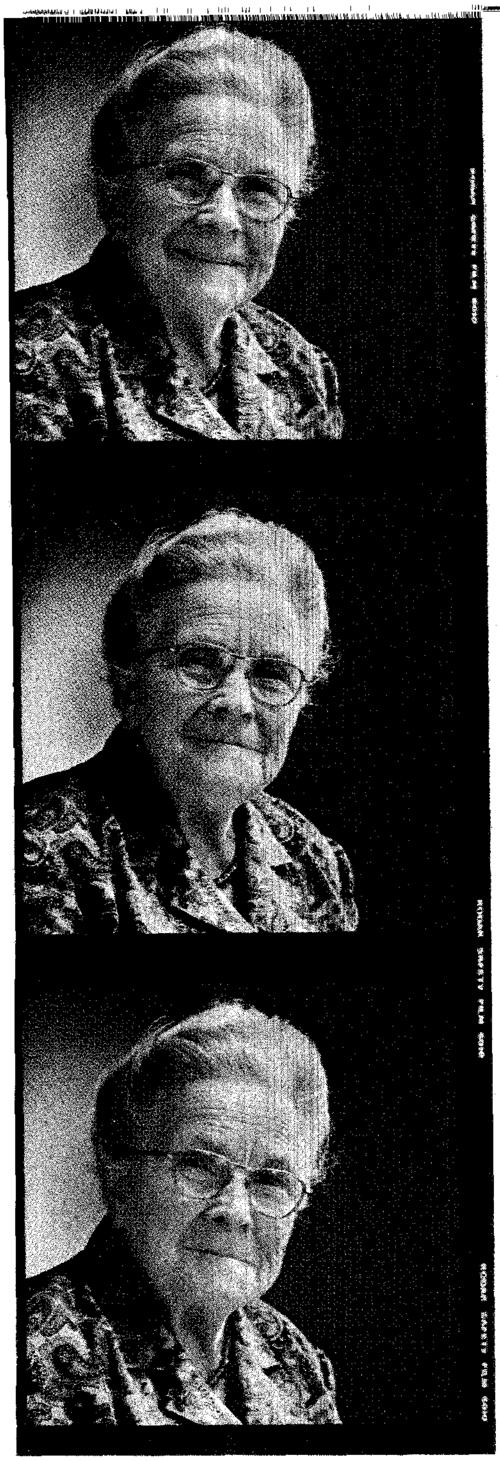
SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 16: "Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York" and "Chinatown."
From Sept. 17: "The Drowning Pool" and "Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Sept. 11: "The Wilby Conspiracy" and "Report to the Commissioner."
From Sept. 12: "Last Tango in Paris" (X-rated).

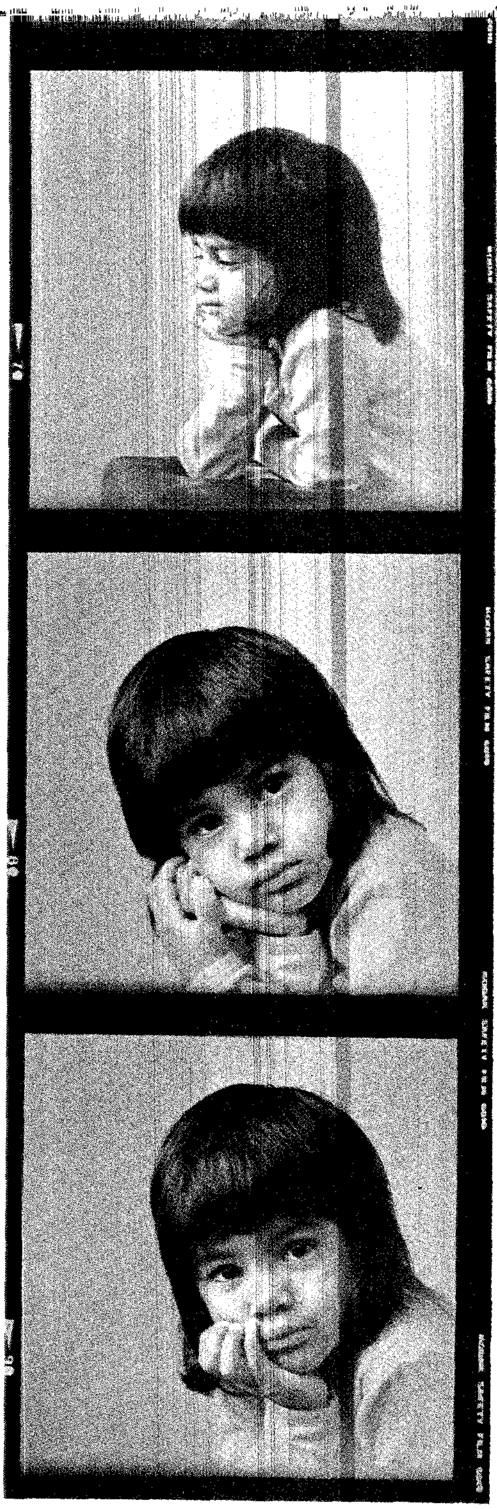
OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 16: "French Connection II" and "I Love You, Alice B. Tolkas!"
From Sept. 17: "Once Is Not Enough" and "The Gambler."

FILM LIBRARIES

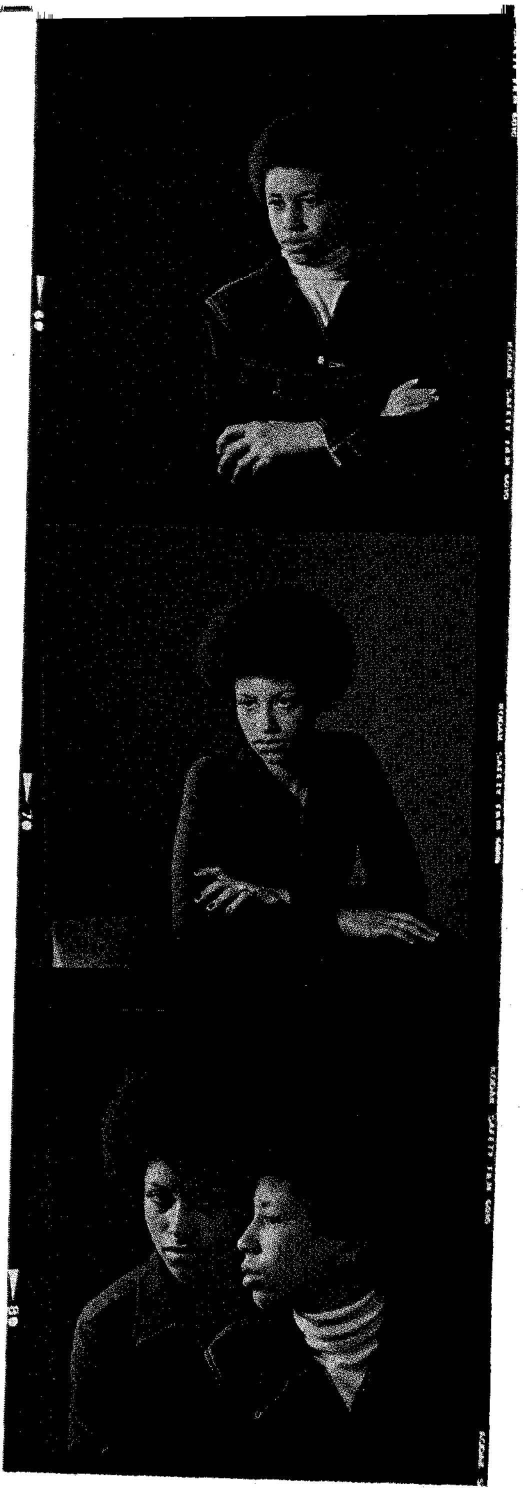
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Eleven programs in a series of films directed by John Ford: Sept. 10 at 2: "The Black Watch" (1929), with Victor McLaglen and Myrna Loy.... Sept. 11 at 5:30: "Seas Beneath" (1931), with George O'Brien and Marion Lessing.... Sept. 11 at 8: "Pilgrimage" (1933), with Henrietta Grosman and Heather Angel.... Sept. 12 at 2: "Born Reckless" (1930), with Edmund Lowe and Catherine Dale Owen.... Sept. 13 at 3: "The Brat" (1931), with Sally O'Neil and Alan Dinehart.... Sept. 13 at 5:30: "Seas Beneath."... Sept. 14 at 5:30: "Pilgrim-



A French lady, by Malaisy, Lille



A Swedish child, by Brorson, Malmö



Sister and brother, by Gilbert, Toronto

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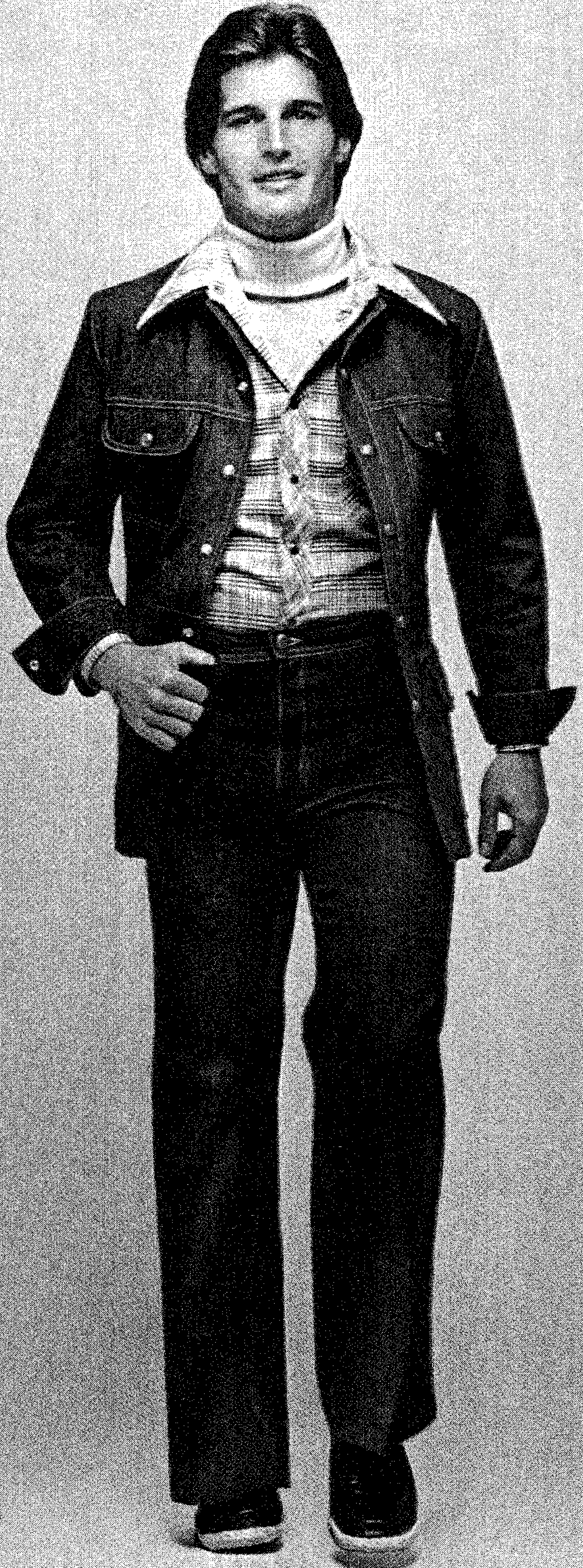
They also may know the right professional to photograph your family.

* Kodak Vericolor II professional film

Kodak



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age."... Sept. 15 at 2: "Flesh" (1932), with Wallace Beery and Karen Morley.... Sept. 15 at 5:30: "The Brat."... Sept. 16 at 5:30: "Flesh."... Sept. 17 at 2: "Doctor Bull" (1933), with Will Rogers and Marian Nixon. ...¶ Other, non-Ford, films scheduled during this period are: Sept. 10 at 5:30: "Wild Company" (1930), directed by Leo McCarey, with Frank Albertson and Joyce Compton. ... Sept. 12 at 5:30 and Sept. 13 at noon: "Open City" (1945), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Anna Magnani; no English subtitles.... Sept. 14 at 12:30 and 3: A program of four short films.... Sept. 16 at 2 and Sept. 17 at 5:30: "The Wild Girl" (1917), directed by Howard Estabrook, with Eva Tanguay and Tom Moore.... Sept. 18, four Czech comedies (in the original language, with no English subtitles) written by, and starring, George Voskovec and Jan Werich—at noon, "Face Powder and Gas" (1931), directed by Jindrich Honzl; at 2, "Heave—Ho!" (1934), directed by Martin Fric; at 5:30, "The World Belongs to Us" (1937), directed by Martin Fric; at 8, "Your Money or Your Life" (1932), directed by Jindrich Honzl. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Sept. 17: "The Tooth of Crime," Ken Koblan and James McCarthy's film of the Sam Shepherd play, done by the Performance Group under Richard Schechner's direction. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Broughton, Bresson, Buñuel, Dreyer, Cocteau, and others. Showings Sept. 10 at 6, 8, and 10; Sept. 11 at 6; Sept. 12 at 6 and 9; Sept. 13 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Sept. 14 at 8; Sept. 16 at 6, 7:30, and 10; and Sept. 17-18 at 6, 8, and 10.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—A thirty-five-year-old widow sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality. With Ellen Burstyn, Harvey Keitel, and Kris Kristofferson. Martin Scorsese directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Art; through Sept. 16.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the trade, but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter, as her secretary, is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm, as his wife. The only person who is on to the craft afoot is Thelma Ritter—who else? (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 13.)

Aloha, Bobby and Rose—With Paul Le Mat, Dianne Hull, and Tim McIntire, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 11.)

Benji—Loyalty tale about a mongrel, supposedly for children but hardly for anybody. (Guild.)

The Best Years of Our Lives (1946)—A hefty (almost three-hour) piece of moviemaking that seemed to satisfy the public's desire to see what changes the Second World War had made in people's lives. Despite its seven Academy Awards, it's not a great picture. However, episodes and details stand out and help to compensate for the soggy plot strands, and there's something absorbing about the banality of its large-scale good intentions; it's compulsively watchable. Fredric March is the infantry sergeant who comes home to the love of his wife (Myrna Loy) but finds no pleasure in his job as vice-president of a bank. Dana Andrews, an Air Force captain who had been a soda jerk before the war, discovers that his hard-as-nails wife (Virginia Mayo) doesn't want him any more than he wants her; he turns to the sergeant's daughter (Teresa Wright). Harold Russell is the machinist's mate second class who has lost his hands but has retained the love of his childhood sweetheart. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn and directed by William Wyler from Robert E. Sherwood's adaptation of MacKinlay Kantor's material. (Regency; starting Sept. 17.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Of this D. W. Griffith film James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems ... in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone ... as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 15-16.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 10.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 14-16.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Fine Arts. ...¶ Juliet 1; through Sept. 16, tentative.)

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—A palimpsest film documentary about the Great Depression, mixing clips of reportage, staged newsreels, home movies, and feature films. The director-writer, obviously diligent in research, is Philippe Mora. He belies the seriousness of his purpose by deciding to give the audience practically no identifying subtitles: we need dates, credits, and some indication of whether what we are looking at is fact, staged fact, or fiction. But see the film. (8/18/75) (Plaza.)

Bug—A science-fiction story, with Bradford Dillman and Joanna Miles. Directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Sept. 17.)

Capone—With Ben Gazzara and Susan Blakely, directed by Steve Carver. (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through Sept. 16.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Waverly. ...¶ Symphony; through Sept. 16.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Sept. 17.)

Conquest (1937)—Charles Boyer as Napoleon, and Garbo as Countess Marie Walewska of Poland. They had an illegitimate son. The censors of the time caused a two-year wrangle that resulted in four versions of the film; the moral Cerberuses wanted a final meeting of the parents and child that would represent "a forceful illustration of the tragedy of having been born out of wedlock." Pretty high on the Garbo list. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10.)

Cooley High—A gentle-natured but light-minded and secondhand film about a group of black high-school kids whose escapades are important now mostly because the movie is set in 1964, which bestows a bogus dramatic irony. Directed, heftily, by Michael Schultz. (Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 11.)

Coonskin—Full-length animated-and-photographed film by Ralph Bakshi (of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic"). Made in lewd honor of Manhattan, in the guise of a version of a Brer Rabbit story: full of mocked stereotypes of every sort. A certain vindictiveness is handed out to blacks, homosexuals, the Mafia, tarts, and WASPS alike. Visually fascinating, especially when the movie does things quietly. (8/25/75) (Trans-Lux East.)

The Cousins (1959)—Claude Chabrol's subtle, glittering film about a naïve, plodding country cousin (Gérard Blain) who destroys his gifted, bohemian city cousin (Jean-Claude Brialy). One of the major New Wave films, it now has added interest for its portrait of the French student life of the fifties. With Juliette Mayniel. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 15.)

Daddy Long Legs (1955)—This story of a May-December romance between an adorable orphan and her benefactor was published in 1912; it became a 1914 play starring Ruth Chatterton, a 1919 silent movie with Mary Pickford, and a 1931 talkie with Janet Gaynor. By the time Leslie Caron and Fred Astaire made this Fox Cinema-Scope musical version, the accumulated adorableness was overpowering. Besides, the love match hardly seems to be made in Heaven, since when the little French orphan grows to womanhood she's a ballerina, not a hoofer. Phoebe and Henry Ephron did their best to update the material, and Jean Negulesco directed; Roland Petit choreographed the far-from-original dream sequences. Johnny Mercer did come through with a new song, "Something's Gotta Give." With Thelma Ritter, Fred Clark, Larry Keating, and Terry Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 17.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I. The theatre will be closed all day on Thursday, Sept. 11, and in the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 16.)

Deliverance (1972)—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Sept. 17.)

Donkey Skin—Jacques Demy's Cinderella story about Catherine Deneuve dressed up in a donkey skin and working as a skivvy, but we all know she's Chanel No. 5 and the only person whose finger the prince's ring will fit. Wallpaper film, with pretty music by Michel Legrand. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 14-15.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 16.)

The Drowning Pool—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a pri-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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vate-eye story like this, a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (6/30/75) (Symphony; starting Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; starting Sept. 17, tentative.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1953)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinarily romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 13.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 12-15.)

Evelyn Prentice (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy as husband and wife, but this isn't a comedy; it's a refined, high-minded courtroom drama. Powell is a prominent attorney, engrossed in his work. He becomes involved with a woman whom he has defended in a manslaughter case, and the neglected Myrna turns her attention to a lyric poet who wanders by. How could she know that the poet's fancy would turn to thoughts of blackmail? The most solemnly awful portions of the movie take place in a nursery: between bouts of genteel adultery, Powell and Loy keep racing back to their infant's crib for a good cry. After the lawyer defends his wife on a murder charge, they forgive each other; by then the audience is forgiving no one. William Howard directed, from a screenplay by Lenore Coffee. With Rosalind Russell and Una Merkel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14-15.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. Neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Coronet.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (Loews Tower East.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together, which Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 15.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Columbia I. . . . ¶ Juliet 1; starting Sept. 17, tentative.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer (1971)—Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color, and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture borders on deadpan absurdity. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 15.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; through Sept. 16.)

The Front Page—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. With Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon, but with only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk. (1/27/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 17, tentative.)

The Gambler—A grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. (10/14/74) (Playboy, and Olympia; starting Sept. 17.)

The Great Waldo Pepper—One-hundred-per-cent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearted, clever script and the fresh-painted storytelling of the director, George Roy Hill, almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 17, tentative.)

The Great Ziegfeld (1936)—The movie is a long way from great. William Powell plays Ziegfeld, Myrna Loy is Mrs. Ziegfeld, and Luise Rainer is Anna Held. Fanny Brice is herself, but she isn't on screen enough to vitalize this lavish, tedious, and ludicrously false musical biography Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11-13.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Loews 83rd St.)

Harry & Tonto (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (72nd Street East; through Sept. 16.)

The Hospital (1971)—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (Elgin; Sept. 17.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—John Ford's much-honored movie about the decline of a Welsh mining family is impressive in a big-Hollywood-picture way. With Maureen O'Hara, Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and many other Irish actors; the singers, however, are really Welsh. And Roddy McDowall was such a nice little boy, and Walter Pidgeon such a gentleman and so sincere. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 16.)

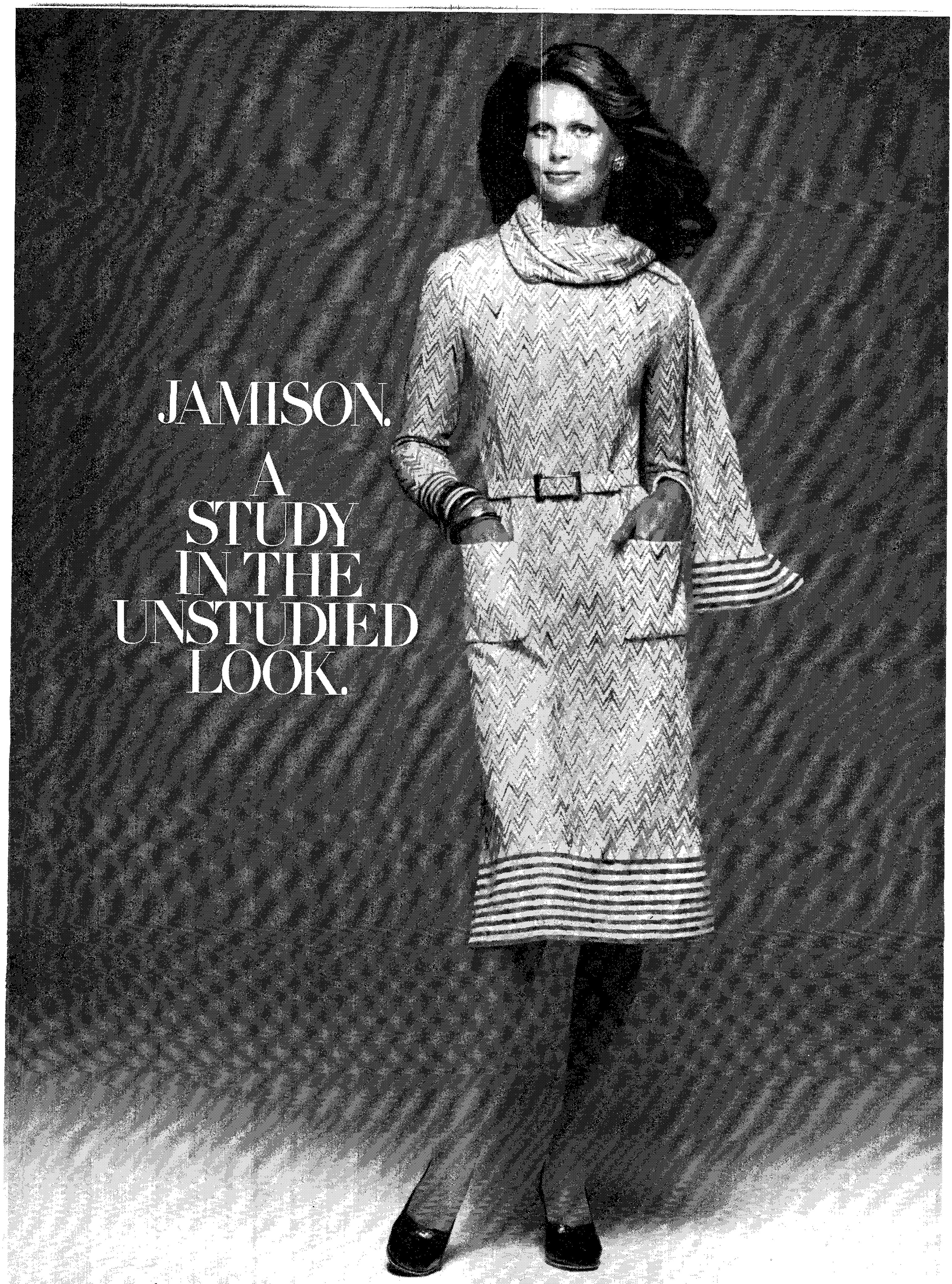
The Idol Dancer (1920)—Directed by D. W. Griffith and filmed on location in Florida and the Caribbean. With Richard Barthelmess, Clarine Seymour, and Creighton Hall. (Elgin; Sept. 10.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—A giddy, slapdash, entertainingly inconsequential comedy, written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, and starring Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten as his anxious fiancée. Directed by Hy Averback. (Olympia; through Sept. 16.)

The Invitation—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (5/5/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 11-12.)

Invitation to the Dance (1956)—This picture bollixed the career of Gene Kelly, who directed and choreographed it, and probably broke his heart as well: practically nobody saw it. The film consists of three ballets, with some pantomime and also some animated-cartoon work. "Circus," set to Jacques Ibert music, features Igor Youskevitch as a high-wire artist, Claire Sombert as a bareback rider in love with him, and Kelly as a clown in love with her; "Ring Around the Rosy," about a bracelet that goes through various hands, has an André Previn score, and the dancers include Youskevitch, Tamara Toumanova, Tommy Rall, and Kelly; "Sinbad the Sailor" features Carol Haney as Scheherazade and Kelly as Sinbad. The film was beset by difficulties. It had to be made in England because that's where M-G-M had frozen funds, and, with interruptions for Kelly to do other jobs, the work spread over three years. He was further hampered by front-office directives—for example, the second ballet was danced to a score that the M-G-M brass didn't like, so Previn had to write a new score to the already filmed dancing. Then the studio put the film on the shelf for another year. There should be an ironic kicker: the picture should be a neglected marvel. But it isn't. It's merely a labor of love gone wrong. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 17.)

I Remember Mama (1948)—Kathryn Forbes' novel about her Norwegian family in San Francisco is used as the framework for a mother image of formidable proportions. This image is held to with the serene nostalgia that we reserve for our very best fantasies—Mama (Irene Dunne) is tall and beautiful, wise and omniscient. Except for a few gooey lapses (the worst is a bathetic hospital scene), George Stevens directed with warmth and intelligence; it's not a bad movie, though it has a too careful look, with meticulous reconstructions of San Francisco streets circa 1905-10. Philip Dorn is Papa; Barbara Bel Geddes does well as daughter Katrin; as the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rakehell Uncle Chris, Oscar Homolka goes in for too many flourishes and loiters too long on his deathbed; Edgar Bergen is the timid undertaker who marries Mama's sister; and Cedric Hardwicke and Ruby Vallée are also around. The movie seems too hemmed in, maybe because De Witt Bodeen's script sticks closely to the stage adaptation by John van Druten. (Regency; Sept. 10.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to the throne. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema. Part I; Sept. 16-17. Part II; Sept. 17-18.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

Just Before Nightfall—Claude Chabrol's mask of prankish cynicism may be one of the most foxing visages in modern cinema. This film, written by him from a novel by Edouard Atiyah, is ostensibly about a sadomasochist killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol, who may be more serious in his seeming conceits about holy idiots than he has ever wanted us to believe. In French. (8/4/75) (Paris.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, has dead eyes. (Elgin; Sept. 14, one performance, at noon.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Sept. 11.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and Jack Nicholson are dispatched to escort a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted by Robert Towne from Darryl Ponicsan's book. (2/11/74) (Greenwich; through Sept. 11.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia; starting Sept. 12.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 12.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—Jack Conway directed this entertaining M-G-M newspaper comedy-melodrama, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel by Myrna Loy. Jean Harlow has some great wisecracking lines, and William Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?" With Walter Connolly. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14-15.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter

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O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Eastside Cinema, and U.A. East. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 16.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (New Yorker. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

The Little Rascals—Eight of the Hal Roach "Our Gang" shorts, including the 1936 Academy Award winner "Bored of Education." (Cinema Village; through Sept. 16.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, and Beekman. . . . ¶ Paramount. The theatre will be closed all day on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 16-17.)

The Love Flower (1920)—One of D. W. Griffith's lesser efforts—an "idyllic" romance featuring what used to be called "young love under tropic skies." Richard Barthelmess is a wandering sailor who lands on a South Sea island and discovers Carol Dempster; she lives there alone with her father, a fugitive who has killed his wife's lover. The film was shot in the Bahamas, and there are underwater swimming scenes, in case anyone thought Griffith had overlooked that possibility. (Elgin; Sept. 10.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (Elgin; Sept. 18.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Art; through Sept. 16.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (10/8/73) (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 12-13.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith (1941)—A marital comedy, written by Norman Krasna and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Mostly forced humor, though there's one funny sequence. With Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond. (Regency; Sept. 14-16.)

Mitchell—With Joe Don Baker and Martin Balsam, directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (Loews Ciné; through Sept. 16.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Little Carnegie.)

Morgan! (1966)—An unusual movie about an anarchistic left-wing misfit rebel (David Warner). The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic and in pain. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Regency; Sept. 14-16.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 16.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Sept. 16.)

Olympia (1938)—The 1936 Olympics in Berlin, with Hitler in his glory. "Olympia" is only incidentally a great record of the actual games: the director, Leni Riefenstahl, selected shots for their beauty rather than for a documentary record. After eighteen months of editing, she emerged with more than three hours of dazzling quality. One of the two greatest films ever directed by a woman; the other (the infamous "Triumph of the Will") is also by Riefenstahl. Viewed now, "Olympia" is an elegy on the youth of 1936: here they are in their flower, dedicated to the highest ideals of sportsmanship—these young men who were so soon to kill each other. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 10.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Sept. 17.)

A Pain in the A..—Fairly funny French farce about a would-be suicide (Jacques Brel) and a gun-assembler (Lino Ventura) who occupy adjoining hotel rooms as they try to carry out their respective purposes. In French. (9/1/75) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 12-13.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (New Yorker. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through Sept. 16, tentative.)

Purple Noon (1961)—Maurice Ronet and Alain Delon as decadent Americans loafing in Italy—Ronet rich and vicious, Delon poor, amoral, and murderous. The director, René Clément, keeps this thriller (taken from Patricia Highsmith's "The Talented Mr. Ripley") in the sun-drenched-holiday style of travel posters, with homosexual hatred and envy festering. With Marie Laforêt as the shared girl friend. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 18.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of

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boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Elgin; Sept. 11.)

Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins—A charmingly inconsequential film with a sidewise vision that sneaks up on you. Two girls (Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips) kidnap a man (Alan Arkin) and force him, at gunpoint, to drive them from Los Angeles to Arizona; the film is about how they begin to care for each other. The script, by John Kaye, is slight, and the situations are familiar, but the director, Dick Richards, has a feeling for momentary encounters; he's a very companionable sort of director, and the humor is based not on desperation but on affection. Well acted by the three principals (Alan Arkin loosens up, for a change), and also by Alex Rocco as a scrounger who attaches himself to the scruffy trio, and by Harry Dean Stanton. (2/3/75) (Symphony; starting Sept. 17.)

Report to the Commissioner—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department; Yaphet Koto gives a respectable performance against all odds, and a twittering blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Cinema Studio, and Thalia; through Sept. 11.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Elgin; Sept. 18.)

Le Retour d'Afrique (1973)—A gaunt, droll story, set in Geneva, about a couple starting out on a journey to Algeria that is never actually taken, though it changes the two of them politically. The picture has a subdued gaiety and a firm intellect rare in films. Produced, directed, and written by Alain Tanner, who directed "Charles Dead or Alive" and "La Salamandre." In French. (9/17/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 17.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Sept. 17.)

The Ritual (1969)—Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand in a film Ingmar Bergman made for Swedish television. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Sept. 11.)

Der Rosenkavalier (1963)—A Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 14.)

Russian Roulette—No click. (Murray Hill, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Sept. 16.)

A Safe Place (1971)—Even hardened moviegoers stumble out after a half hour of this one. With Tuesday Weld, Orson Welles, and Jack Nicholson, directed by Henry Jaglom. (Cinema Village; starting Sept. 17.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 17.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with Death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 13-14.)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 10-11.)

Shall We Dance (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Regency; Sept. 11-13.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 11.)

Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York—Gail Parent's novel is in the form of a fat girl's jokey suicide note, full of one-liners. Parent and her TV writing partner, Kenny Solms, rewrote it for the movies. Now it's the Romance of Liberation. No longer fat but clumsy and easily flustered, Sheila (Jeannie Berlin) comes to New York and meets a handsome doctor (Roy Scheider); it isn't until she becomes a successful career woman that he extricates himself from an involvement with her roommate (Rebecca Dianna Smith) and proposes. The film says that her finding herself entitles her to a first-class fella. It's a shoddy conversion of women's liberation: now the libbers get the princes. Jeannie Berlin, understandably, has nothing to express but bewilderment, and frequently she looks open-mouthed comatose. Sidney J. Furie directed. (2/3/75) (Waverly, and Festival. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Sept. 16.)

Sherlock Jr. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Shining Hour (1939)—Elaborately staged, sanctimonious melodrama about a night-club dancer (Joan Crawford) who marries into a feudal landowning family in Wisconsin and by disrupting the members' lives causes their spiritual regeneration. Melvyn Douglas is her husband, but his brother (Robert Young) is also in love with her, and this naturally creates difficulties for the brother's wife, Margaret Sullavan. Fearfully noble, she attempts to immolate herself, so that her husband will be free. The Keith Winter play had been set among quiet English farm people; the adapters, Jane Murfin and Ogden Nash, gave the material the grand scale more appropriate to an M-G-M production, as well as the then practically mandatory happy ending. It's an unconvincing, overly classy film, with the selfish characters being ennobled by love in a way that nobody gets ennobled in movies anymore. Margaret Sullavan is a considerable asset, even in her do-gooding role. The cast also includes Fay Bainter as a smart, neurotic spinster, Hattie McDaniel, Allyn Joslyn, Frank Albertson, and Harry Barris. Frank Borzage directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 16.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 14-16.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent

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documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 17-18.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (Music Hall; through Sept. 17.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Perhaps the greatest of all Westerns, and a Grand-Hotel-on-wheels movie that has just about everything—adventure, romance, chivalry. John Ford directed, from a script by Dudley Nichols, based on a story by Ernest Haycox; the cast includes John Wayne (at his most appealing), Claire Trevor, Louise Platt, John Carradine, George Bancroft, Thomas Mitchell, Andy Devine, Donald Meek, and Tim Holt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 16.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's liveliest American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 18.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo." With Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 12-13.)

Sunset Boulevard (1950)—Brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past, narrated by a corpse. A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once great silent star Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past, and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salomé." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight burial of a pet chimpanzee. Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were Salomé, yet the acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. Charles Brackett produced, Billy Wilder directed; the script is by Brackett and Wilder and D. M. Marshman, Jr. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 13.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—Mediocre Garbo, though she will always be loved by collectors, even in high-flown garbage like this. With Clark Gable. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10.)

Swept Away—With Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato, directed by Lina Wertmuller. In Italian. (Cinema II; starting Sept. 17.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Regency; Sept. 11-13.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 16.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Elgin; Sept. 14.)

Theatre of Blood (1973)—Vincent Price as a Donald Wolfitish actor taking a comically dastardly revenge on critics. (Elgin; Sept. 16.)

Tidal Wave—With Lorne Greene. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; Sept. 12-16.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers, a telephone operator, has three suitors: Alan Marshal is the millionaire of her dreams, George Murphy is a car salesman sure to get on in the world, and Burgess Meredith is a happy-go-lucky mechanic somewhat loose in the head. The movie is a series of sketches, as the heroine, trying to choose among them, dreams of her future life with each. (Her final choice leaves the viewer skeptical.) Garson Kanin directed this Cinderella comedy from a script by Paul Jarrico. It's a little too jaunty and much too comfy in its stereotypical assumptions, but a lot of people enjoyed it, and it was remade in 1958 as "The Girl Most Likely." Phil Silvers turns up in a bit. (Regency; Sept. 10.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Columbia II.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; Sept. 16.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period. The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best that Bergman has ever made about kinds of love—exact and very touching. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. It is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Ziegfeld.)

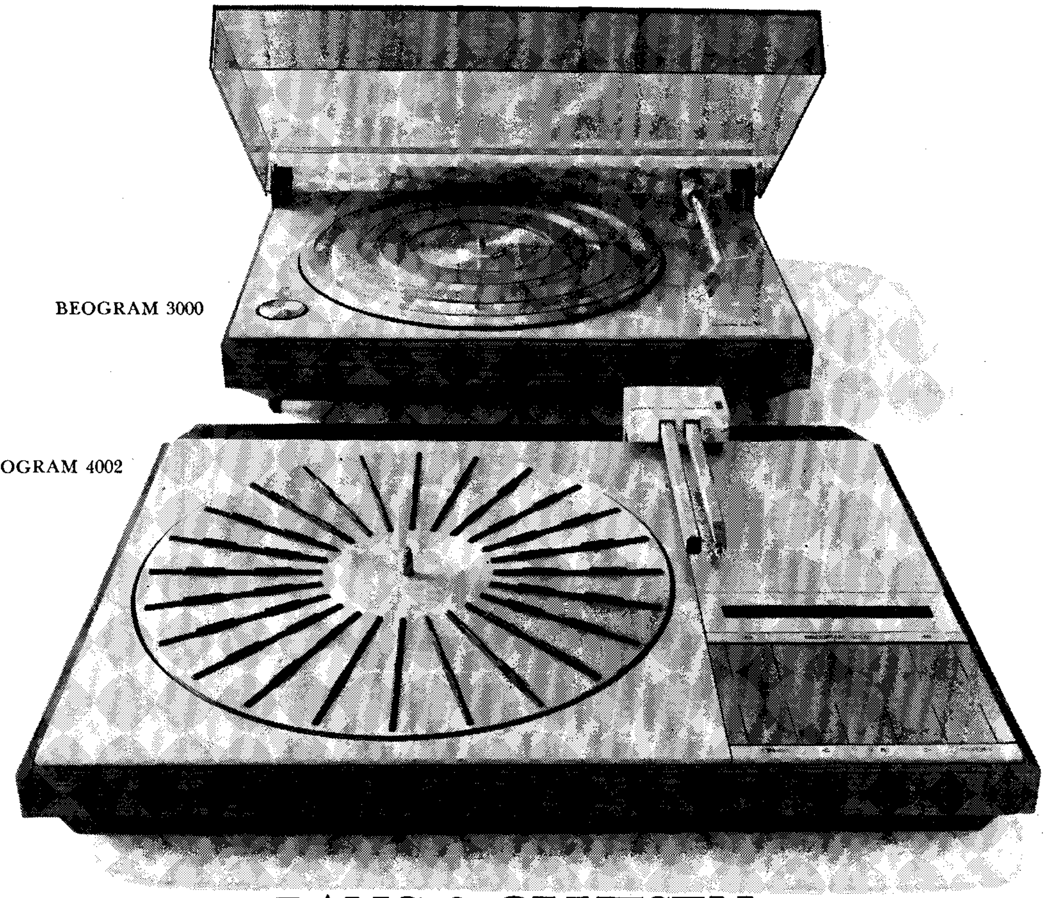
Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingénue, Trish Van Devere. (Elgin; Sept. 17.)

White Cargo (1942)—After starting Hedy Lamarr off big in this country (in "Algiers"), Hollywood could never quite figure out what to do with her. So here she is in her eleventh American picture, in dark suntan makeup and bangles, as Tondelayo, the sexy native girl who drives white men wild. The dialogue in this meant-to-be steamy melodrama is a succession of howlers, and Lamarr's tropical wriggling has inspired a generation of female impersonators. Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan sweat profusely; Richard Thorpe directed Leon Gordon's adaptation of his tired stage play, previously filmed in 1930. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 16.)

White Line Fever—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Kay Lenz, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Sept. 11.)

The Wilby Conspiracy—With Sidney Poitier and Michael Caine, directed by Ralph Nelson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Sept. 16.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 18.)



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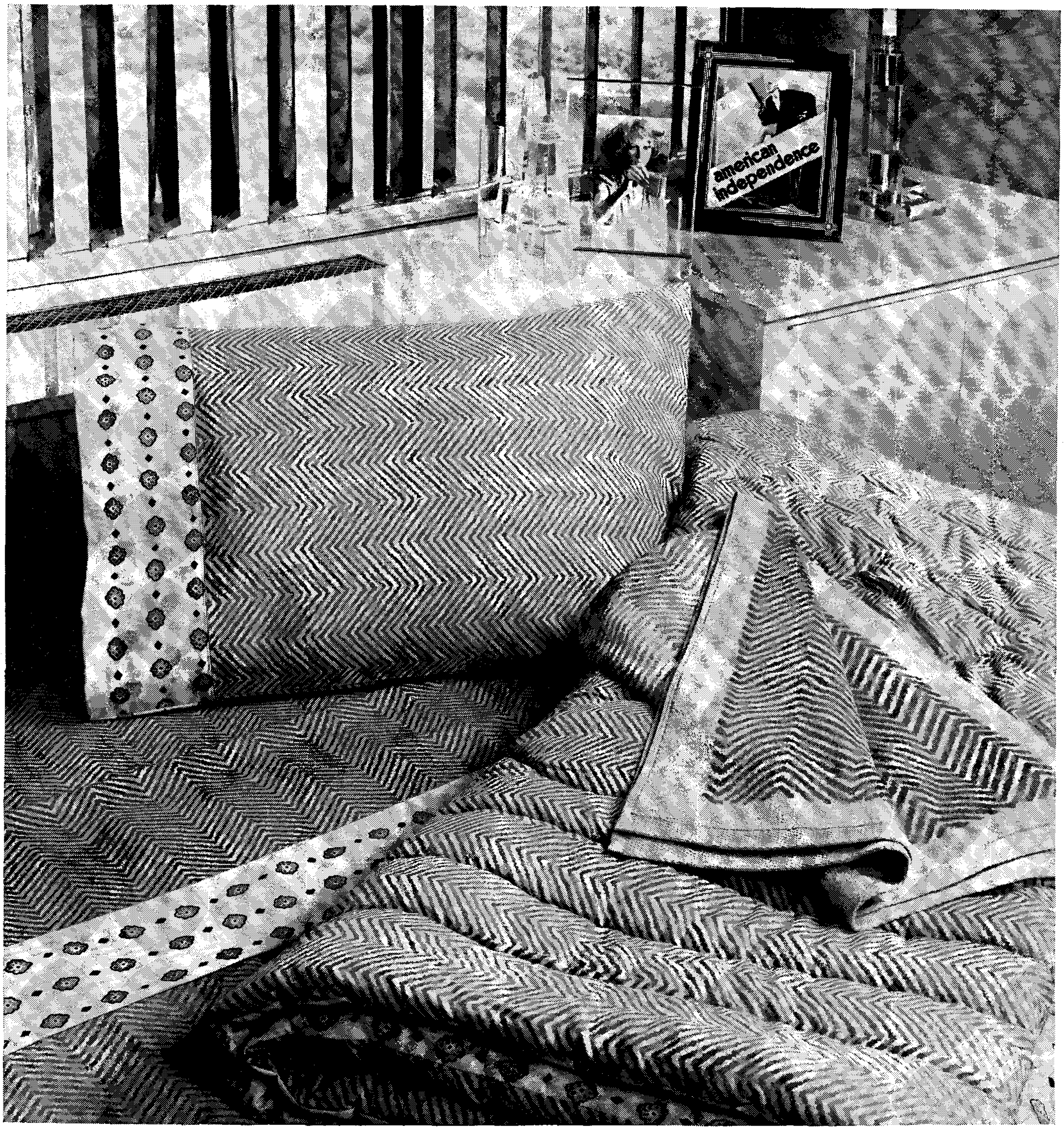

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON the Seventh Avenue I.R.T. the other day, an ordinary-looking man in a raincoat and fedora was chatting with his ordinary-looking seatmate. He lived alone, he said, with his cat.

“Oh,” said his seatmate. “What kind of cat?”

“A big one,” replied the man, indicating with his hands something four feet long and three feet high, and adding, with matter-of-fact pride, that occasionally the cat got loose in the streets and had knocked down many old ladies and one policeman.

The seatmate peered distractedly about the subway car and then asked the man what he fed this cat.

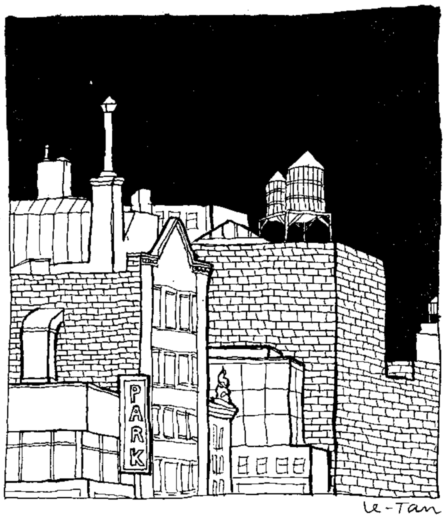
“Hot dogs and coffee,” said the man. “Nothing else. Just plenty of hot dogs and coffee.”

• •

Quiet

ON September 2nd, the day after Labor Day, the Boston Red Sox, division leaders in the American League East since they walloped the Yankees on June 29th at Fenway, handed the defused Bronx Bombers a 7–4 defeat, arrested a dangerous three-game slide, and looked like a club ready to take on Oakland next month for the A.L. marbles. But during most of this important two-hour-and-thirty-four-minute contest before a near-capacity crowd at little old Fenway Park you could have heard a pin drop. We certainly heard our watch ticking. We were up in the press box, on the roof of the single-tiered stadium, sitting next to Mike Gibbons, a unique young Boston sportswriter friend of ours, who works for a Cambridge outfit called the Institute for Studies in Ontological Nuclei and whose slant is the overview, and we turned to him for an explanation. “Oh,” he said, “you’re listening to Boston Pennant Fever. Technically, I suppose, it’s a Pennant Migraine. It is characterized by polite applause for heroes like Boston’s slugger from the potato farms of Southampton, Carl Yastrzemski, and the two rookie phenoms Fred Lynn and Jim Rice. Generous ovations are reserved for the walking wounded when they return to the lineup after prolonged absences. I’ve been making a study of the local baseball fan this summer, and I’ve found that thirty thousand partisan Sox fans can make less noise watching the Hose sweep a doubleheader than five thousand fans in any other town watching their cellar-dwelling favorites lose again. I was talking to Bobby Bonds the other day and discovered he was under the impression that Fenway crowds at Red Sox-Yankee games are split fifty-fifty between Boston and New York rooters. The truth of the matter, of course, is that a thousand transplanted New Yorkers up here can stand off a stadiumload of my townsmen. Why, the beer venders alone at Shea are louder than the Fenway fans. In fact, this has to do with beer—and fear. Nineteen seventy-four, for instance.”

In ’74, at the beginning of September, the Sox were six games in front of Baltimore, and then executed what Eddie Andelman, a Boston sportscaster, referred to as “El Foldo.” They finished the season in October seven games behind the Birds, in third place. In the game silently going on beneath us while Gibbons spoke, the Sox put Reggie Cleveland, a righty who hadn’t seen action in sixteen days, against the Yanks’ curveballing Pat Dobson, who has had his ups and downs this year. The Yankees drew first blood on a Chris Chambliss drive into the first row of the right-field grandstand in the top of the second. The Red Sox picked up four runs in the bottom of the third. Third-sacker Bob Heise rapped a sharp single to left, bringing a smattering of applause, and designated hitter Cecil Cooper followed with a long double off the center-field wall, scoring Heise. There was another smattering of applause when Cooper connected, louder applause when the ball made contact with the wall, and actual sounds from throats after Heise had scored his run and Cooper was safely standing on second. “Right,” said Gibbons. “A Boston fan will not waste his breath until he’s got money in the bank. It’s a good thing Heise scored. Otherwise, it would have taken a grand-slam home run to get the Bostonians to use that much air again.”



The Red Sox pushed across three more runs in the third on a couple of walks and a couple of hits. They added another run in each of the next three innings. The biggest ovation of the night came in the Yanks’ seventh, when Walt (No-Neck) Williams, who before the game had blown a bubble-gum bubble that was a foot across while lounging by the batting cage, pinch-hit for Fred (Chicken) Stanley and struck out after making a fuss about a ball that almost nicked him but got called a strike. “Aha!” said Gibbons. “It’s O.K. to make noise when the opposition complains. They did it first, so it’s not your fault if you react. My theory is that these people come out here because the Boston Symphony Orchestra’s summer concerts are in

Tanglewood, at the other end of the state."

The press box was getting regular reports on the Baltimore-Cleveland game from the Boston broadcasters, who were listening to a Baltimore station on the radio in their own booth. So we heard ten minutes before the information was posted on the scoreboard, in left field, that second-place Baltimore had come from behind to beat Cleveland in the tenth. Gibbons had wanted us to keep an eye on the scoreboard to see whether there was any fan reaction to the bad news. He said this would be an empirical test of his theories. The test was inconclusive. There were murmurs when Baltimore's score went up, but these may have been comments on the rain, which started to fall lightly at the same moment. Play was not delayed, and in the eighth the Yanks got back on the scoreboard via a Thurman Munson three-run blast. This home run, high over the wall in left center, set off an animated five-minute discussion in the press box about whether the ball had cleared the screen above the wall. Different people thought they had seen different things.

One reporter said, "Well, I know one thing. The Yankees just scored three runs." Gibbons held with the majority, which maintained that the ball had cleared everything, and told us that the success of the opposition always produces lighthearted chatter. "They feel good because the bad thing actually happened. But I was telling you about beer. You can't buy beer to drink in your seat at Fenway. You used to be able to buy it under the grandstand and take it to your seat, but even that practice was banned so long ago that Red Sox General Manager Dick O'Connell, an old-timer, can't tell me when it happened. It seems the Brahmin season box-holders objected to having beer spilled down their backs during home-team rallies. Well, this game is over. The Yankees aren't going to do anything else, and the Red Sox have demonstrated that they're not the accordion box of '74. But don't expect enthusiasm when you read the papers tomorrow."

The Yankees didn't do anything else.

"See you at the World Series," Gibbons said to Dick O'Connell on the way out.

"Where?" said O'Connell.

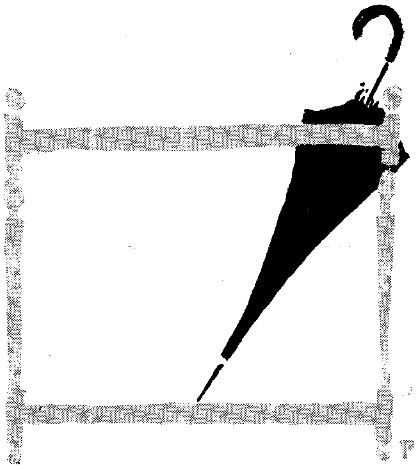
"*Here*," said Gibbons.

"Thank you, thank you," said O'Connell, smiling.

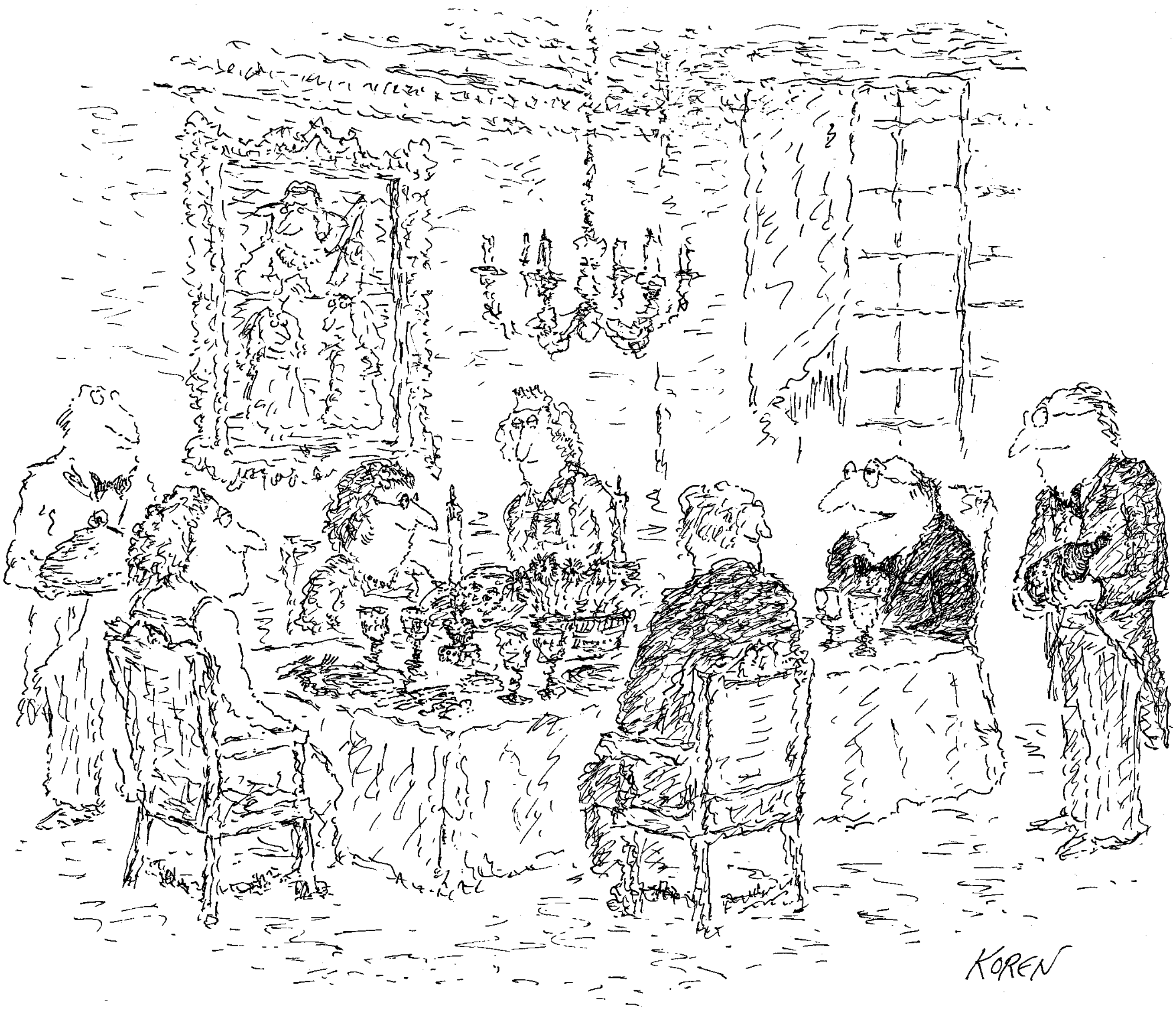
In the *Herald American* the next morning, sports columnist Tim Horgan wrote, "I think the Red Sox will continue to play superior ball, which doesn't necessarily mean they'll win the pennant."

Out on the Ledge

GILBERT SQUIRES is a seventy-seven-year-old retired machinist who pads out the stingy leavings of the Social Security system by taking on occasional jobs of free-lance window-cleaning on the upper West Side. His customers report marked improvement in several air-pollution indicators (headaches, gloom, smoggy views of drab city honeycombs) after he finishes their windows, and many of them marvel at his agility. He may not be the oldest person to have cleaned high windows in this city, but he is surely one of the bravest, for his neighborhood embraces a collection of aging rent-controlled buildings with window frames so rotten that most people would hesitate to open them, let alone climb out on the ledges. Climbing out is something Mr. Squires does almost casually, hooking a safety belt on the bolt as he goes. He has a cheerful temperament and reserves most of his hard words for sloppy workmen who have come before him, such as painters who left paint splattered over the panes he has to clean. If he is asked, he will not disdain to scrape off the bits of paint with a razor blade, which he will then hold between his lips while swaying on the ledge—thus adding a fillip to his already shuddersome act. The washing itself is a straightforward sponge-and-chamois affair, and its main embellishment is a steady stream of stories from his youth in Newfoundland. The stories have a relation to his job similar to that of washing the insides of the windows: some people, hoping to save a little money, offer to wash the insides themselves, but Mr. Squires explains that he charges the same whether he has to do the insides or not, and that is true also of whether the customer wants to hear the stories or not. If, that day, he has seen the customer's spouse ride away from the building on a bicycle, he may begin by mentioning that *he* once owned a bicycle, back in Newfoundland. Unless the customer has the foresight to leave the room at this point, a detailed description of the bicycle—as well as of two subsequently owned motorcycles—will ensue. For all we know, the description will ensue even *if* the customer leaves the room, but the sound of Gilbert Squires' voice in an empty room, like the sight of Bishop Berkeley's tree in an empty place, is a matter that can safely be left to epistemologists. Actually, there is a good chance that the customer would enjoy hearing how the young Squires disassembled each of his motorcycles, had the cylinders rebored, and sold the machines for twice what he had paid. His stories are easy to enjoy, for they usually end on a loss or a gain.



A slender man of average height, Mr. Squires has a pale, concentrated face. Above a nose that recalls Jimmy Durante are intent green-brown eyes, white eyelashes, white eyebrows, a receding rounded forehead, and white hair trimmed in a manner that speaks of inexpensive barbershops opening on the stairwells of midtown subway stations. He has a high voice with what one can suppose is a Newfoundland accent, muffled a bit by thin lips. His father was a farmer in St. Phillips, a village ten miles west of St. John's. Gilbert was the second child of his father's first marriage, and was followed by four children of that marriage and many of a second marriage. He didn't get along with his stepmother, a domineering shrew, but was fond of his mother's sister, a popular woman courted simultaneously by two of Newfoundland's biggest industrialists. One was the head of a shipping and manufacturing company; the other was the president of the local railroad. Each of them would come to Gilbert Squires' house to call on his aunt, and would drive past if he saw the other's car parked outside. The railroad president, whose name was H. D. Reid, learned that Gilbert was unhappy with his stepmother, and began taking the boy back to his shop in his Rolls-Royce. That was how Gilbert was introduced to machinery. One of Mr. Squires' stories concerns a day when H. D. Reid came and found that the aunt had gone for a drive with his rival; he was so angered that he took Gilbert for a wild ride in the Rolls-Royce, and ended by



"While I rather enjoy pistachio, almond fudge, and English-toffee twirl, I think my very favorite is still plain vanilla with sprinkles."

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making him a present of his heavy green overcoat. Gilbert had this coat when he went off to train for the First World War. He served in the Dardanelles, came home safely, and put in several years as an apprentice and then a journeyman machinist. In 1923, a recession hit Newfoundland, and Gilbert emigrated to the United States, intending to settle in Boston but finding work—as an inspector for the Lackawanna Railroad—in New York. With several changes in jobs, he has lived here ever since.

Gilbert Squires has a wife and two stepdaughters, all of whom have long since moved to Arizona, and a stepson, who is in the Navy. He lives by himself in a room on West Ninety-fifth Street, rented for sixty dollars a month from a ship captain's widow. This arrangement makes him elusive, for he doesn't have a telephone, and old customers who come looking for him often find that ringing the doorbell produces no response. Probably the best way to hire him is to have the luck to see him walking down the street or hanging out a window, and to set up an appointment then and there. Some evenings, he can be located in a bar known simply by its address—2550 Broadway—and it was into this bar that we happened to see him disappear late one recent afternoon. We followed him inside, found a spot beside him, and asked him how he was doing.

"Not too well," he said. "I'm very tired." He explained that he had just finished a job that involved fifteen windows, including a large one with twenty panes. He showed how he had tried to extend his safety belt—which he had brought into the bar—with the belt from his trousers, so that it would reach all the way across the wide window. He said that he must have spent an hour on the ledge trying to make it reach.

Mr. Squires likes to mention his connections with eminence. An uncle of his, Sir Richard Anderson Squires, was a successful lawyer and a Premier of Newfoundland, and a friend, J. R. Smallwood, was a reporter in New York and, after returning to Newfoundland, also a Premier of that province. Early in the Depression, Sir Richard visited New York and received Joe Smallwood and Gilbert Squires in his suite at the Waldorf. "He said to us, 'How are you boys doing?' " Mr. Squires recalled. "And we said, 'Not so good.' And he said, 'Are you working, Joe?' Joe said he was going to plays every now and then as a—what do you call it?—a critic. Uncle Richard said, 'And you, Gilbert?' I said there was a shipyard, but I wasn't working much. Well, he took out his checkbook and wrote us out checks for a hundred dollars each. And that was that."

News from Vermont

A FRIEND has sent us a report from Vermont, where, he says, the summer has semi-officially ended:

If you're at all inclined to measure the passing of the seasons in terms of fiddling contests, as I am, then you'll have to agree that another summer has run its course here in the Green Mountains. There was an important fiddling contest last week outdoors in Newfane, a preliminary to the National Traditional Old-Time Fiddlers' Contest, slated for Barre in early October. That one will take place indoors, at the Barre Auditorium, so I think it's safe to say that summer has come to a close. Anyway, a fair number of leaves have turned already. I'll get back to the fiddling contest later. Now I want to tell you about what else is happening.

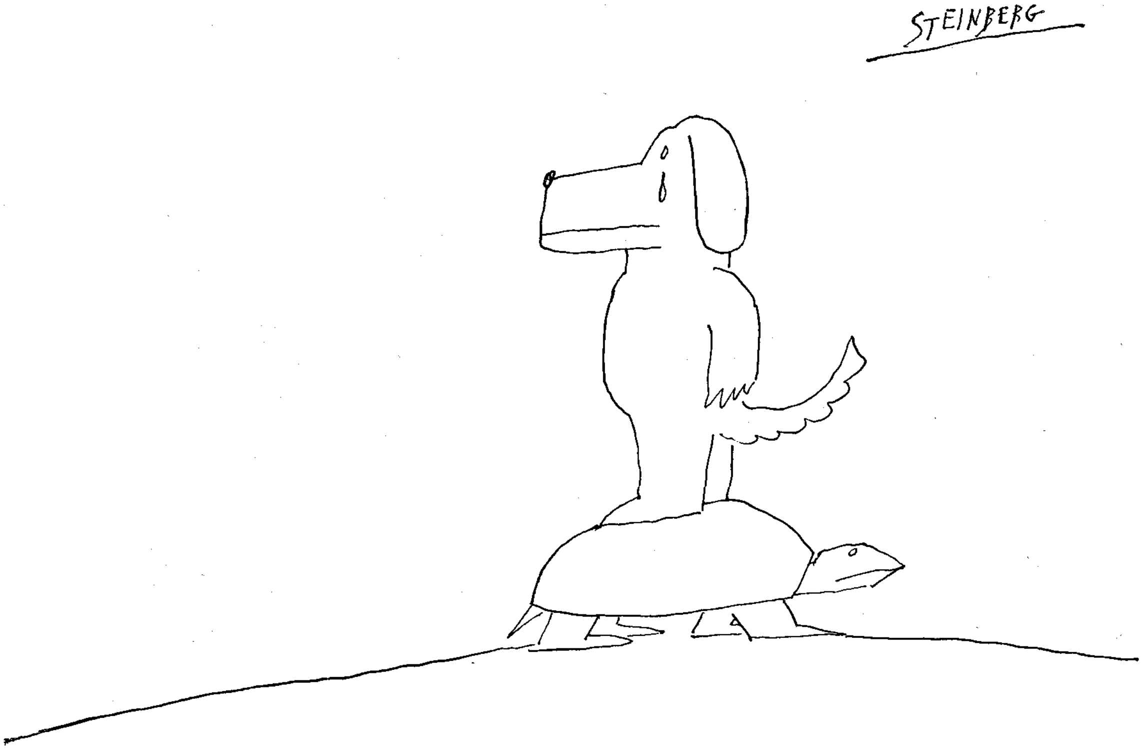
First, there's the saga of the "uncovered bridge." I just spoke with Milton Graton, of Ashland, New Hampshire, the only man in New England—besides two of his sons, who work with him—still in the business of building covered wooden bridges. Graton was the brains and brawn behind the Union Street covered bridge over the Ottauquechee River in Woodstock. When he and his sons built the bridge, back in 1969—they built it on the riverbank and dragged it into place with the help of two oxen—it was the first authentic highway covered wooden bridge built in Vermont since 1895. It held up pretty well, aiming toward long life, until a bunch of misguided youths decided it would be a good idea to commit an act of arson upon it the night of the Firemen's Ball last year. The firemen rushed over from the Masonic Hall and managed to save the bridge, but the roof, portals, siding, and walkway were sorely damaged by the time they put out the blaze. That's why it is now an uncovered bridge: the main overhead features are charred arches and cross-braces and, on a clear day, blue sky. The local people and Graton were, as you might guess, highly upset about the fire, but they collected their wits and agreed to fix the bridge. Graton figured the repairs would cost eighty-three thousand dollars—some thirteen thousand over the original cost—but he's worked the total down to fifty-five thousand by deciding not to install new arches. The state and federal governments have put up about half the money, and various charitable folk in Woodstock the other half, including a hundred and seventy-five dollars collected from the information booth on the Woodstock town green. The information booth is just a little wooden thing, which the arsonists contemplated burning before they selected the bridge. Unfortunate. Anyway, Graton and his sons plan to start work in Woodstock as soon as they finish restoring the bridge in Weathersfield. That one has been around since the eighteen-seventies.

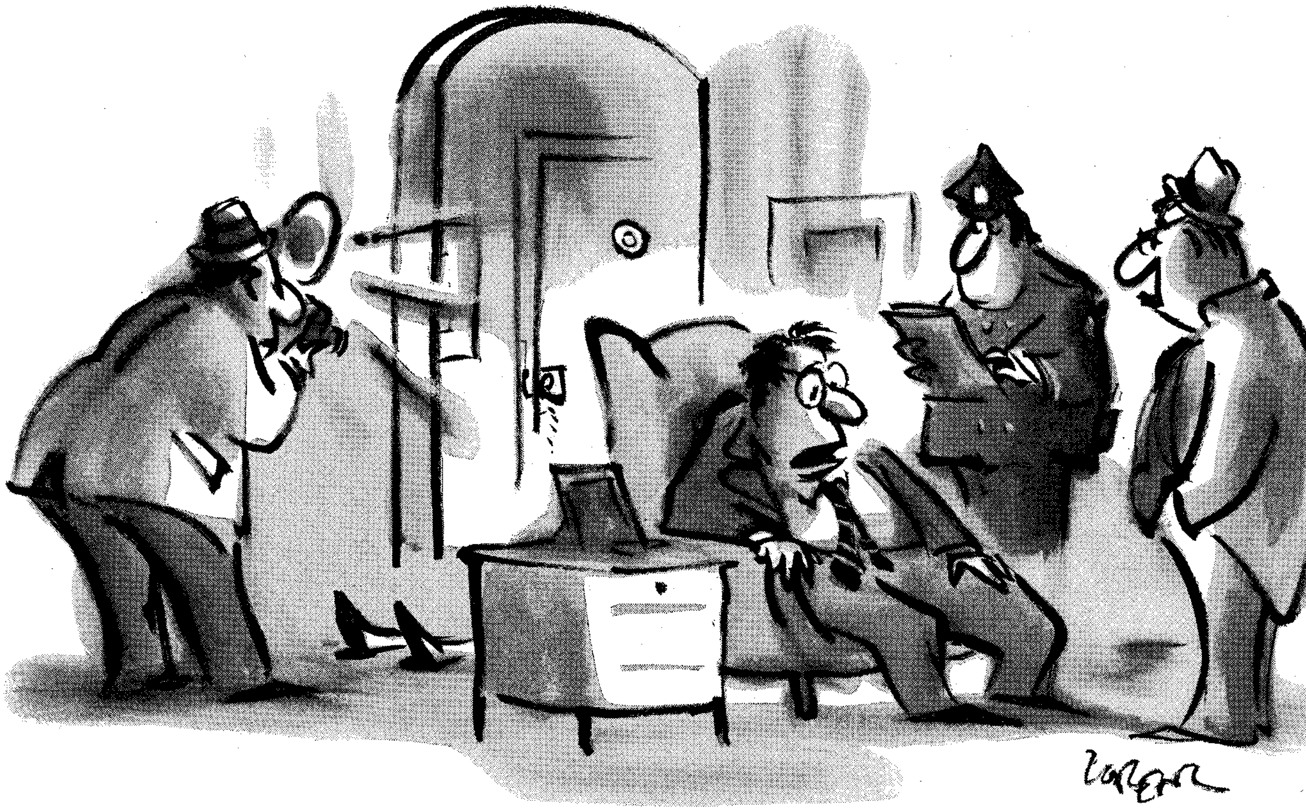
Rebuilding the bridge stands out as a good example of Yankee progress, or some such thing, and you know how progress tends to be a precious commodity. For instance, take the Beverage Container Deposit Law, passed in 1972 by the state legislature. It now costs at least a nickel more to buy a bottle or can of beer or soda in Vermont than it used to, but you get it back when you return the empty to the store. Most folks agree that this makes for a healthier environment, and it also means that "Coke-bottle geography" is once again inspiring, because the returnables carry the names of bottling plants on the bottom. I've run across a lot of Cincinnatis and Corpus Christis and Jacksonvilles lately, and last week I drank two Lake Charles, Louisianas, in a row. But last week I also read a letter to the editor of *The Voice*, of the Manchester area, from one Frank L. Cutler, of Bridport, who would like to see the bottle law repealed. Here is one of Mr. Cutler's seven "common-sense arguments":

> Fact No. 2: When you open a can, bottle, or any other type of container, whether it be beer, soda, car oil or grease, catsup, beans, cheese, milk, hairspray, or whatever, and you empty that container, that container immediately becomes garbage. Let me repeat that, at the top of my voice—it is garbage! To elevate beer and soda containers to the status of being worth five or ten cents is discriminatory.

So much for Frank Cutler. The anti-billboard law, which preceded the bottle law by two years, is a blessing, with few vocal dissenters, if any. All those nonexistent billboards look lovely.

One note on the local economy: The price of a pound of laundry—washed, dried, and folded—at the Cool-Edge Laundry, in Londonderry, has stabilized at twenty-four cents. If you want to do it yourself, of course, it will cost less. The people who run the laundry, by the way, named it Cool-Edge not, as you might think, because it's on the road that runs along the edge of the cool West River but





"I left for work this morning and took a cab. When I got out, the driver said, 'Looks like a super day.' I walked into my office and my secretary offered me a Danish. 'Try one,' she said. 'They're super!' We had a staff meeting on the Brinton matter, which the chairman of the board characterized as 'super.' Roy Damon took me to lunch at what he called a 'super' little French place. I rode home with Bill Johnson and Ron McGruddy, who kept talking about some 'super' new film. As I came in, the doorman complimented me on my 'super' tie, and the elevator operator asked me if I didn't think we were having 'super' weather. My wife greeted me as I entered the apartment and said she had prepared a 'super' treat for dinner. I don't remember anything after that."

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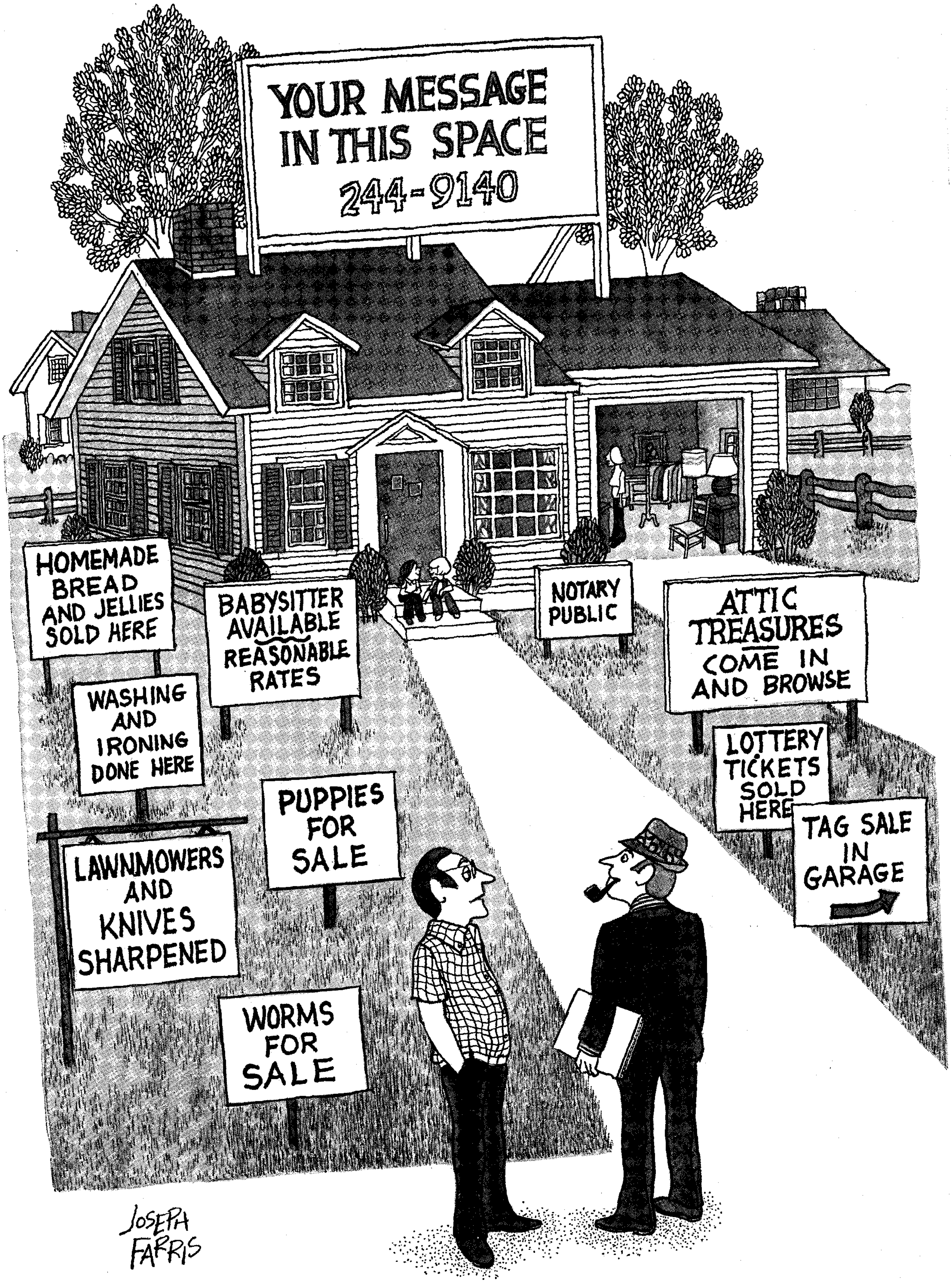
because their name is Coolidge—distant relatives of Calvin Coolidge, that famous Vermonter, whose home in Plymouth attracted a full load of visitors again this summer.

About the fiddlers' contest. This one was strictly *old-time*, which means, as Bill Morse, who organized the show, says, "no songs written after the invention of the pop-up toaster." The day before the contest, I spoke with Bill, and he told me, "At twelve o'clock noon—not one minute *before* and not one minute *after*—I'll be up on that stage introducing the opening act." As it turned out, things finally got rolling at one o'clock. "Those of you who know me well know that I'm late everywhere I go," Bill said in apologizing to the audience. "I'm even late to church." Bill was dressed well enough to be the m.c.—he wore a maroon velvet vest, bluejeans, a white shirt with fiddles embroidered on the shoulders, a black string tie, a felt hat, and a wild pink rose from the top of Newfane Hill—but he turned that job over to Douglas Brooks, who said that the fiddlers would be judged on the basis of their rhythm, timing, tone quality, and clarity.

Douglas did a good job, and so did the fiddlers, although by the time I'd heard all thirty-five of them I couldn't remember which I'd enjoyed. It's probable that old-time fiddling events aren't as democratic as they should be—the contestants get free sandwiches and preferential treatment on parking spaces—and I was mildly disappointed to notice that some of the people wearing "3rd Oldtime FIDDLERS' CONTEST Newfane, Vermont" T-shirts had the word "STAFF" stamped on the back. I'm happy to report that the facilities at the first-aid tent were not overtaxed. When I checked out the first-aid equipment not long after the show got under way, the tent contained a cot, a tank of oxygen, and two cases of beer.

Halfway through the contest, Bill Morse told the crowd, "We'll go until the wee hours of the morning if you-all can hold out, so hang in there tight," and then Douglas Brooks appealed to all those present to watch their litter. He recited one of his favorite parables: "Some make saints,/ And some make sinners;/Big fish come from little minners./Like a beagle smellin' rabbits,/Point your nose towards cleanly habits."

Somehow, the judges managed to pick winners. Leo Beaudoin won the senior division (sixty and older), with "Concert Reel;" Ben Guillemette won the open division, with "Allen's Reel;" and Kirsten Nordstrom took the junior division (eighteen and under), with "Miller's Reel." Leo is from Connecticut, Ben is from Maine, and Kirsten comes from Massachusetts, so to shore up local pride a bit the judges gave Paul Robinson, of Newfane, an honorable mention. Paul didn't actually take part in the competition. Someone sat on his fiddle and crushed it a few weeks back, and he just couldn't bring himself to enter the contest with the one he'd borrowed.


YOUR MESSAGE IN THIS SPACE 244-9140
HOMEMADE BREAD AND JELLIES SOLD HERE
BABYSITTER AVAILABLE REASONABLE RATES
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TAG SALE IN GARAGE
LAWNMOWERS AND KNIVES SHARPENED
WORMS FOR SALE
JOSEPH FARRIS

"Frankly, we're just keeping our heads above water."

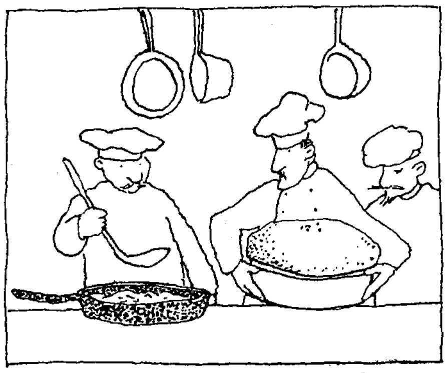
CASTOR AND POLLUX

BEAUTY is in the eye of the beholder. In the eye of Elfins the qualities considered to constitute beauty are slenderness, narrow hands and feet, sharp-cut features (rather small eyes are admired), arched eyebrows, the fineness of detail one associates with moths and butterflies. These canons are conditioned by Elfin build and longevity: majestic contours are irreconcilable with flight, and a *jolie-laide* countenance is likelier to remain charming over centuries than a classically molded one. Elfins are averse to any variation from the racial type. Few of them really enjoy Ovid's "Metamorphoses." Above all, miscegenation with mortals is reprobated because of its probable results—corpulence, coarse skin, broad smiles, dimples, premature decay, and flat fingernails.

But from time to time an Elfin may be born who transcends the typical *jolie laide* of the race by an absolute beauty. Such a one was Tiphaine, of the Kingdom of Elfhame, in Scotland, and so was the legendary Morgan le Fay. Nel, of the Kingdom of Pomace, in Herefordshire, was another of these shining exceptions. Her parents, respectable members of the lesser aristocracy, looked at each other with amazement, unable to account for her. They expected her to vanish like a rainbow. But she throve, and took herself easily, and accepted admiration with no more fluster or false demur than one of the thousand daisies on a lawn accepts the dew. In the same modest, matter-of-course spirit she accepted an admiring husband. It was a resplendent match. Hamlet was faultlessly well-bred, wealthy, intelligent, honorable, an orphan. In his youth, despite these advantages, he was looked at askance by the staider Elfins of Pomace, who, enjoying a sheltered climate and a traditional calm, did not like excesses. Ordinary libertinism they would not have objected to: Hamlet was a mental libertine. He founded the Pomacean Society for Unregulated Speculation, which, meeting at irregular intervals—in itself subversive—discussed such subjects as Sleeping Out-of-Doors, Compulsive Gymnastics for All Ages, the Badness of Good Taste. After lecturing on Mortals and Their Future, he put it to a vote: That Mortals Are More Interesting Than Elfins. When even his most committed disciples rejected this, he put another motion: That Elfins Are Not Interesting. After three hours of debate, the members of the Pomacean Society went home chanting the national anthem *sciolto e fortissimo*, and next day were officially required to consider themselves dissolved. Hamlet then founded the Pomacean Society for Promoting Dissolution, tired of it, dissolved it, and went to visit his Great-Aunt Angelica at La Recondita, her estate in the Apennines. Angelica was a lady of historic gallantries. She deplored Hamlet's rusticity—blaming it on his upbringing in Pomace, a provincial Kingdom in a clownish country—and, having nothing else on hand at the moment, set herself to comb it out of him. For six months he wrote a Petrarchan sonnet daily, alternately amorous or pastoral, practiced the manège on a winged horse—a rare animal, out of the Astolfine stable—and learned the scandals of every Elfin family of distinction. After the one hundred and twenty-third sonnet she thought him adequately combed, gave him letters of introduction, and sent him off to make the Grand Tour.

In Foligno he was so entranced by a travelling puppet theatre that he followed it from city to city, disregarding cascades, Roman arches, vistas, Vesuvius, the Vatican Library, for the pleasure of seeing Orlando furiously raving with an unmoved white calico face.

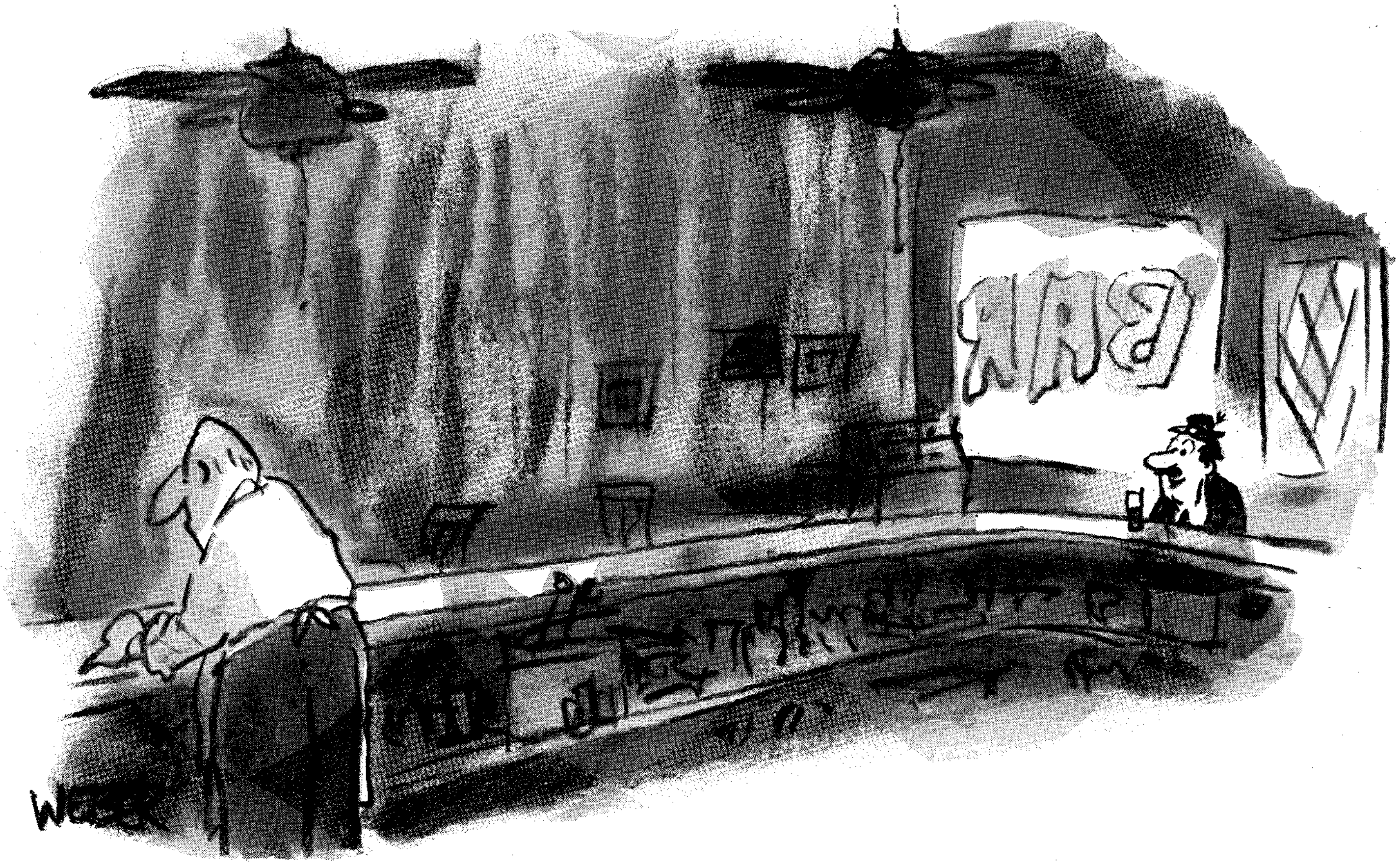
He came home supposing that this kind of ludicrous high-flownness could be found only under Italian skies, and quite accidentally, on a wet day, discovered the theatre of his native land, performing at the top of its voice, in an innyard of the county town. Forgetting that he had gone to watch the races, he stood entranced, listening to squeaking empresses and bellowing tyrants, spectres with hiccups, malignant Jews with a sturdy Midlands accent, and watching victims of the plot flump to the ground like a shower of acorns. And all of them mortals—stuffed with beating hearts and fiery livers and intricated guts instead of sheep's wool. Only mortals could be so majestically and endearingly absurd. Like him, they were there for the races, and moved on. Angelica had done such marvels for Hamlet that he had been appointed Regulator of Court Festivities; there was no need to follow as he had done in Italy. He became an anonymous patron of the drama by sending one of his pages nightly to disquiet the local lord mayor's slumbers with a gigantic badger, threatening disclosures and ruin unless The Spotted Cow was given a covered gallery and a covered stage with two trapdoors and a thunder machine. This done, Hamlet (excusing himself from Court on the ground of an intermittent fever caught in the Pontine Marshes) regularly attended performances at The Spotted Cow. They were frequent, thunder machines being rare in the provinces.



After his marriage, Nel went with him. The fact that she took the action seriously and only regretted that the actors were so badly dressed made her companionship even dearer, and as they sat invisibly in the gallery he would gather her to him when anything particularly ludicrous happened on the stage, and hug her loveliness and his low taste simultaneously. These escapades came to an end. There was an outbreak of plague, then of morality, and the theatres were closed by order.

When the order was rescinded and the travelling players came once more, Hamlet was in attendance on the Queen, indispensably regulating a *conversazione*. He bore his disappointment so gracefully that Nel said she would go to the opening performance alone, to give him an account of it. She had an answer to all his objections. She would plead her belly as an excuse for absence from the afternoon assembly. She was no more with child than she had ever been, and Elfin pregnancies are so infrequent that hers would have been in the Court Circular; but the excuse was a formality employed by every lady at Court. In case anything went wrong with her invisibility, she would wear a mask. If he insisted on a chaperon, she would take her lady's maid, vowed to secrecy. At the thought of a lady's maid vowed to secrecy over his legitimate foible of low taste, Hamlet's self-respect revolted. Nel went alone.

It was a sultry afternoon. The birdless silence of July intimidated her; she would have been glad of the lady's maid. As she took her place in the gallery, what had seemed an adventure darkened into an ordeal. The coachman had got her there too early; noth-



"Hey, pal! What time begins the camaraderie?"

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ing was going on except some thumpings. Her mask stifled her. The blood drummed in her ears; she would not be able to hear a word the players said. And without Hamlet's expression to guide her how was she to know where to be amused? The house was beginning to fill up, the smell of mortals rose from the pit, there were voices and repartees all around her, and a boy in a butcher's apron was being successfully impertinent to a fat jolly woman, declaring she was his idol and the queen of his heart. Nel gave herself a shake. She must fix her whole attention on the play and remember everything in order to give Hamlet an exact report when they were together again that evening. Perhaps looking through the eyeholes of the mask would clarify what was going on. The cornet player and the drummer finished their flourish. A red-haired young mortal in pink came forward and spoke a speech about Destiny. He was destined to unhappiness. So far, so good. . . .

The play was over. The spectators were leaving. A boy with a tray of pots of beer came onto the stage. The actors, wiping the sweat and the greasepaint off their faces, gathered round him and drank. A cracked looking glass hung on a side screen, where the players, making their entrance, were in the habit of taking a quick glance at themselves, and the young man in pink was at this moment staring into it. Lovely as Adonis, he had tripped over a cat, missed two cues, sneezed in the peroration of a speech of defiance, had very little applause, and hurt his back in a death fall. A skirt rustled behind him. He turned and saw a lady taking off her mask. Her face was so beautiful that he almost forgot his own. In a low hurried voice she began to praise his courage under misfortune, to beg him not to despair. Ungloving her hand, she pulled off a ring and gave it to him, saying it was a keepsake. Not for nothing had he played Joseph in a religious drama, leaving a blue taffeta cloak in the clasp of Potiphar's wife and rebuking her in fleshings. Here was another of them—one of those grand ladies, shameless and glorious. He listened to her directions. He was to take seven turns to the left, jump the brook, and come in by a garden gate. Before he could answer, she was gone.

He looked disdainfully at the group of beer drinkers.

It was the garden gate of her parents' home and led into their kitchen garden—an unintimidating entrance, Nel judged. Even so, he opened it uneasily: he suspected she was not all she seemed—or was more. A carrot fell on him from above. It had slipped from the apron of a fairy flying briskly overhead. He had decided on a prudent departure when he saw her running toward him, shameless and glorious, with her finger on her lips. A little later, her uncle, who was eating gooseberries at the farther end of the garden, heard a sharp cry of delight, thought he recognized Nel's voice, looked round, and saw her heels in the air. Remembering the joys of his youth, he began to sing a villanelle. A gardener burst through a line of French beans, and attacked the young man with a hoe, shouting, "Get out, you dirty marauding mortal, you!" The young man fled. But it was too late. Nel became pregnant.

Everyone pitied her. Attempts were made to procure an abortion with the renowned decoction from the bark and leaves of the savin tree—a species of juniper. Her burden could not be dislodged. She went her full term—growing unrecognizably hideous, her face peaked, her legs swollen, her existence reduced to an appurtenance of her enormous womb. The birth of the first child rent her in pieces; she was already dying when a second child was born. They were both boys, wingless, and plainly mortal. Washed and swaddled, they were carried to Hamlet to be named. "Gog and Magog!" he exclaimed. Looking out of his misery, he saw the midwife was affronted. "Call them Castor and Pollux," he said, and signed for them to be taken away.

It had been hoped that they would be born dead—failing that, snuffed out by a little timely neglect. But nothing had been organized: it was as though the calamity so long foreseen had taken them by surprise. Nel's parents were stupid with grief, Hamlet in agonies of earache. It was left to the midwife to take command. Mercilessly professional, she gave them every care. She had never delivered a demi-mortal before, and these were demi-mortal twins; she was determined they should live to her glory. They were strong, healthy infants, matched like carriage horses. No Elfin will suckle a mortal child: it is believed to cause warts on the breast. Mortal wet nurses were found, and the midwife stayed on to supervise the nursery.

Nel's parents, Sir Bartle and Dame Petronel, found they must take on the duties of grandparents, for Hamlet was closing his establishment and going to Greece—where he had no relatives. The midwife resented having to quit Hamlet's mansion for Sir Bartle's modest residence, but kept up her self-respect by assuring her friends that it would be much wholesomer for Castor and Pollux to be reared in a humble home, and letting it be generally understood that she was prepared to put up with anything for the dear children's sake. The move was made, and society sighed with relief to know that everything was comfortably settled and that henceforth the unfortunate affair could be forgotten and life be happy and rational again. What's done is done; it is vulgar to dwell on the past.

Bartle and Petronel, dwelling in the present, found that the duties of grandparents consisted in having no duties permitted them, in asking no questions, making no demands, querying no expenses, never setting foot in the nursery except by invitation, and for the rest of the time being seen and not heard. Bartle took to breeding pigeons; their voices condoled with him without reference to his loss. In his private heart, he blamed everything on his son-in-law. Petronel blamed no one; she merely grieved, and then grieved on because with the passage of time her original grief had lost its intensity. On the day the midwife sent word that Castor and Pollux must be measured for their first boots, it reasserted its hold on her. Mortal children, already old enough for boots, they would grow up, grow old, die in their puny longevity of threescore! And the last remnant of Nel, the last possibility of seeing a glance like hers, would be gone. She leaped to her feet, ran to the nursery, and went in without so much as knocking on the door. "Now that the children are old enough for boots, they won't need you any longer." Interrupting an outcry about devotion and dependence, she said, "You are dismissed," and left the nursery with shaking knees and a calm expression. That evening, the midwife expressed her devotion to the children by attempting their lives. Burges, the butler, was bringing her usual nightcap of honeydew and hot milk to the nursery when he heard Castor scream with terror. The door was locked. He broke it open. Her hands were round Castor's throat and Pollux's teeth were set in the calf of her leg. She let go with one hand to smack with the other. Castor writhed out of her grasp and hid under a table; Pollux sank his teeth deeper into her leg and growled. Even when the butler had knocked her out, Pollux held on with a bulldog's grip. Not till the butler had picked up the fainting Castor and said, "Come on, Master Pollux, we're going down to my pantry," did Pollux relax his hold, lift a face streaming with the midwife's blood, and smile.

It was after this that the household began to remark on how much the brothers seemed to love each other.

The wonder spread to other households and rose by capillary attraction from kitchens to drawing rooms, where the bond of love between the twins provided a soothing new theme for conversation. Bartle, to his annoyance, Petronel, to her surprise, found themselves congratulated on their ownership of those interesting children. Visiting ladies brought toys—identical but distinguished by red or blue bows. When the twins were extricated from their private life and brought in to be grateful, their size proved disconcerting. It was plain they had outgrown toy lambs.

Till now, Castor and Pollux had not been aware they loved each other. Publicly assured of it, they felt constrained and began to quarrel. Without any distinct idea who the enemy was, each felt the other had gone over to the enemy. With the midwife, they knew where they were:

"Technically, I do love you."

she was food, clothing, a hand scrubbing their faces and yanking tangles out of their hair, a familiar scolding voice that grew maudlin at bedtime, a besetting providence. And in a flash she was gone, and they were pitchforked into a world of Elfin smells, Elfin voices, Elfin caresses that tickled; a world where they stuck out, large and lonely, and always knocking things over. If Castor had not screamed, if Pollux had not bitten, if Burges had not intervened, she might be with them now and all be usual and secure. Burges was no substitute; he was always busy. They moped and squabbled and were told they loved each other and would be much happier now she was gone. And, with nothing to cling to, they clung to each other in fury and despair.

Their grandparents also were at a loss without the midwife. She had monopolized the children and tried to murder them, had allowed them to pick their noses and talk with their mouths full, stamp and shout; but under her rule at least they were heard and not seen. Neither child had the smallest resemblance to Nel; neither showed a trace of Elfin blood. The thought of their mortality afforded Bartle an illicit satisfaction. Even if they survived measles (they had won through all the other diseases of mortal childhood), their survival would not entail more than a few decades of endurance: they could be lived down. Something would have to be settled about their brief future. Meanwhile, they grew.

They developed measles simultaneously and simultaneously recovered.

By law, they were Hamlet's children. Since Hamlet had gone to Greece, no word had come from him. "I wonder if Lady Elissa could put her finger on him," Bartle said to Petronel. "She goes in for crystal gazing."

Petronel replied that Elissa had given up her crystal ball. Staring into it had given her so much eyestrain that she looked like a bloodhound. Why didn't he ask Master Caraway?

"Ask who?" Castor and Pollux, in all the vigor of convalescence, were playing table tennis overhead.

"Master Caraway. Hamlet left him in charge of his affairs, you remember."

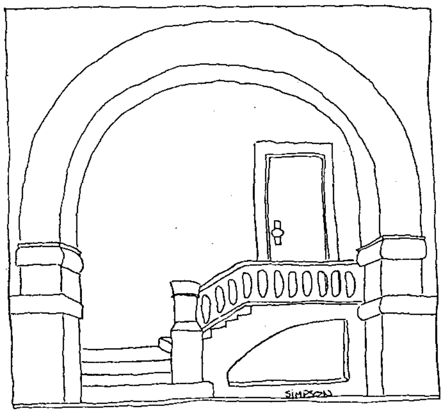
Bartle said it was an idea and he'd think about it.

The idea of applying to his son-in-law's rascally solicitor was unpleasing, and he thought of it as little as possible. The twins grew; so did the cost of their upkeep. Petronel spoke of selling her pearls. Bartle swallowed his pride and visited Master Caraway's office, which was as orderly as a shark's teeth. Master Caraway assumed what Bartle called his abracadabra airs and pressed a button. A drawer sprang open and Master Caraway took out a letter from Hamlet. Hamlet had tired of Attica and was going to a small island called Orplid. "He may be there by now," said Master Caraway, looking at his spotless fingernails.

"Where is this Orplid?"

"That I cannot say. Being an island, one presumes it is in the sea. But one can't be positive. If you feel any uneasiness, Sir Bartle, I can assure you Lord Hamlet's affairs are in a very satisfactory state. It is a pleasure to administer them."

"Those two boys of his—they're growing up, you know." Only his dislike of Master Caraway and the warming prospect of wrenching money out of him overcame Bartle's reluctance to ask for it.



"Two boys—" The solicitor appeared to scan a horizon of boys. "Two boys. Exactly." Like one recalled from a higher universe, he pressed another button. Another drawer sprang open, and he took out a wad of receipts and handed it to Bartle. "I think you will find them in order." The midwife was still being paid her wages.

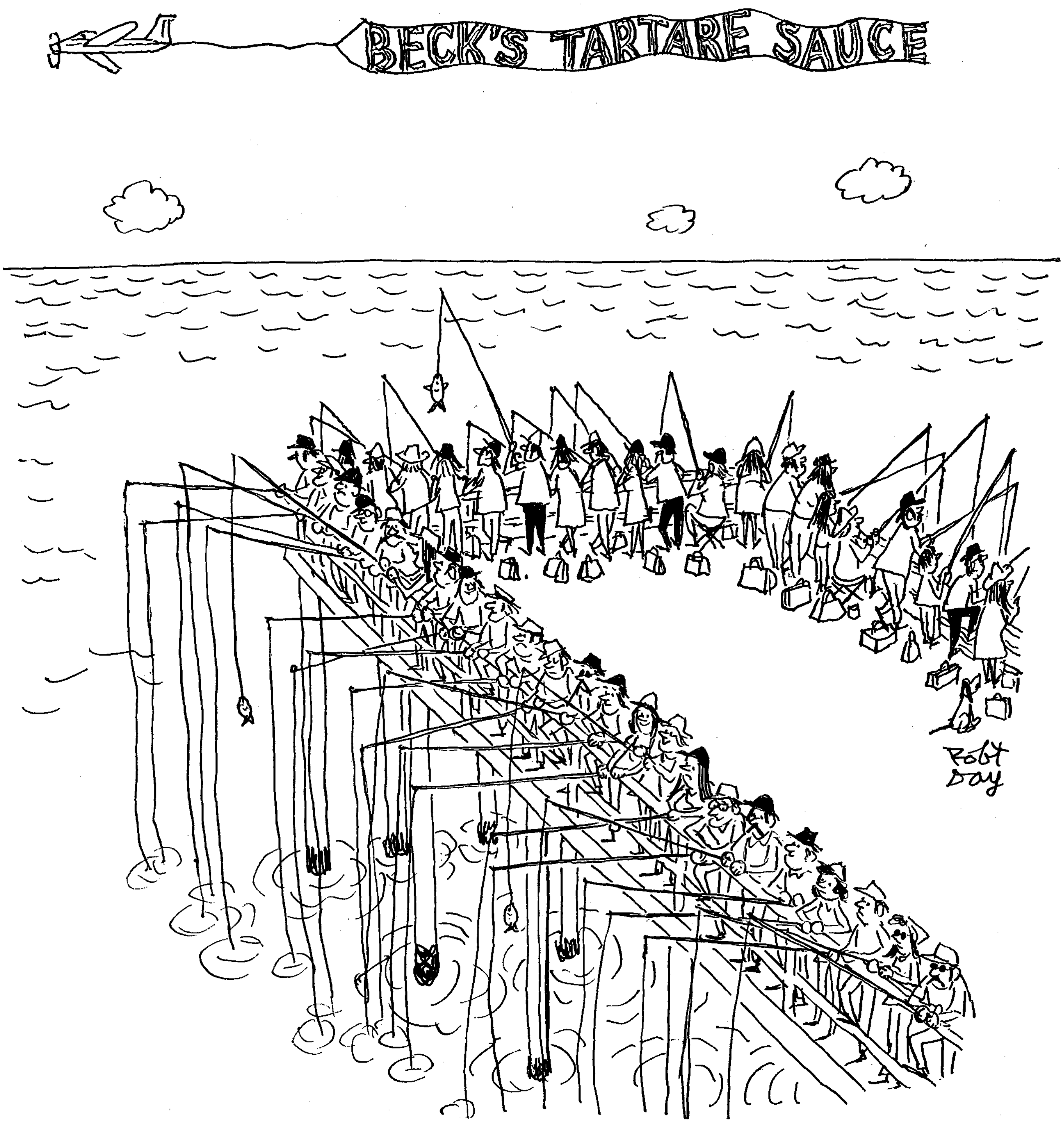
As Bartle reached home he heard an outburst of cheering. When Burges opened the door he was out of breath, and explained that he had been to see if the pigeons were all right. The young gentlemen were wrestling in the lime-tree court and the working fairies were watching them, cheering them on and betting on the upshot; with so much noise and fluttering of wings, he was afraid the sitting birds might be scared off their nests. There was another burst of cheering. Bartle hurried to the defense of his pigeons and instantly forgot them in the beauty of what he saw. Castor and Pollux were wrestling naked. From head to foot they were happiness. Their stature, their long identical limbs, their matched expressions of fierce, unwavering gaiety existed in a world of their own and a moment they were born for. As they clasped and eluded, locked

THE SHAVER

From my father-in-law—jaunty at eighty,
sharp till the night of his death as to costs
and gossip, quips and profit—comes
a box in the mail with clothes I'll never
wear: his pressed pajamas, hat
with a cocky feather bought too late
to flaunt in the open air. A man
of triumphs, mainly, everything neat,
he found himself a bargain rate
for his funeral, and joked about clinching
the sale—Poppa, you kept coming on!
My thanks for these relics, fastidious gifts
to a slovenly son-in-law who shared
your size. There's one I'll keep (not socks,
not carefully folded B.V.D.s
that gave me a touch of the horrors): your hand-
wound watch, whose Roman face displays
the sum of the passing days, what we have
in common—you with your freckled skin
almost as white as your straight combed hair,
and me, swarthy, clicking open
your shaver, white dust
in the holding chamber
I blow to the sink, your living stubble
that every strength of my being would keep
from my mouth and throat and nose.

—Barry Spacks

• •



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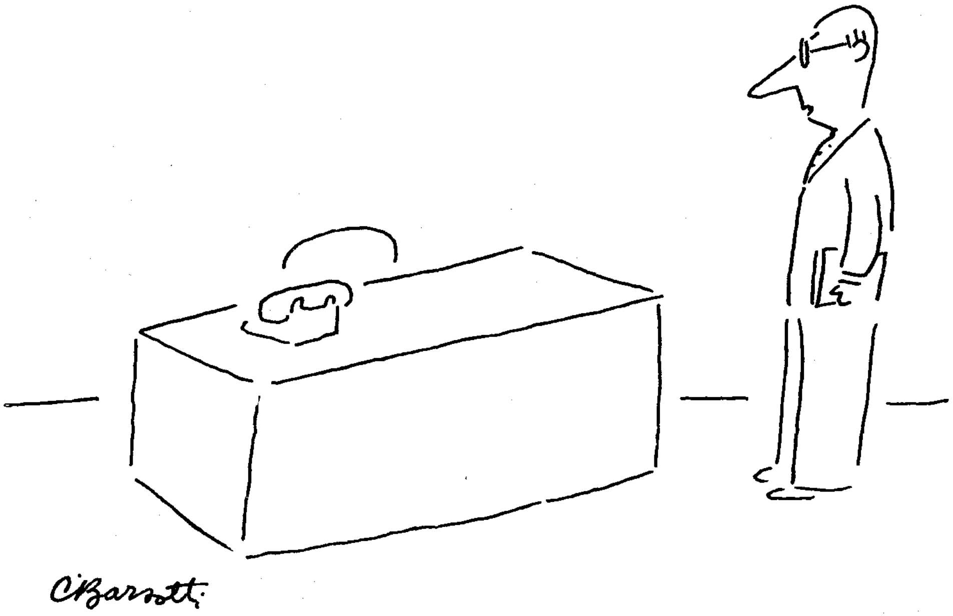
and slid apart, forced one another down, pliable as willow wands, and pliable as willow wands sprang up again, it seemed as though they would wrestle forever, as a brook flows, chiding, in a rocky channel.

Elfins are incapable of repentance—a fortunate provision, in view of their longevity. Bartle's delight in the beauty of the wrestlers was untrammelled by recollecting he had thought of them, not an hour before, as the ungainly louts he carried as a disgrace and a burden and hoped to get rid of. The sordid annoyance of his visit to Caraway's office was wiped out. Nothing mattered except what was going on before his eyes. He heard himself cheering, and Burges asking him if he had ever seen the like of it. "How did they come by it?" Bartle asked. "How did they learn?" Burges replied that he had given them a hint or two, but most of it came by nature.

Mysteriously consenting, the wrestlers let go and slipped to the ground, where they lay panting and sprawling, pulling each other's hair and pretending to quarrel. A groom hurried forward with towels and rubbed them down. It was suddenly evening. Shafts of light drifted through the lime trees; the smell of lime blossom filled the air. The pigeons flustered a little, and settled to sleep. Castor and Pollux walked toward the house with their arms round each other's necks. Deep in conversation, they noticed no one.

"I could have watched them forever," said Petronel, who had seen it all from her window; and she described the match from its beginning, and how at one moment Castor had hooked his leg round Pollux's knees and almost thrown him. Bartle mentioned Burges's boast about having given a few hints. "Oh, but that—" She stopped, and looked confused. "Burges gives himself too much credit. The truth is, they went off without telling anyone, visited a fair, and saw two



"What's this, Jenkins? Are you absent today or something?"

• •

mountebanks wrestling. And when the mountebanks asked if anyone would like to have a try, Pollux jumped at it. He could scarcely move next morning, poor Pollux! But I believe they went back and had some sort of lessons. I thought I'd told you. By the way, what about Hamlet?"

Bartle said he would never go near the lawyer again. Petronel applauded the decision, and continued, "So I've decided what to do with my pearls. I shall sell them, and buy two riding horses. They've far outgrown their ponies. Don't you agree?"

The riding horses were bought. Castor and Pollux mounted and rode away.

Nothing more was heard of them. Advertisements were posted on trees, rewards were offered, Lady Elissa strained her eyes; all was in vain. Finally, Queen Annot herself was invoked. In her heyday (she was a great age) she had been renowned for Divination and Art Magic, and made them fashionable at Court. Now she caused wormwood, tansy, and white lavender to be burned on a hot plate, and cast herself into a trance. After a day and a night, the ladies watching her heard her cry in the voice of one far distant, "Cantuar! Ebor!" But the spirits she called on did not comply, for when she woke much later, blinking and smiling, and asked for a bowl of bread and milk, she brought nothing out of her sleep and did not know how the words came to be spoken.

Her loyal fellow-adepts explained that mortal grossness resists Art Magic: Castor and Pollux were insufficiently Elfin to be divined. It was a different matter with Hamlet. He came back at short notice, but preceded himself in several people's dreams. Elissa's bowerwoman, polishing the crystal ball, had seen him sailing up the Severn in a gondola drawn by two swans, but said nothing about it at the time, as she did not want to be thought a trespasser on her mistress's domain. Thanks to an admirable housekeeper, Hamlet's house was ready for him to walk into; all that needed to be done was to put the warming pan into his bed, and prepare a quick banquet.

By the time he lay down in it, his bed was cold. Midnight sounded before he could get rid of his welcoming guests—all of them disconcertingly unchanged. When they were gone, he strolled about the house, going from room to room and everywhere coming on presents which he had given Nel, which Nel had given him: presents of the moment, whether precious or trivial, for they had scorned to be sensible. All the disorder of her dying had been cleared away from the room she died in.

Never in his mind had she ceased to be dead, and she remained as dead as ever. He had seen his parents-in-law at the impromptu banquet—Bartle the same old stick, Petronel the same compound of the good, the silly, and the sly. There were notes in her voice, particularly when she wished to seem impressed and wasn't attending, which she had in common with Nel. As she was questioning him about Orplid and the strangeness of living on an island, he heard them again. He had said nothing about those monstrous infants, Gog and Magog. It was to be hoped they were dead.

No one referred to them. But in Pomace displeasing subjects were peaceably ignored, so this avoidance might just as well indicate that they were alive. After a while, he asked Master Caraway what had become of them, and was told that they had grown up typically mortal: noisy, and oversized. They were said to love each other. Some time ago, they had gone off. Nothing had been heard of them since.

That should have been good enough. They were nothing to him; they existed only as an old rusty pain. Yet since his return he had been teased by an uneasy curiosity about them—as though there were some button left unfastened.

To set his mind at rest, he invited Petronel to see his roses. Between picking a musk rose and a damask he said, "Forgive me if the subject is painful. But what became of those children? Are they alive?" She dropped the roses and wrung her hands.

"I don't know, I don't know! It was all my stupidity. They looked so handsome that I gave each of them a horse. And we never saw them again."

"Were they good riders?"

"They rode as if they were gods."

So they were back again, disguised as the riders he had admired on the Parthenon, aloof in naked sang-froid above the jostling Turks below. It was to rid his mind of the Turks that he had gone to Orplid. Its inhabitants had an interesting belief that they were deities. Their placid energies were devoted to agriculture; they talked of vines and olives, flocks and herds, of when they should irrigate the meadows. They were remarkably weatherwise. It struck him that they were survivors from a prehistoric Elfin society, Elfins who had yet to develop wings, intellect, invisibility, and property—for they held everything in common. Hamlet had never lived in the country. At first he was charmed by this substantiation of pastoral poetry—rising at daybreak to walk barefoot through dewy grass, doing a little weeding, eating goat's-milk cheese. He did not discover how bored he was growing till he met Hecate, who sat on a headland looking out to sea with her distaff idle beside her. She was a deity, too, but had seen something of the world and had more conversation. She taught him several spells. When her spindle had its full load of yarn, she said, he must go. When next he visited her, the spindle was full.

"Farewell, Goddess."

"Farewell, Elfin."

Her low-pitched, rasping voice hung in his mind, and the spells stayed on with it. Perhaps it was for the last spell she taught him that he had travelled and returned. It was a Summoning Spell and would bring him anyone he wished to see, whether from this world or the world beneath. He had neglected to ask her for a Dismissing Spell. If Castor and Pollux came to appease his curiosity, from the face of the earth or beneath a mound of it, it might be awkward if they could not be got rid of. Two gigantic footmen, dogging his heels . . . a stink of corruption choking him . . . But his curiosity had grown so overmastering that he recited the spell. What leisure time he had during the next two days he spent memorizing it backward. He was word perfect and calling himself a fool when his majordomo asked leave to tell him that two mortals were sitting on the steps of the entrance of honor: that they refused to go away, and children were throwing stones at them, which might crack the marble.

"Show them in."

He heard their footsteps approaching. They were wearing cheap boots that squeaked.

They entered and bowed deep, identical bows. When they straightened up, they towered over him. They were middle-aged and the worse for it; their red hair was grizzled. The resemblance between them was like a cruel joke. At some distant time they might have had a sort of florid beauty.

"Pray sit down."

"We must introduce ourselves. I am Brother Castor. He is Brother Pollux. We are here because we have a call—a call to the Ministry."

"But we start with a shocking handicap. We've no money," said Brother Pollux.

"We were not brought up in a Christian home—"

"And there was something odd about us."

The usual blackmailers, thought Hamlet.

"We will not dwell on the past, Pollux. We must not take up the gentleman's time. It is enough to say that we left home and took to loose company and evil courses. Drinking, gambling, Sabbath-breaking—"

"Horse-coping."

"Prizefighting, thimble-rigging, and fornication. Led by above, we joined a travelling circus. Those who go to circuses see the wonders of the Lord. We saw our weakness and utter depravity."

"The tiger did it. We'd never seen a tiger."

"The tiger was instrumental. But let us not despise the performing fleas. One of them got loose, and we sought it all over the place. The manager, a God-fearing man, told us it was worth a great deal of money. How much more so, he said, is the soul."

"We got it in the end," said Pollux.

"How did you know it was the right flea?" They were Hamlet's first words.

Brother Castor swept on. "In that same hour, we heard our call—both of us. It was a call to join the Ministry and search for lost souls."

Hamlet could not believe his luck. They were more innocent than the puppets, more wholeheartedly ludicrous than the players. Whatever the cost, he must keep them.

"It's a call from God. But we've

"Give me security or give me death."

got to be worthy of it," said Pollux. "That's why we wouldn't move off your steps. Anyone at the top of these steps, I said to Castor, is bound to be rich. And we've got to raise money for our schooling before we can obey the call. There's Hebrew and Greek, and the missionary journeys of Saint Paul, and the Athanasian Creed, and the Augsburg Confession, and the Sundays after Trinity, and the Four Last Things, and the Thirty-nine Articles; we must have them at our fingers' ends before we can go into the Ministry."

"I'll see to all that," Hamlet said.

"You'll be our teacher? Castor, did you hear that? He must be in the Ministry himself." They were so grateful that he had to send them away, promising that if they came back ten days later they would find everything arranged.

For it had darted upon him that as he had formerly been an anonymous patron of the drama, he would now anonymously foster a theological college. Or possibly he might buy one ready-made: Master Caraway had bought a bank—which would prove useful as a source of mortal specie when fairy gold was not negotiable. Master Caraway was plucked from his office by four of Hamlet's corps of winged messengers, strong-flying fairies who could carry any weight and subdue any resistance. When he had recovered his breath he said that a theological college would not be a sound investment; Christians are notoriously fickle and the slaves of fashion in matters of dogma. If Lord Hamlet wanted a theological college, it would be better to rent one, with protective clauses about structural and interior repairs. Lord Hamlet said suavely he thought not. Master Caraway could not imagine what had happened to his client, till now so tractable. His hold on the discussion was weakened by distracting surmises as to why Lord Hamlet wanted a theological college; if it was to shelter an amour, why not consider a quiet castle? He was handed over to the four winged messengers and charged not to return from an aerial survey till he had found something suitable.

Late that evening, he returned with a theological college in North Wales, a spa at Wenlock, and a condemned seminary in the neighborhood. That, except for a drain on his bank, was all he knew of it till a letter told him the renovated seminary would be called Caraway College and be dedicated to Saint Caraway, Virgin and Martyr.

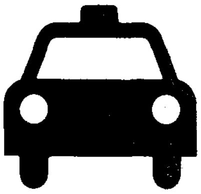
During the interval required for its renovation, Hamlet divided himself between the Sacred and Profane. He sat up all night reading polemical divines of the Church of England and spent the day equipping the seminary with everything a theological college should have, from a laundry to a teaching staff. In the course of his reading he developed a passion for Christian niceties, and was exquisite in his selection of the staff, detecting an Anabaptist at a glance.

With so many teachers hovering over them like vultures, Castor and Pollux made steady progress. When further pupils were enrolled in Caraway College, the twins naturally fell back a little. But they always did well in examinations. Castor whisked through his papers and then replaced Pollux and did his. Neck and neck, they finished the course and were ordained deacons on the same happy day. All this time, they never gave Hamlet a moment's uneasiness. They were unfailingly serious and unfailingly absurd. Visibly or invisibly, he was a regular visitor to the college, where he gave lectures on Gothic architecture and instituted the custom of Disputations. Neck and neck, Castor and Pollux climbed the Establishment. Only one incident jarred their smooth ascent. In their gaiters and aprons (by then they were deans) they visited the God-fearing circus manager to thank him for his part in directing them to the religious life. He denounced them as backsliders, hirelings, and truckling Erastians: he was a Nonconformist. As time went on they became bishops—Castor admired for his eloquence and known as The Saintly Bishop, Pollux venerated as an administrator and known as The Manly Bishop. Hamlet designed their mitres, hung on their antics, and read their Pastorals with squeals of delight. At the death of the Archbishop of York he was in agonies of discrimination, but he was speedily released from them by the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He tweaked a few last strings. He had filled two Archbishoprics; Caraway College was flourishing; he would now look round for a new source of entertainment. He enjoyed Castor and Pollux longer than he expected; they had inherited a certain amount of Elfin longevity and lived on to the ripe old age of a hundred or so.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

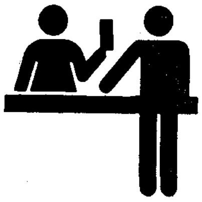
GLYPHS

WORKING under a contract from the Department of Transportation, the American Institute of Graphic Arts has created a covey of signs that will wordlessly convey essential directions to travellers in various terminals and on the road. The signs are supposed to tell you where you can get information, make a phone call, mail a letter, find a night's lodging, get your suitcase officially ransacked, have your wounds bandaged, and so forth. The signs are called glyphs—I don't know why. My ex-girlfriend and main squeeze, Rosetta Stone, would know, because she was heavily into pictography, but we are no longer on speaking, or even signalling, terms. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately, the glyphs don't always produce the desired results with me. They seem to act more like a king-size Rorschach blot. I hope this means I'm not your typical footloose American and proves that I step to the music of a different drummer (Keith Moon, of The Who). At any rate, here are some of the official signs that you will be seeing soon, along with my own interpretations thereof:

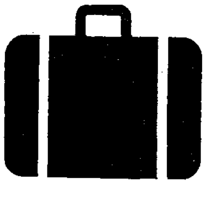


You Are Being Followed by a Police Car.

(If you have a rear bumper sticker that says "I BRAKE FOR ANIMALS," now is the time to test the old hydraulic system.)

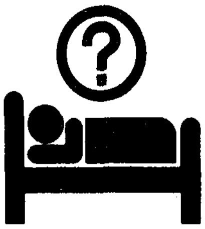


Hire the Handicapped.



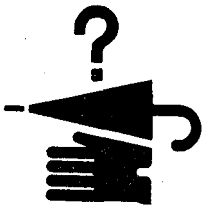
Will That Suitcase You Bought at K Mart Discount Hold Together, the Way They Throw Them Around in Baggage Return?

(And will all that contraband you tucked into the lining tumble out right in front of Mr. Customs Man?)



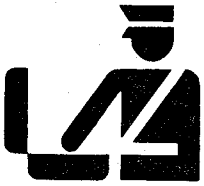
Two possible interpretations here:

(A) Should You Have Got Out of Bed Today?
(B) Oops—Did You Leave Your Wife Back at the Motel?



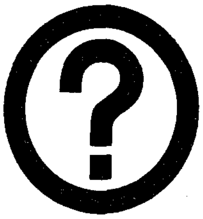
Did You Remember Aunt Marge's Birthday?

(Instead of a new umbrella or a pair of gloves, why not try something imaginative this year, like a hookah, a hot comb, or a hang-glider kit?)



Warning: Luggage Can Be Hazardous to Your Health!

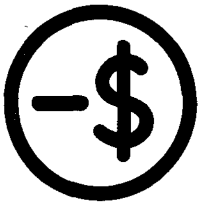
(Look what happened to this poor motorman's hand when his heavy suitcase snapped shut on it, thus spoiling his lovely weekend at Tijuana.)



Approaching Center for Teleology.

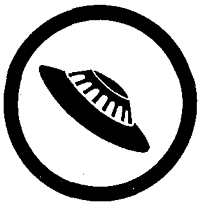
(If you have been concerned about the purpose of life, pull over immediately, forget your mundane errand, and reaffirm your belief that the processes of life are not determined by mechanical causes but are directed to the realization of certain wholes, or entelechies.)

THE more I get about, however, the more convinced I am that the American Institute of Graphic Arts has barely begun to supply us with essential glyphic guidance. Here are a few more roadside symbols I'd like to see:



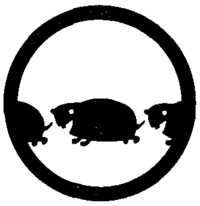
Income-Tax Accountant Ahead.

(Last chance for 150 miles to claim deduction, at 15 cents per mile, for business-connected journey.)



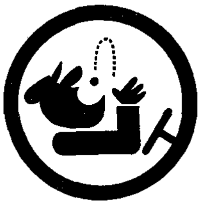
Flying-Saucer Zone Ahead.

(Tighten hubcaps.)

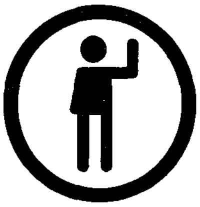


SLOW—Lemming Crossing.

(Follow for nearest beach and seashore.)



Long-Distance Truck Drivers: Resume Speed.

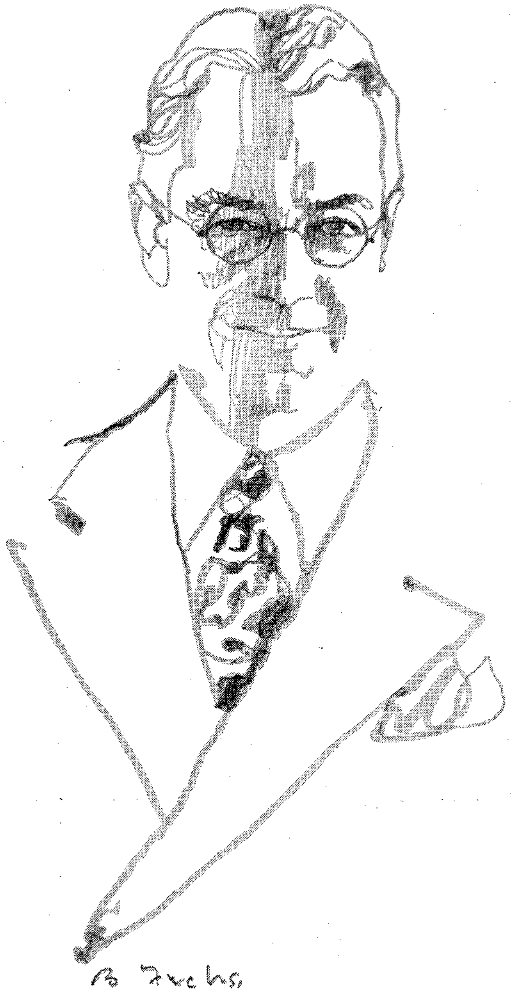


Arrivederci!

—F. P. TULLIUS

PROFILES

THE DARK ADVANTAGE



Philip Barry

EVEN in a palace, life can be lived well. Marcus Aurelius's stoic witticism offers a clue to the fortunate life of the American playwright Philip Barry. He was partial to palaces and to the people who dwelt in them, especially if the palaces were small and sunny and the people smiling. He was still more partial to people who might have lived in palaces and chose instead to live in pavilions and pleasances, accepting with light hearts the responsibilities that their good luck imposed on them. Barry liked to be around lucky people, and he set lofty standards of conduct for them. He wished them to be every bit as disciplined in their happiness as unlucky people are obliged to be in their misery. For the two sorts of people the goal must be the same—grace of the body, grace of the spirit. Grace is whatever is fitting, whatever flourishes within bounds. Barry was a lucky man, and he was very hard on himself; sooner than most he achieved the grace he sought, and, the price proving greater than he found it possible to pay, sooner than most he died.

Barry's sense of the appropriate manifested itself in his work as it did in his life: nothing bigger than need be. No matter how ambitious the intentions of his plays, he kept the plays themselves modest in scale. He wrote often in the now unfashionable genre of high comedy, but his comedies strove to be deeper than they were high; and he could write a tragedy low enough, bleak enough, coarse enough to be set in a saloon. He wrote, among other plays, "Holiday," "The Animal Kingdom," and "The Philadelphia Story," but he also wrote—in the second vein—"White Wings," "Hotel Universe," and "Here Come the Clowns." He had many hits and many flops, and, little though he enjoyed the drudgery of putting on plays, he mightily enjoyed the drudgery of writing them. As far as he could tell, it was the task he was born into the world to perform, and he found it agreeable to be well rewarded for what he was almost helpless not to do.

The characters that Barry invented for his so-called drawing-room comedies have tastes that run to simple, costly things. His heroes and heroines state and solve their problems as best they can over drinks in de-luxe country houses, Riviera villas, and spacious seaside cottages. Barry shared the tastes of his characters, as he shared their appetites and pursuits. One has only to glance down a list of the places in which Barry and his family chose to live over the years—Mount Kisco, Cannes, Hobe Sound, East Hampton, and the like—to see where his preferences lay. He was born, in 1896, in a plain wooden house on a humdrum side street in Rochester, New York, and he died, in 1949, in a big apartment high above Park Avenue, in the most fashionable section of New York City. (On his desk at the time was the script of his last play, called "Second Threshold." Typically, its setting is the library of an elegant old town house on West Tenth Street.) On any map that one can buy, the distance travelled between the points of Barry's birth and death is not very great; on maps of the sort that one cannot buy, it is very great indeed. Given the light that it throws on the body of his work (unexpectedly ample: twenty-one plays on Broadway in less than thirty years), it is a distance well worth taking the measure of.

MORE than most American writers of his day, Barry was drawn to the rich and wellborn. To their astonishment, he found them interesting and therefore to be cultivated. But they were seductive in their good looks and good manners, and he was careful to remain unseduced by them. Though they might take him up, those charming insiders, they couldn't take him in. He was born an outsider, and that gave him a certain dark advantage. He stood his ground among them, sometimes at moments when they were unaware that he felt any need to do so. He would eat with them and drink with them, and at parties and on other social occasions he would give what they spoke of as excellent value—civilities of attentiveness, of badinage, of flattery—but he would watch them warily. Some of them he loved, a few of them he admired without love; as for the rest, he might have been content to echo Twain, who on being asked his opinion of the Jews replied, "They are members of the human race; worse than that I cannot say of them."

Barry's wife, Ellen, who is an able artist, once painted a portrait of him as a birthday present. Thanking her for it, he said, "I see you have caught my fox's eye." And so she had. Nearsighted from birth, Barry wore old-fashioned steel-rimmed round spectacles, behind which his eyes shone with an exceptional intensity. Their irises were blue, and they seemed to gather up brightness like a burning glass. His scrutiny was so sharp that, standing before him for the first time, you suspected that he was not only seeing you but also seeing into you and perhaps seeing through you. It was a chance you were prepared to take, in the hope that you deserved to be his friend. What that fox's eye observed, the writer's mind never failed to make sufficient note of; in mental equivalents of a succession of neat little brown-paper-covered schoolboy pads on which he jotted down ideas for possible plays Barry tucked away names, slang phrases, and physical resemblances, to be pondered on and found room for sooner or later, transformed and illuminated.

In his comedies Barry was an accurate chronicler of a tiny but important fraction of the American population. One of the curious attributes of that fraction is that it has no desire either to be chronicled by others or to chronicle itself. The rich and wellborn produce few historians and even fewer novelists, dramatists, and poets, and perhaps this is less curious than it looks at first glance. The fact is that they have little reason to go to the trouble of telling us who they are or where they came from or where they may be going. In the most serious sense, they have got past having to know *anything* about themselves. It is the middle-class stranger on sufferance among them who has something to gain by a close examination of their ways. For him they are instructive; the more he learns about their class, the better able he will be to pass over into it, if that is what he intends to do, or to behave correctly in their presence, if for some reason he should wish to remain outside the pale. When the stranger is also, like Barry, a writer of drawing-room comedies, then his surroundings become doubly precious to him: he will immerse himself in them in part because he finds them agreeable and in part because they contain the material out of which he will be able to fashion his works. He remains ignorant of even the smallest social details at his peril; care must be taken to distinguish one club tie from another, one rosette from another, and upon inventing as a character an old lady on the Main Line he will see to it that she says "go to bank," and not "go to the bank," and that she "posts" a letter rather than "mails" it. To a certain kind of writer, and especially to a certain kind of playwright, milieu and métier are one.

BARRY was of Irish Catholic descent, and it would be hard to exaggerate the degree to which at the time he was growing up (that is, in the first years of the twentieth century) his ancestry served to mark him as an outsider. On his father's side, he was a first-generation American; on his mother's side, he was perhaps of the third or fourth generation, but her family—Quinns, long resident in Philadelphia—had remained devout Catholics and so had failed to assimilate themselves into the dominant culture. Not that their chosen isolation would ever have struck them as a sign of failure; on the contrary, it was proof of their success in having preserved a precious religious heritage. For it was religion rather than race that encapsulated the Catholics from the South of Ireland upon their arrival in this country. The Protestant Irish of the North were quickly swallowed up in the indiscriminate mass of Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Episcopalians; they fell almost at once into the American vernacular, while the devout Catholics living beside them remained generation after generation Irish and therefore foreign, a minority conspicuously and perhaps dangerously at odds with the majority.

The injustice of the situation was especially painful to the descendants of the tens of thousands of Irish who had settled in this country in the eighteenth century and had fought as patriots in the Revolution. By an irony of history, these descendants, being still Irish and Catholic, felt obliged to identify themselves with the millions of immigrants who swarmed here from Ireland in the years immediately following the great famine of the eighteen-forties, and who established a stereotype of rude manners, boisterous humor, alcoholic belligerence, and political chicanery to which all Irish were assumed to conform. (A few decades later, a similar irony of history played a similarly unfair trick upon the long-settled American Jews of Portuguese and German descent; the waves of Jewish immigrants arriving from Poland and Russia around the beginning of the twentieth century soon came to stand for all Jews. In both cases, it was a matter of pride for the long-since-established early-comers not to deny fraternity with the latecomers, though little or no fraternity existed.)

Among the post-famine Irish, many of the women went into domestic service; many of the men dug ditches, built railroads and subways, and worked their way up to being firemen, policemen, and, with an extra pinch of ambition, saloonkeepers. For a long time, the bulk of the Irish were thought to belong by nature to the servant and laboring classes; the white Protestant upper middle class that was later to be

"Are you folks the Blanc de Blancs?"

CLAMS

Ancient of Days, bless the innocent
who can do nothing but cling,
open or close their stone mouths.
Out of water, they live on themselves
and what little seawater they carry with them.
Bless all things unaware that perceive
life and death as comfort or discomfort;
bless their great dumbness.

We die ungoverned
with our mouths of shell open.
At the last moment, as our lives fall off,
a gull lifts us, drops us on the rocks, bare
because the tide is out. Flesh sifts the sludge.
At sea bottom, on the rocks below the wharf,
a salt foot, too humble to have a voice,
thumps for representation, joy.

—Stanley Moss

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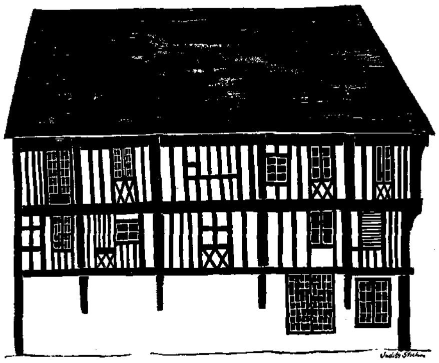
succinctly categorized as Wasp looked with amusement on the efforts of these gross underlings to better themselves socially. As late as 1920, it was a commonplace to encounter in help-wanted advertisements in newspapers the phrase "No Irish need apply." If they were not to be welcomed even as employees, how likely was it that they would ever be welcomed in Wasp homes, clubs, and other self-perpetuating, self-aggrandizing organizations? There was but one way to achieve such a reversal of fate, and it was the oldest way in the world—a way that no Wasp had ever jibbed at. The way was simply to get more money than other people. For money always talks, and sometimes money shouts, and even when it whispers the deafest of the deaf can hear it and make obeisance to it.

The first rule for achieving what sociologists call upward mobility is to acquire as much money as possible; the second rule is to acquire it as quickly as possible; and the third rule is to pretend that one has always had it. In Barry's case, both sides of the family made good remarkably soon after their arrival in this country. His grandfather on the Quinn side, who died long before Barry was born, had prospered in the lumber business in Philadelphia. His father, James Corbett Barry, having been born in Ireland in 1855, came to America as a child, grew up in Philadelphia, left school in his early teens, and went to work as an apprentice stonecutter. He soon developed unusual skill in working tile and in carving the elaborate marble mantels that were then the rage. He fell in love with and, in 1881—after a long courtship, characteristic of the period—married Mary Agnes Quinn. Almost a decade later, seeking to better his position, he set off from Philadelphia with Mary Agnes and the two children that had so far been born to them—Edmund Henry Barry and James Corbett Barry, Jr.—for Rochester, where he was hired by a local marble-and-granite works. Within a couple of years, he had been made foreman of the works, and soon thereafter he struck out on his own, manufacturing mantels and fireplace equipment.

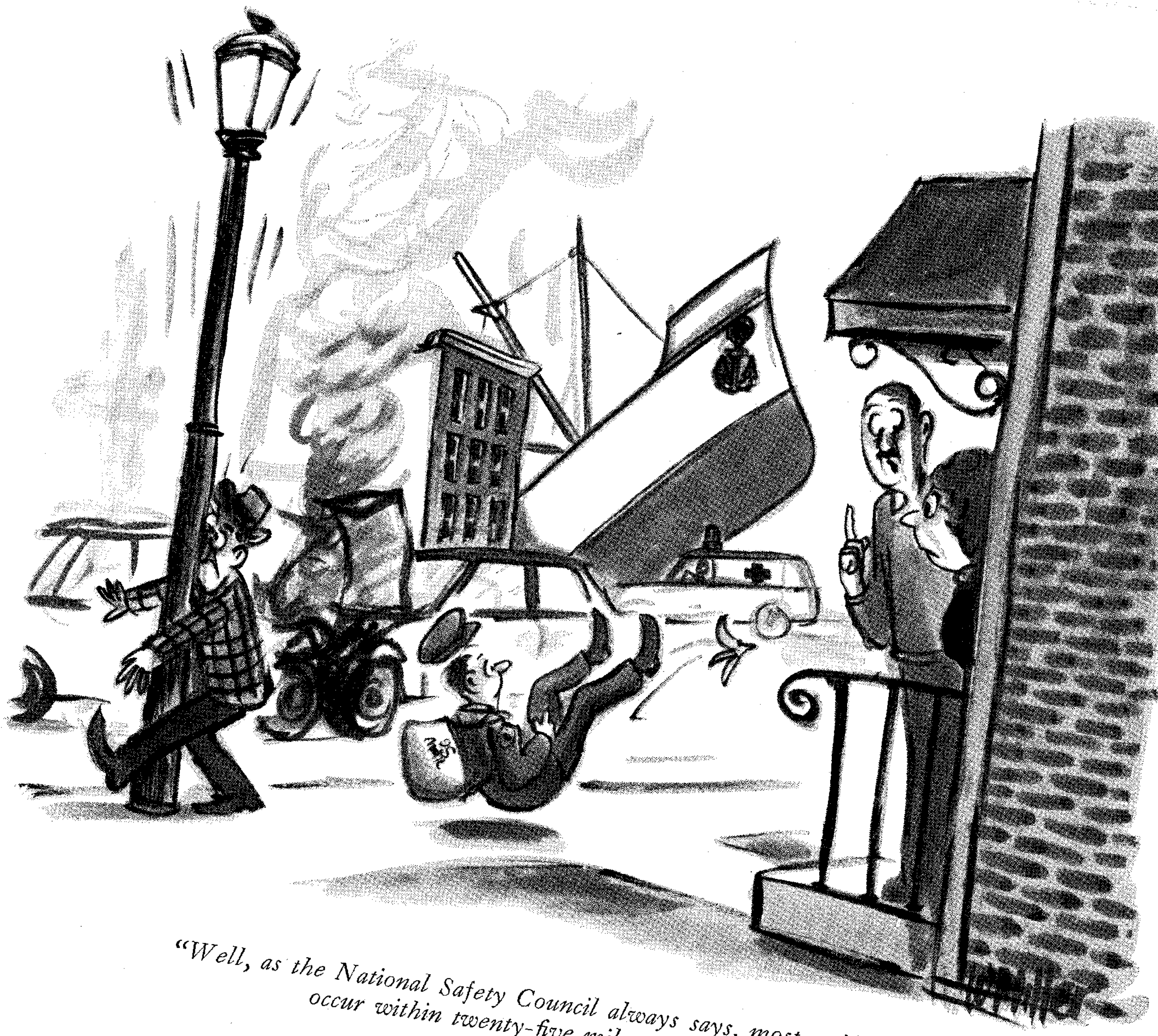
By the early nineties, James Barry was being described in the local press as a man who had taken his place "among Rochester's most energetic and progressive businessmen"—no small compliment in a go-getting industrial city notable for its ready accommodation to change. (Ready, indeed, to the point of taking advantage of lucky homophones: In its early days, the presence of many grain mills in Rochester had prompted it to call itself the Flour City. With the opening of the West, much of the local grain-milling went West as well, but at about the same time a large nursery business sprang up in Rochester, which thereupon dubbed itself the Flower City.) The two Barry sons had been joined by a daughter, Agnes, and the family lived in a comfortable house on Amherst Street, in a respectable neighborhood of doctors, lawyers, and businessmen. Three years after Agnes's birth came the birth of the Barrys' fourth, and last, child, who was baptized Philip Jerome Quinn. In the fall of 1897, when Philip was just over a year old, his father was stricken with appendicitis, an illness much more dangerous in the days before antibiotics than it is today; James Barry's appendix burst, and, following an unsuccessful operation, he died. He was only forty-five. A local newspaper published a lengthy obituary, which read, in part:

> Many of the dead man's friends recalled how he started in business for himself only a decade ago. He was not rich in this world's goods but he was possessed of indomitable pluck, sterling integrity, and a firm determination that his work would be of the best. He had just achieved a comfortable competence and was on the road to wealth and deserved prosperity when death marked him.



Edmund Barry, then sixteen, had been hoping that upon graduation from high school he would be able to attend Holy Cross College; instead, he was obliged to share with his mother the burden of running both the business and the household. For the growing Philip, Edmund came to serve as a surrogate father, and the role was one that neither of them found it pleasing for him to have assumed. The Barry children were all highly intelligent, and Edmund not least; however bravely he may have accepted the blighting of his opportunity to move up in the world by way of college and a profession, it must often have been galling for him to observe his brothers enjoying the fruits of his deprivation. (James Corbett Barry, Jr., like Philip, went off to Yale, which he entered in 1904, at the exceptionally early age of sixteen. Socially, Yale was a great many notches higher than Holy Cross.) Edmund's fate was not made kinder by the fact that, as things turned out, he presided over a business that was in a state of continuous decline; by the turn of the twentieth century, fancy marble mantelpieces and the like were going out of fashion, and the family company had to fall back more and more upon the commonplace tasks of supplying iron grates and tombstones.

OWING to the family circumstances, Philip was brought up largely by his mother and sister. Agnes was a delicate, appealing child, drawn early to books. Devout daughter of a devout mother, in her late teens she took her vows as a nun in the Order of



"Well, as the National Safety Council always says, most accidents occur within twenty-five miles of home."

the Sacred Heart; she rose to a high place in the order, and today, at eighty-two, is still ardently teaching near Washington, D.C. Sister Barry, alert and humorous-minded, is full of memories of her beloved family and especially of her "baby" brother. She recalls that flowers would hold the small Philip's attention for what seemed like hours, and that he was also fascinated by butterflies and soap bubbles. In due course, Philip attended a Catholic grammar school, Nazareth Hall, where he did well in his studies and badly in deportment; the nuns found it necessary to punish him often for his pranks and unruly ways, and he came to see that representatives of the Church could be harsh, and even vindictive, as well as holy.

Perhaps in part because of his defective eyesight, and perhaps also in part because he fell victim to an exceptional number of childhood diseases, Philip was never an athlete and never a "joiner." When the young folk on Amherst Street got together to play one-o'-cat and other games, Philip was likely to be either on the outskirts of the gang, observing things and tossing off an occasional taunting wisecrack, or at play alone in the back yard of the Barry house. Instead of bodily prowess, he developed a mental prowess that caused him to become known for quick wit and a sharp tongue. He made jokes and, as he grew into adolescence, developed a "line" that girls found delightful and boys envied. He also became an excellent dancer; it was in him to wish to shine before women more than before men, although, like many Irish-Americans, he always preferred flirtation to commitment.

From early childhood, Philip was preoccupied with books. They were the chief reward offered in the Barry household for good conduct, and were an expected gift at Christmas and on birthdays. In the aspiring middle class of those days, books stood for culture, and culture for prestige; as soon as possible, one put together what could be spoken of as a library, which would contain, among other staples, many-volume sets of Ridpath's "Cyclopedia of Universal History," John L. Stoddard's "Lectures on Travels Abroad and in America," and "Selections from the World's Greatest Literature." Agnes and Philip were especially fond of poetry. With his sister's encouragement, Philip memorized scores of poems; he and Agnes would recite them antiphonally, stanza after stanza. By then, like almost all writers, he had long since provided the obligatory evidence of his literary bent: at eight, he had written a little story called "Tab the Cat," which was published in the *Junior Post Express*, a children's supplement to the Rochester *Post Express*. (Every year, thousands of diligent tots write and publish in local journals stories on the order of "Tab the Cat,"

"I'm sorry to interrupt the più mosso, but Mrs. Patterson informs me the cat has passed away."

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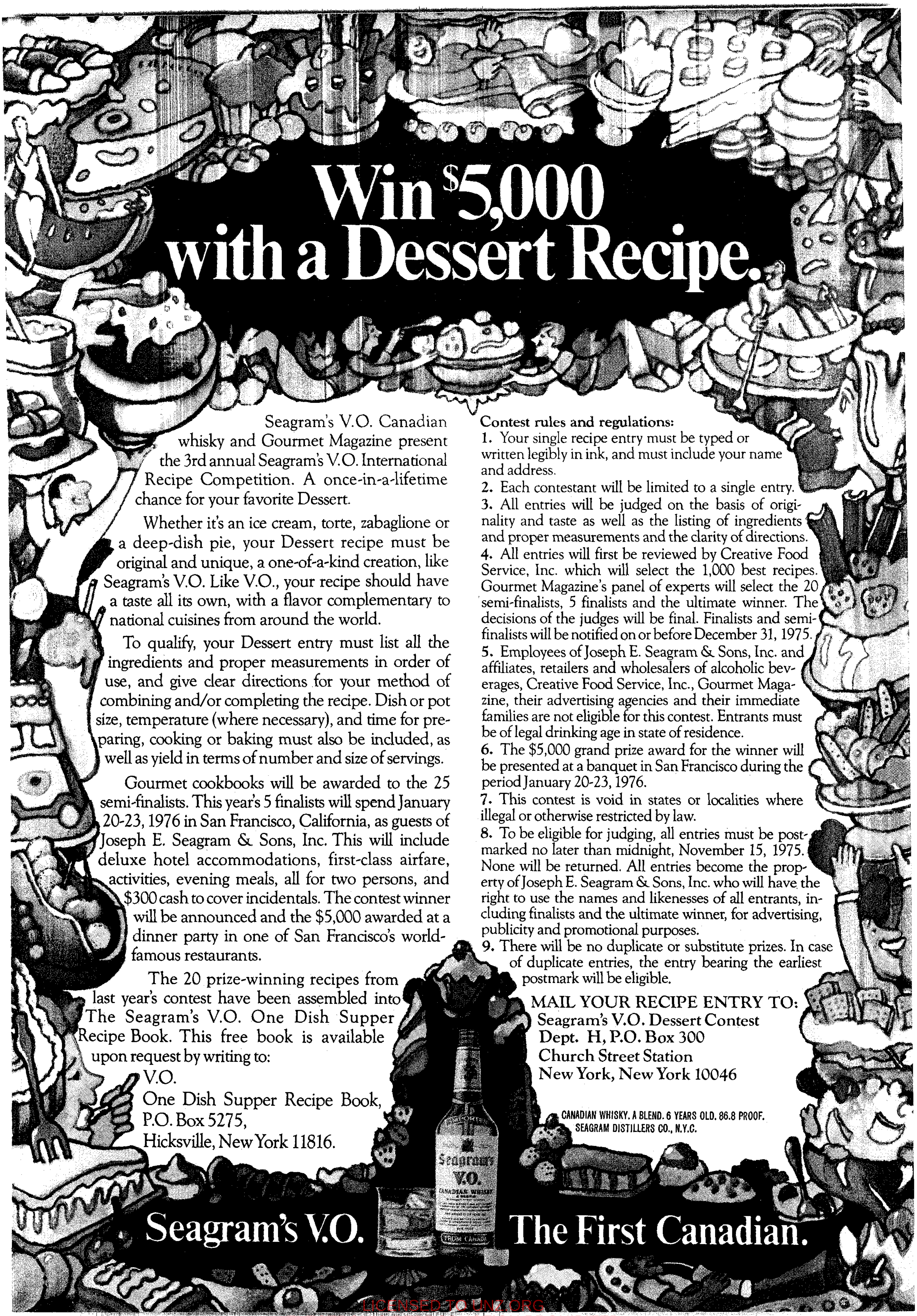
but unless they grow up to be a Philip Barry, history finds no reason to record the fact.) Trifling as the story was, it had the effect that such precocious débuts have on all born writers: Philip burned to be published again.

The most important event of Philip's life in Rochester may well have been his enrollment in East High, a public high school. The accident of there being no Catholic high school for him to enter upon graduating from Nazareth Hall caused him to move at a single stride away from a narrow religiosity that was threatening to suffocate him into the ample, sunny-seeming air of those wellborn, well-to-do Protestants among whom, as it turned out, he spent the rest of his life. Unlike the other Barrys, Philip had never been an exceptionally devout Catholic, though he had been a dutiful one; he had objected to Agnes's becoming a nun, and he had resented serving as an altar boy at Mass—one day, indeed, taking advantage of the sticky misery he felt on a particularly hot Sunday morning, he cast aside his churchly garments and swore that he would never wear them again.

East High was a welcome revelation to Philip. The boys and girls that he met there—especially the girls—were so good-looking, so easy of manner, so clever at his kind of repartee, and so easy a match for him in scholarship that he was at once enchanted by them. He was enchanted by their surroundings as well. He had chafed at the effortful, lace-curtain gentility of Amherst Street; he felt himself coming into his own on East Avenue, the grand residential boulevard of Rochester, where the big houses sat ranged in self-congratulating propinquity on their level green lawns, like so many stout matrons seated elbow to elbow implacably chaperoning a ball. Soon he was being invited to tea dances and birthday parties in those houses. He was carefully dressed, he had excellent manners, he was eager to please. In spite of the fact that he was Irish and Catholic and without money and without connections, he was worthy of a conditional acceptance: he would be given a chance to see whether, on further testing, he might, after all, do.

THE milieu into which Barry slipped with such grace and alacrity—the upper middle class of a prosperous small provincial city—was one that was proving of much interest to a number of other young Irish-American men who would one day be writers. Prominent among them were Eugene O'Neill, in New London, Connecticut, and F. Scott Fitzgerald, in St. Paul, Minnesota; a little later, there would be John O'Hara, in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. Like Barry, each was an outsider and was intent upon acquiring the perquisites, both outward and inward, of his Protestant betters, with their country clubs and their cars and chauffeurs and, above all, their assurance. In the degree to which these Protestants thought they knew who they were, and took pleasure in that knowledge, they deserved to be emulated. One might affect to despise them, and O'Neill did, but no sooner did he begin to have their kind of money than he began to build their kind of houses, on Sea Island, in Danville, in Marblehead; he took care to drive a Cadillac like their Cadillacs, and he rented in Touraine a château on a scale of splendor that would have struck most of them as being, in their accustomed phrase, "too rich for our blood."

O'Neill had felt snubbed by the not very lofty aristocracy of New London—old families with "old" money, who were almost certainly unaware of any slight that they had administered to the extremely good-looking, if often drunken, young man who was to be seen mooning about the streets and beaches of the seaside town. They liked his father, the celebrated actor James O'Neill, who was glad to encounter them at the bar of the Crocker House, and who never supposed that because of a drink or two and a few pleasantries exchanged he would be-



Win $5,000 with a Dessert Recipe.

Seagram's V.O. Canadian whisky and Gourmet Magazine present the 3rd annual Seagram's V.O. International Recipe Competition. A once-in-a-lifetime chance for your favorite Dessert.

Whether it's an ice cream, torte, zabaglione or a deep-dish pie, your Dessert recipe must be original and unique, a one-of-a-kind creation, like Seagram's V.O. Like V.O., your recipe should have a taste all its own, with a flavor complementary to national cuisines from around the world.

To qualify, your Dessert entry must list all the ingredients and proper measurements in order of use, and give clear directions for your method of combining and/or completing the recipe. Dish or pot size, temperature (where necessary), and time for preparing, cooking or baking must also be included, as well as yield in terms of number and size of servings.

Gourmet cookbooks will be awarded to the 25 semi-finalists. This year's 5 finalists will spend January 20-23, 1976 in San Francisco, California, as guests of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. This will include deluxe hotel accommodations, first-class airfare, activities, evening meals, all for two persons, and $300 cash to cover incidentals. The contest winner will be announced and the $5,000 awarded at a dinner party in one of San Francisco's world-famous restaurants.

The 20 prize-winning recipes from last year's contest have been assembled into The Seagram's V.O. One Dish Supper Recipe Book. This free book is available upon request by writing to:

V.O.
One Dish Supper Recipe Book,
P.O. Box 5275,
Hicksville, New York 11816.

Contest rules and regulations:

1. Your single recipe entry must be typed or written legibly in ink, and must include your name and address.
2. Each contestant will be limited to a single entry.
3. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality and taste as well as the listing of ingredients and proper measurements and the clarity of directions.
4. All entries will first be reviewed by Creative Food Service, Inc. which will select the 1,000 best recipes. Gourmet Magazine's panel of experts will select the 20 semi-finalists, 5 finalists and the ultimate winner. The decisions of the judges will be final. Finalists and semi-finalists will be notified on or before December 31, 1975.
5. Employees of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. and affiliates, retailers and wholesalers of alcoholic beverages, Creative Food Service, Inc., Gourmet Magazine, their advertising agencies and their immediate families are not eligible for this contest. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in state of residence.
6. The $5,000 grand prize award for the winner will be presented at a banquet in San Francisco during the period January 20-23, 1976.
7. This contest is void in states or localities where illegal or otherwise restricted by law.
8. To be eligible for judging, all entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 15, 1975. None will be returned. All entries become the property of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. who will have the right to use the names and likenesses of all entrants, including finalists and the ultimate winner, for advertising, publicity and promotional purposes.
9. There will be no duplicate or substitute prizes. In case of duplicate entries, the entry bearing the earliest postmark will be eligible.

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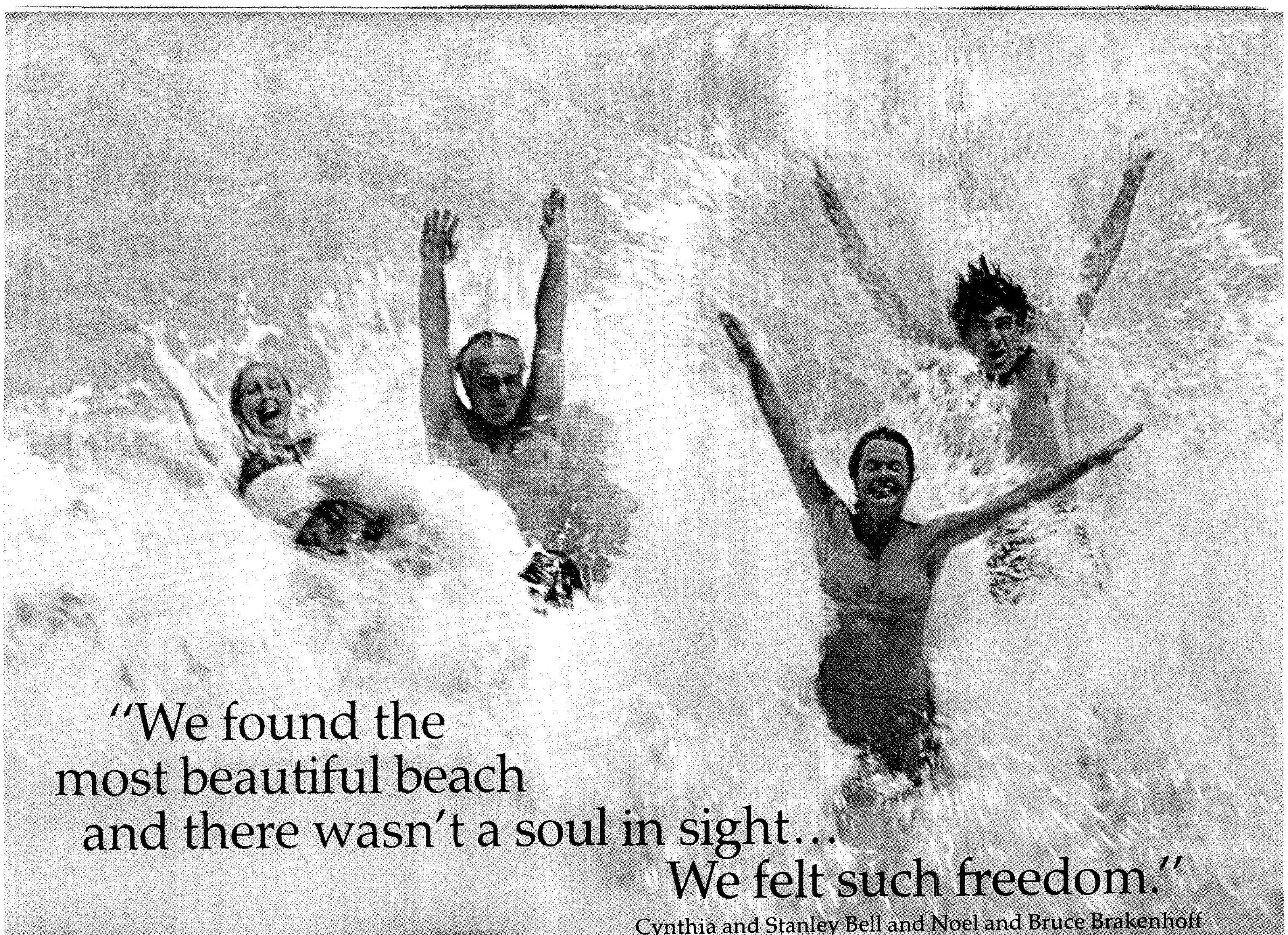

"We found the most beautiful beach and there wasn't a soul in sight... We felt such freedom."

Cynthia and Stanley Bell and Noel and Bruce Brakenhoff
on their third visit to Bermuda together.

"We come to Bermuda just to enjoy the island. To roll with it and go with it and fall into its rhythm.

To sit and do each day just what we feel like doing. Even if that isn't anything at all."

"We had a fabulous dinner of Bermuda rockfish. It was delicious. It was just perfect."

"Everytime we're in Bermuda we try to go by the boatyard and see Bert Darrell. He's such a fine craftsman and we've known him 20 years so now he's really an old friend."

Bermuda

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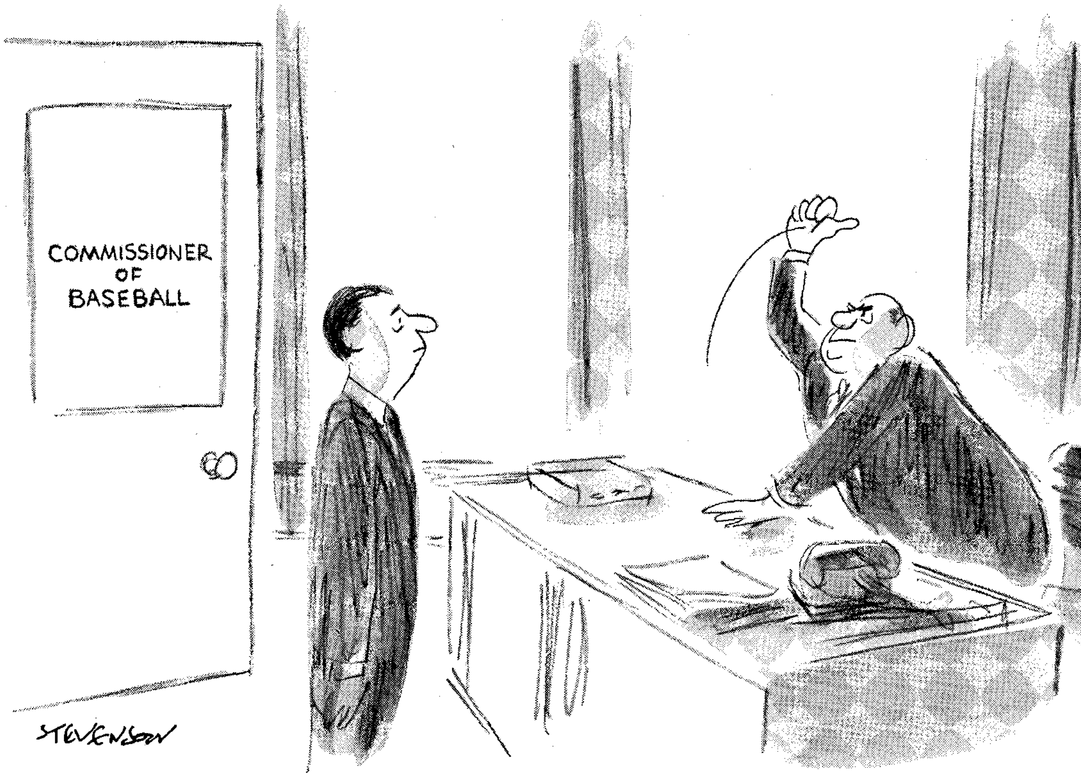
come a friend of theirs and frequent their houses. As an Irishman born and an actor, James O'Neill knew his place and was comfortable in it; little Monte Cristo Cottage was good enough for him. Besides, he admired the rich and was determined to become rich himself. Though his son Eugene, the parlor radical, railed against the injustices of capitalism, he was not averse to going to Princeton and he would have liked still better to go to Yale—institutions not often cited as champions of social justice. Moreover, when he proclaimed his fraternity with sailors, roustabouts, and the boozy, homeless losers of the world, he was careful to forget (and wished later for his biographers to forget) that on at least one occasion he had shipped before the mast not as a sailor but as a passenger; James O'Neill had paid a considerable sum to see to it that his boy had a cozy cabin, where he studied the rough comradeship of the fo'c'sle from a fastidious distance. Even as a drunken down-and-outer, Eugene O'Neill was a self-conscious imitator of the real thing; whenever he and his ne'er-do-well cronies ran out of funds for liquor, his father could be reached backstage for a quick touch. James O'Neill was by no means the compulsive miser he is depicted as being under the name of James Tyrone in "A Long Day's Journey Into Night;" an indulgent, much put-upon man, he was as a parent a hundred times as generous as his son would eventually prove to be.

Resenting the Wasp elect, O'Neill pretended to embrace its opposite. The pretense was unconvincing in his daily life, but it led to valuable consequences in his work: one never doubts the sincerity of O'Neill's sympathy for the penniless failures who people his plays. As for the rich in his plays, they are merely caricatures. One guesses that he may have lifted their lineaments and their utterance from cheap novels (he was an addict of trashy murder mysteries); he certainly never studied them at first hand, as, living among them, he might easily have done. In this respect, the outsider O'Neill was wholly unlike the outsiders Fitzgerald, Barry, and O'Hara. Fitzgerald, in particular, doted upon the rich and sought them out and stared hard at them. They were a delectable puzzle to him, well worth the effort of solving. When he commented to Hemingway that "the rich are different from you and me," he felt that he was saying something profound; Hemingway's wisecrack in reply, "Yes, they have more money," must have struck Fitzgerald as simplemindedly missing the point. Money, and especially "old" money, alters the nature of the possessor of it; he is set apart from birth, precisely as the possessor of noble blood is set apart. Besides, in wealth, as in so many things, a difference of degree, if it is great enough, becomes a difference in kind. The very rich are far more different from the ordinary rich than the ordinary rich are from the rest of us; they are a mysterious species and are therefore to be pursued and explained, and it may have been to this point that Fitzgerald was getting ready to address himself when Hemingway obtusely cut him off. No American writer of importance has yet made the super-rich the subject of a novel. Fitzgerald would have liked to try his hand at it, but he had so little knowledge of how wealth works that even the disposition of the financial resources of his friends the Gerald Murphys, who were merely well-to-do, appears to have baffled him.

Growing up on Summit Avenue in St. Paul, Fitzgerald began higher on the social ladder than O'Neill, Barry, or O'Hara. For a couple of generations, there had been a certain amount of money in the family, and there was even a distinguished, if collateral, ancestor; the Francis Scott Key after whom Fitzgerald was named was not so close a relative as Fitzgerald liked to pretend, but the relationship was authentic and could be trafficked in. Fitzgerald had a sufficient entrée into the right houses and country clubs, and, coming home on vacation, he would be asked to the right winter dances and summer picnics. If he believed himself to be an outsider and drew much of the energy for his writing from this belief, it was less because he was Irish and Catholic than because, having gained acceptance inside the Wasp pale, he wished to rise there. He reached out and he reached up—not always wisely. He was brave and reckless, and no doubt it was to increase his bravery that he fell back upon alcohol, though what it chiefly increased was his recklessness and bad manners.

As Fitzgerald later came to see, it was his fate to be always overextended, emotionally as well as financially. He would have liked to possess the unassertive security of place and family manifested by Nick Carraway, the narrator of "The Great Gatsby"—Nick, who was able to repeat without irony his father's genteel aphorism "Just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had." The fact was that Fitzgerald much more nearly resembled Gatsby, with his "extraordinary gift



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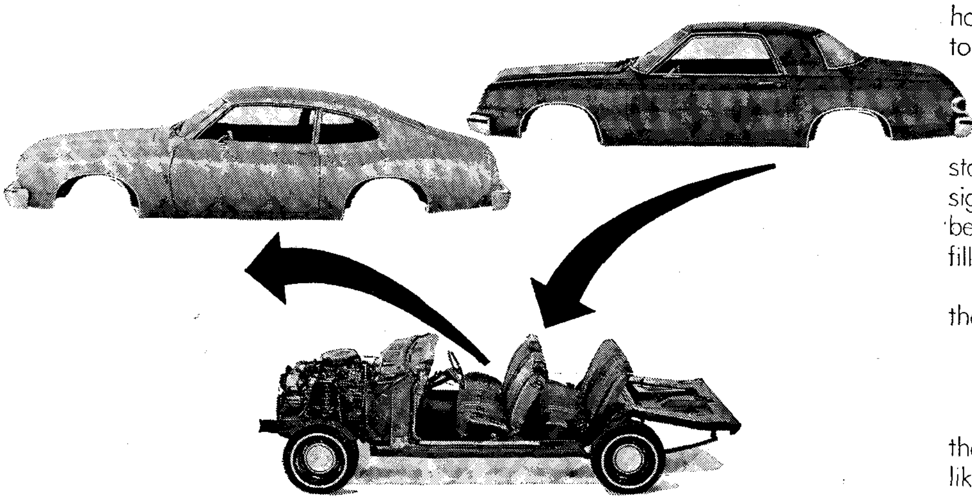

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Make two little changes and it's NEW NEW!

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Detroit vs. Webster

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Last year, almost every major American car manufacturer introduced new outsides on old insides. And spent gigantic advertising budgets promoting their NEW cars.

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Are these cars really new? Hardly.

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In the case of an automobile, it's starting from scratch and totally redesigning just about every single part to best fill your needs. Or rather, to best fill the needs of the driver.

Which is exactly what we did with the Volkswagen Rabbit.

Five Long, Hard Years

Five years ago, we set out to design the car of the future. Which may sound like a cliché, but it happens to be true.

We wanted to build the perfect car not only for today, but for the next twenty (maybe more) years.

To do that properly, we had to start from ground zero, taking everything into consideration—primarily economy, handling, safety and comfort.

Let's take economy.

With the price of gas skyrocketing—and no relief in sight—we felt we had to build a car that didn't get good, but *great* gas mileage.

And so we did. The Rabbit has a unique aerodynamic body design which helps it get an impressive 38 miles per gallon on the highway. (And an equally impressive 24 miles per gallon in the city.)*

Big Mileage: No Big Deal

Now there's nothing that extraordinary about getting high gas mileage—if you want to sacrifice performance (which is exactly what most cars do). But we didn't want to. We felt we couldn't. More and more superhigh-

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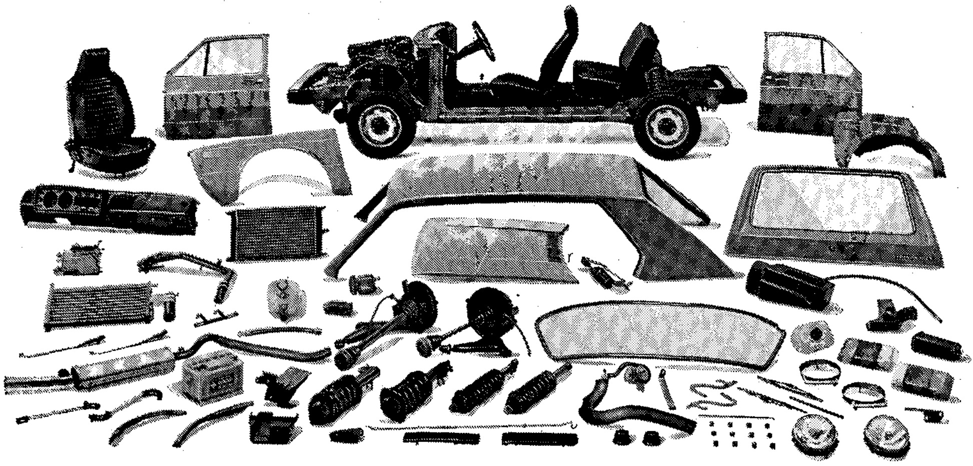
W.

it mean?



The VW concept: Make it new.

ways are being built every day and our car had to be zippy enough to negotiate them.

Well, our engineers figured out a way, despite the 38 miles per gallon, to get the Rabbit from 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds.

To our knowledge, there is no other car in the world—none—that can give you this much gas mileage and this much acceleration together. And there may never be another one.

A Good Handling Car Is a Safe Handling Car

As far as handling goes, we didn't just stop at things like front-wheel drive for better tracking and rack-and-pinion steering (though they make the car handle so well we probably could have). We designed, for example, a totally unique "independent stabilizer rear axle." Rather than bore you with the details right now, we think it will suffice to say that this axle significantly increases the stability of the car on rough roads. And therefore the safety.

And speaking of safety, we gave the Rabbit features that you'll find on few other cars in the world. Like something called "negative steering roll radius," which helps bring the car to a straight stop in the event of a front-wheel blowout. "Dual diagonal brakes," which means that if either brake circuit fails, directional stability is maintained. And a uniquely designed double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact.

How We Did the Impossible

Our engine, by the way, is what's called a "transverse engine." Which means it's mounted sideways. That's how we were able to keep the Rabbit so compact on the outside, yet so big and comfortable on the inside (it actually has the same amount of head and leg room as some mid-sized American cars!).

Curl Up With a Good Ad

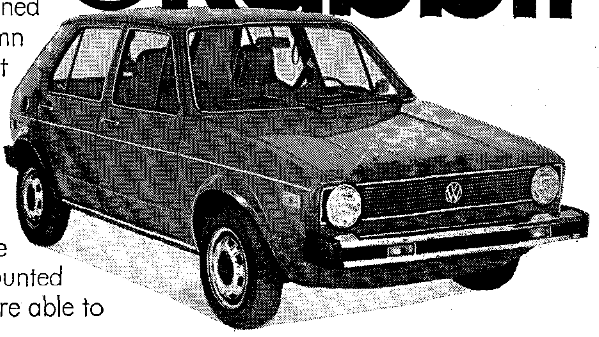
Most of the incredible features that we've incorporated into this revolutionary automobile we really don't have the space to go into right now. However, you'll get a chance to read about them in detail in future ads we're planning to run. We're certain you'll be quite impressed.

But what will impress you even more is stopping in at a VW dealer and actually seeing the Rabbit in the flesh. And, of course, driving it.

You see, if you're in the market for a new car, we think your hard-earned money deserves more than just the word NEW with an exclamation point after it.

It deserves new, period.

The Amazing Rabbit



for hope" and his "romantic readiness," than he did Carraway. Gatsby was the quintessential outsider, who made the mistake of supposing that money would serve to win his heart's desire; Fitzgerald knew better than that, but there were many things he didn't know. His ignorance was profound, and his curiosity, though keen, was short-lived. He was like Henry James in having a first-class mind and therefore first-class intuitions and having at the same time very little practical information on which to bring his intuitions to bear. James, for example, adored motoring and hadn't the slightest idea what made an automobile run; Fitzgerald was fascinated by Hollywood as an industry, but he never did the donkeywork of discovering how that industry operated. For that matter, how did Gatsby operate? Fitzgerald didn't trouble to find out, simple as it would have been to do so; it is a huge hollow place in the heart of the novel, which Fitzgerald skillfully patted over and concealed.

Fitzgerald saw himself as an outsider in terms of geography as well as in terms of wealth and social position. St. Paul was Middle Western, and Fitzgerald's idea of an earthly paradise was the East Coast: Princeton, New York, the golden scimitar of Long Island. The Appalachians were not only a mountain system, a thousand-mile-long continental divide—they were the grim heights that divided people as readily as they did water, and into categories not necessarily congenial. Fitzgerald would have liked to come from that ancestral Maryland which had been the birthplace of Francis Scott Key; he would have liked to own a name—Taft, Saltonstall, McAlpin—immediately recognizable in the remotest cranny of the Ivy League. He was confident of his intelligence, of his talent, of his exceptional good looks; still, there were barriers that appeared insuperable, and the older he grew (not that he ever grew truly old: he was dead at forty-four), the more bitterly he resented them. He worked so hard, against such high odds, to make a lot of money, and then the money trickled away—*rushed* away—leaving him penniless, with his energy diminished and his talent in jeopardy. He could even make heartbreaking jokes about his plight: "It grows harder to write, because there is much less weather than when I was a boy and practically no men and women at all." Though his income was at times torrential, he never possessed any capital—that prize which others possessed

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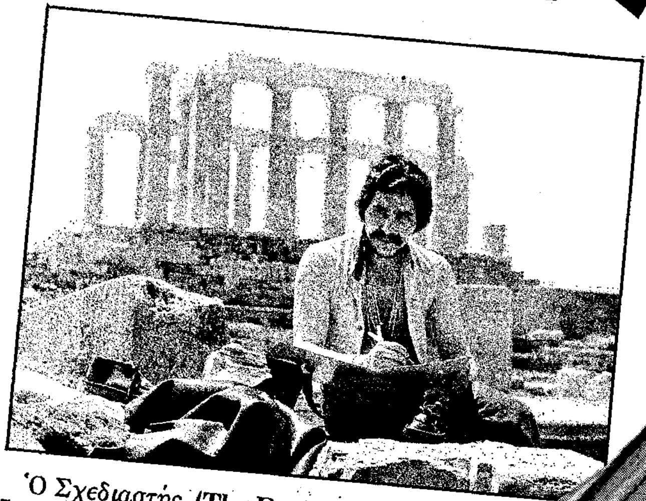

Ὁ Σχεδιαστής (The Designer)
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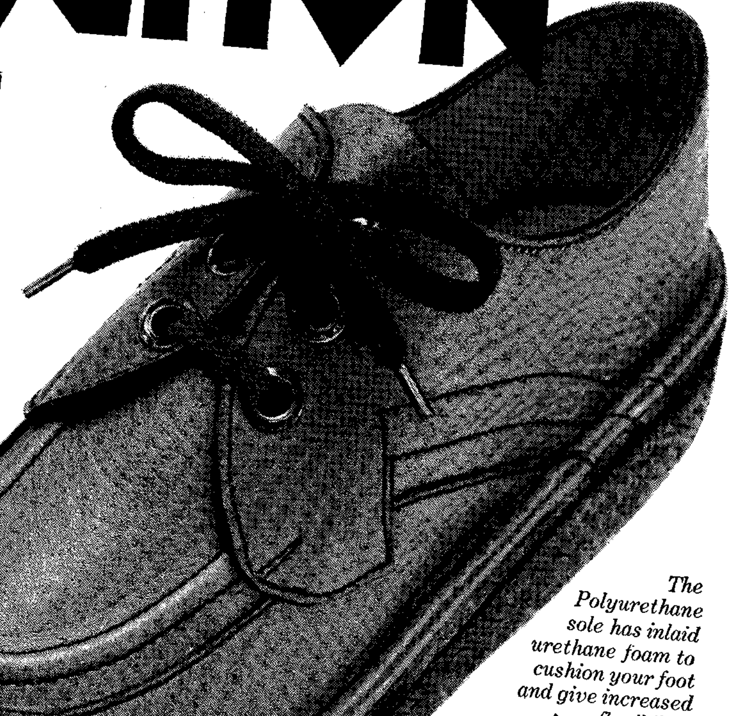

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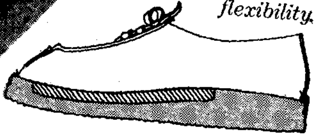

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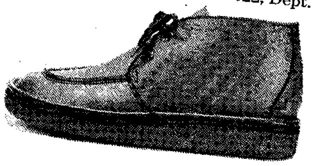

without effort, by a trifling, gorgeous accident of birth. More and more, he found it necessary to put the blame for his vain attempt to escape financial pressure—for once to manage his talent well instead of badly—upon the elegant enemy beyond the barriers. "That was always my experience," he wrote, in his last years. "A poor boy in a rich town; a poor boy in a rich boy's school; a poor boy in a rich man's club at Princeton. . . . I have never been able to forgive the rich for being rich, and it has colored my entire life and works." It is a statement all the more touching because the rich in question wouldn't have had the slightest notion that they were in need of being forgiven for anything, by anyone: certainly not for the fact of being rich, and certainly not by a poor little failed writer, the most celebrated of whose peers—Hemingway—had long since publicly dismissed him and who would gain a just appraisal of his place in letters only many years after his death.

John O'Hara, the last of the quartet of Irish Catholic writer-outsiders, early cultivated the rich and throughout a much longer lifetime than Fitzgerald's (O'Hara died in 1970, at the age of sixty-five) made them the objects of an intense, ice-cold scrutiny. Unlike Fitzgerald, he had a curiosity that never flagged. He took care to know where everybody's money came from and where it went. He prided himself on measuring every infinitesimal gradation of wealth and social status that he came in contact with, from Pottsville in childhood to Princeton in maturity. (Being an outsider, he of course ended up residing in Princeton, as, for much briefer periods, O'Neill and Fitzgerald had done. In the twentieth century, Princeton has been the nirvana of the fortunate arriviste.) The range of O'Hara's knowledge of how Americans live was incomparably greater than that of any other fiction writer of his time; one would have to go back to Frank Norris, Stephen Crane, and Theodore Dreiser to find a novelist who had even the intention of acquiring knowledge on the scale that O'Hara acquired it on, and with his degree of particularity.

The world, both high and low, fascinated O'Hara and revolted him; no doubt correctly, he assumed that there had never been a time when it wouldn't have fascinated and revolted him. He was a Jansenist in spite of himself, loathing his body for committing sins that he no longer believed in but that cost him remorse. Though

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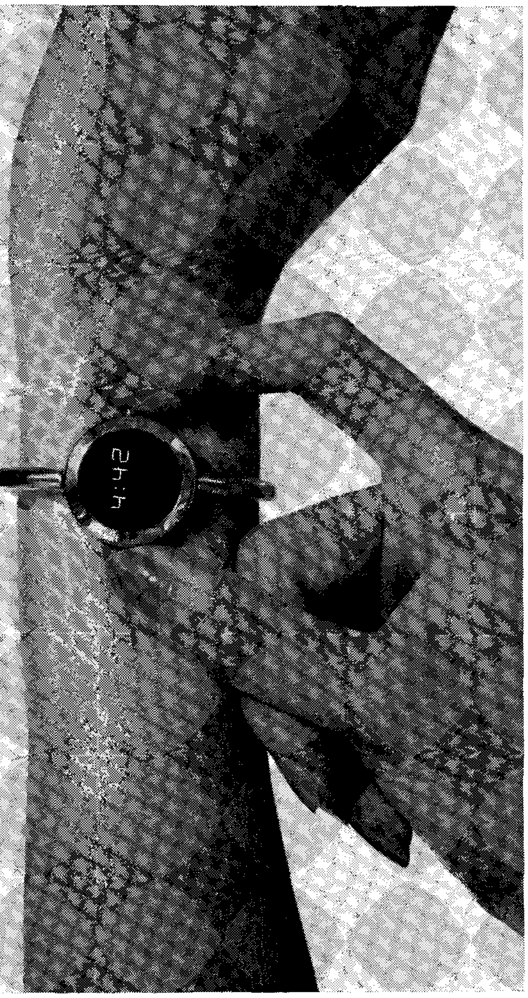

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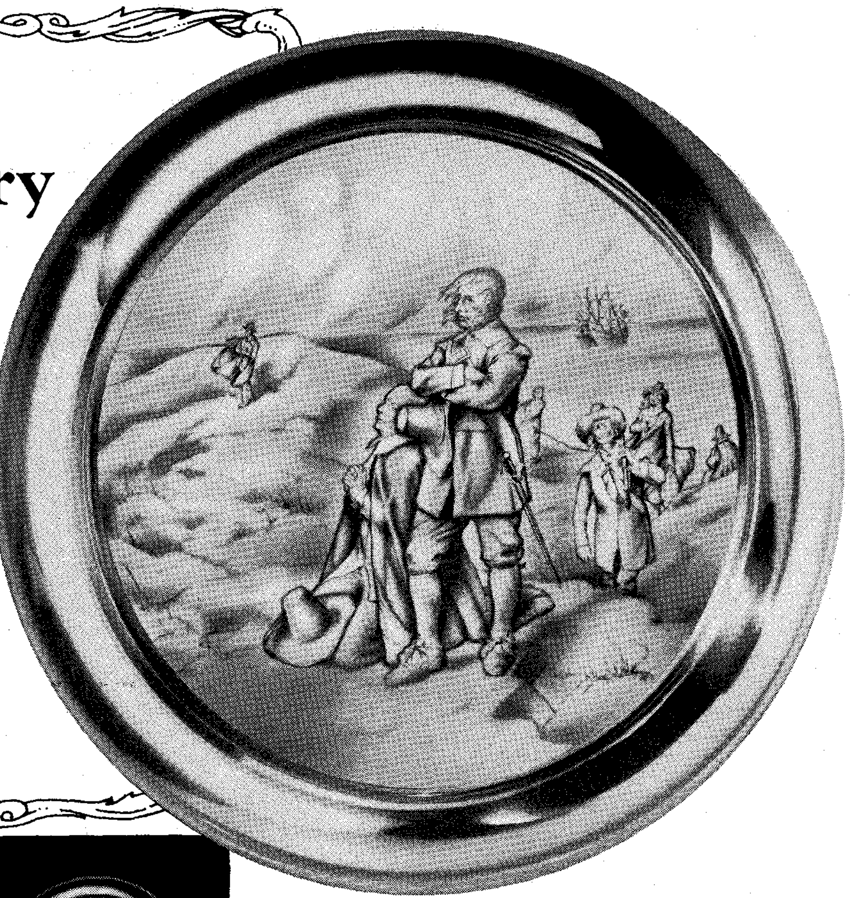

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he was not a practicing Catholic, he continued to believe, straight out of the penny catechism, that man was a fallen creature, subject to the most fearsome carnal temptations; to resist these temptations was to love God, and not to resist them was somehow to hurt God's feelings and delight the Devil.

Few of O'Hara's female characters are able to remain chaste for long; indeed, he wrote about women and their sexual failings so often and with such relish that many reviewers accused him of seeing all women as nymphomaniacs. The truth is that his gloomy view of their weakness was but a manifestation of a profound and typically Irish Catholic disappointment. Almost without exception, in O'Hara's day the puritan Irish, brought up by nuns and priests, wished that every woman, even every mother, could remain a virgin; the fact that women made love, and especially that one's own mother made love, or had once made love, was intolerable. O'Hara's male characters are less to blame for their sins than his female ones, for the reason that man, in his simplicity, is never a match for a woman and her wiles. It is Adam and Eve all over again.

O'Hara trusted his eye and ear only to the extent that he could keep them free of admiration and pity. In this he was like O'Neill and radically unlike Fitzgerald and Barry, who found much to admire and pity in their fellows. Barry, in particular, was pained by the evident malignity of the world and sought with increasing despair some reasonable explanation for it. The more troubled he became, the less he was able to write and the less confidence he had in what he wrote. To his friend O'Hara no explanation of the malignity of the world was necessary: mankind was vile by nature, and without surprises. His grim outlook, far from paralyzing him, seemed to give him extra energy. In early middle age, following an operation and a warning from his physicians that if he didn't give up alcohol he would die, he stopped drinking and turned himself into a machine for writing. He was obsessed by the task of composing what he believed to be an accurate record of the social structure of his time. He faced the ugliness of the record with equanimity, in story after story, novel after novel. The items of the indictment were many and he was confident that they would last him as long as he lived, and they did.

As for the rich, in O'Hara's view they were no better and no worse than the poor; he would never have been sentimental enough to speak, as Fitzgerald did, of not being able to forgive them. For O'Hara the question of forgiveness didn't arise; there they were, such as they were, and he would tell us honestly everything he had found out about them. He would be honest, too, in admitting that he wanted to be one of them. By the time of his death, he had long been a millionaire. It pleased him that by a tireless forty-year-long flogging of his remarkable talent he had become one of the richest writers who had ever lived. Still, he would have preferred being born rich, and he was given to pretending that his father, a doctor in Pottsville, had been far richer than he actually was. It was true that Dr. O'Hara had lived well and, if he had not died comparatively young, might have achieved moderate wealth, as Barry's father had been on the way to doing when *he* died; but neither the senior O'Hara nor the senior Barry would ever have become rich in his son's ambitious interpretation of the word.

MUCH has been made of O'Hara's yearning to attend Yale. He attributed his failure to do so to his father's death and the family's subsequent impoverishment, and it may be so. Barry shared O'Hara's preoccupation with Yale, and, although the family had met with financial reverses, he could afford to go there. The difficulty was in gaining acceptance. Barry had made an unimpressive record in high school, for he was, as he once wrote, "bright in spots" and the spots were fewer in number than they ought to have been. He took the entrance examinations for Yale in June, 1913, and failed; after spending another year at East High, he took the examinations a second time and was accepted with four entrance conditions. He spent the summer of 1914 being tutored, was tested a third time, and was allowed to enter Yale in October with conditions in Latin and grammar. Barry was delighted to find himself in New Haven at last. He was only eighteen, but he felt that his escape from the schoolboy restrictions of Rochester and the stifling protectiveness of a close-knit family had been long overdue.

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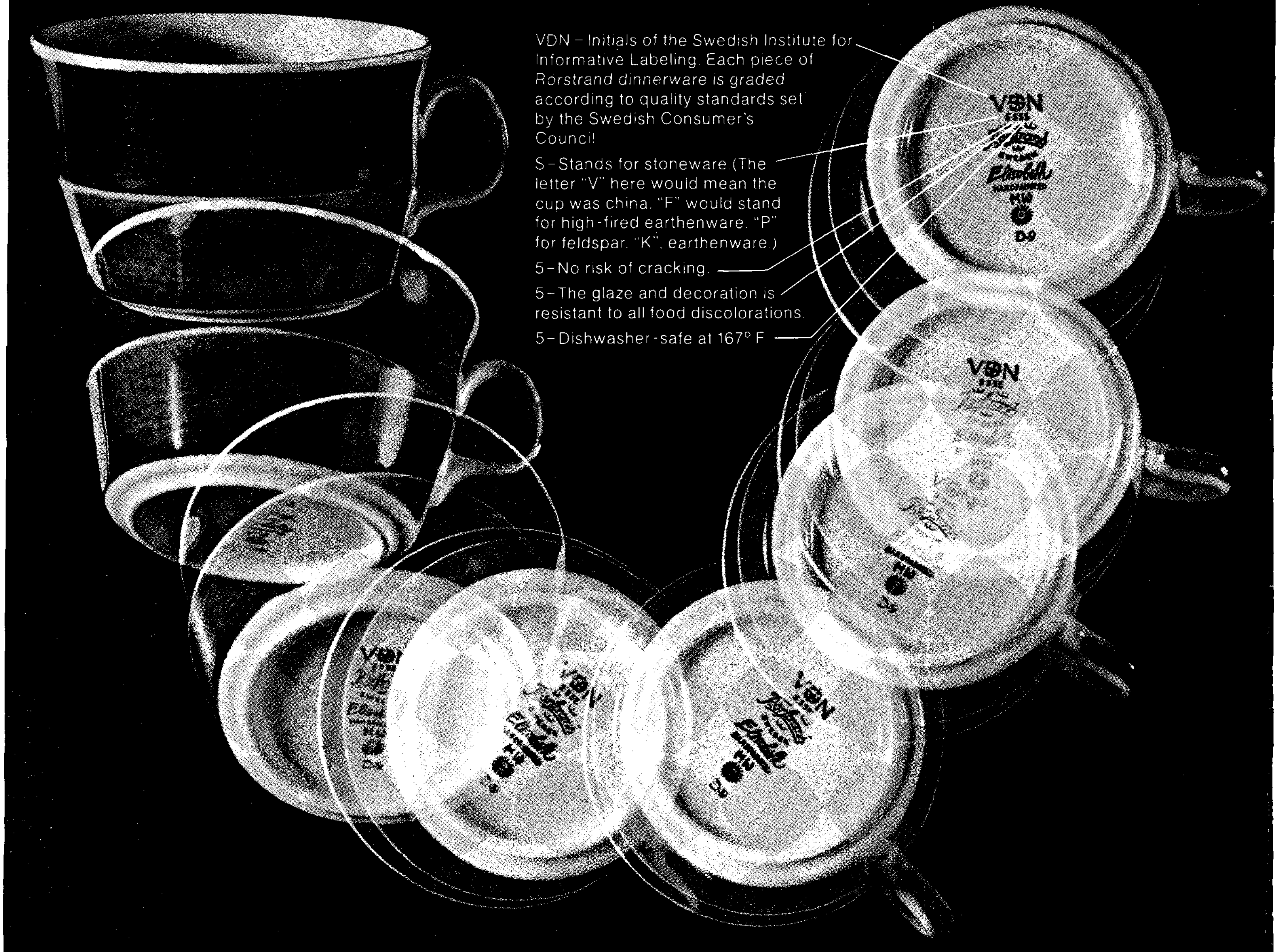

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tion. It would have occurred to few of Barry's fellow-undergraduates, most of whom were looking forward to going into business, that success was, in William James's contemporary epithet, a "bitch-goddess." What had one been put into the world for if not to succeed? And one succeeded by competing fiercely in every available activity. Competition in the classroom mattered less than competition in extracurricular activities and in sports. A "Y" in baseball or football was well worth fighting for, and even half dying for, but a Phi Beta Kappa key was supposed to befall one almost by inadvertence; one mumbled an apology for possessing it. If Barry's faulty eyesight—and his temperament, too, it may be—kept him from becoming a star athlete, he did his best to star in other areas. He studied hard, worked off his entrance conditions, and began to earn grades high enough to permit him to engage in the extracurricular activities that he hoped would make him, shy and modest-seeming though he was, a big man on campus.

The most important extracurricular activities at Yale in Barry's time were the Dramatic Association and the *Yale Daily News*, "The Oldest College Daily." Somewhat less important but of value in opening doors to other honors was the *Yale Literary Magazine*, which described itself as the oldest literary magazine in America—a superlative that, like the *News's*, wisely called attention to the publication's longevity rather than to its merits. Barry twice went out for the Dramat and was turned down; later he heeled the *News* and wrote for the *Lit*, and was elected to both boards. He was also elected to a fraternity, Alpha Delta Phi, where he became a close friend of John Farrar, the leader of the literary set at Yale. A trifle tardily (shyness? outsiderness?), Barry was elected to the Elizabethan Club, which came as close as any single institution could to being the intellectual center of Yale. The club occupied a pleasant old white clapboard house on College Street, and in the late afternoons book-loving undergraduates and members of the faculty would forgather there for tea and cakes and conversation. As its name implied, the Lizzie contained an extraordinary collection of ancient volumes; one sniffed Marlowe and Shakespeare in the very air and was perhaps infected by them. The infection was strengthened when a living writer—in Barry's day, John Masefield or Vachel Lindsay or Sir Rabindranath Tagore—stopped by for a quiet chat. The liter-

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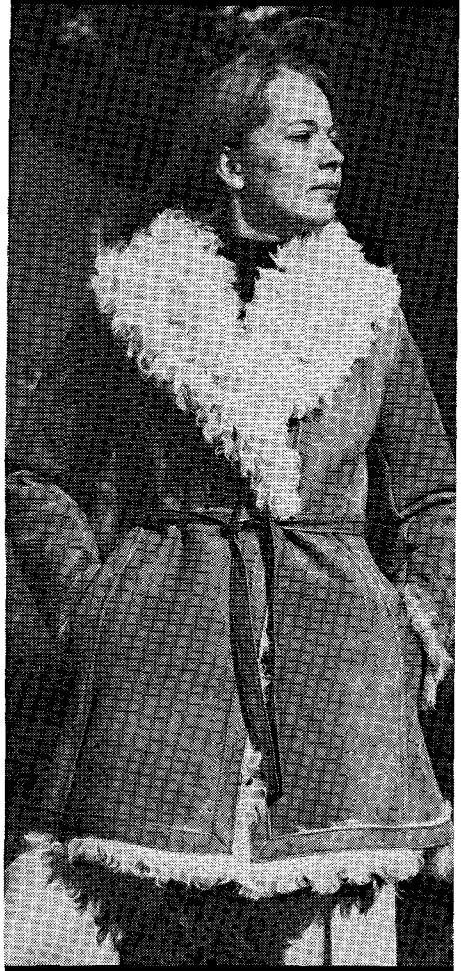

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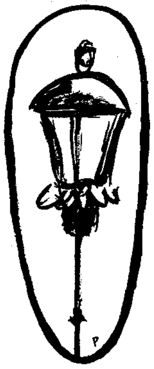
ary life was bathed in a romantic glow, to which Barry responded; the outsider in him was quick to note what an attractive opening it provided into the heart of the Yale establishment.

The supreme mark of one's having made good at Yale was, of course, faring well on Tap Day. There were several secret societies, and one could hope that if one wasn't to be among the fifteen men tapped for Skull and Bones, one might at least be tapped for Scroll and Key or Wolf's Head. To Barry's profound disappointment, he failed to be tapped for any of them. His disappointment was all the keener because some of the men he admired then and continued to admire throughout his life—Donald Ogden Stewart, Archibald MacLeish, John Farrar, Robert Lovett, Gerald Murphy, Artemus L. Gates, F. Trubee Davison—were Bones men. Long after college, he remained aware that they had something in common with each other which they would never have in common with him.



Barry's failure on Tap Day was a humiliation unusually distressing to him because it was so public; it was also, in his eyes, mysterious. His classmate Wilmarth S. Lewis has said that Barry wasn't "terrifically one of the boys" and that "nobody would have been surprised if he had been [tapped], but then nobody was surprised that he hadn't been." Lewis's testimony contains a tiny mystery of its own. An elegant, handsome young man and later a gentleman-scholar of immense erudition, Lewis himself was very far indeed from being "terrifically one of the boys" and was nevertheless tapped for Scroll and Key. Plainly, there was more to Tap Day than was permitted to meet the eye. Lewis was a well-connected Wasp who had come East to Yale from the fashionable Thacher School, in California, and Barry was an unknown Irish Catholic from a public high school in upstate New York. No wonder that Barry came to be partial to palaces and to the lucky people who lived in them! More clearly than in Rochester, he saw how much harder than the rich and well-born one had to run simply to catch up with them. Passing them was out of the question.

THE First World War had been raging through all of Barry's time at Yale. By 1917, when the United States entered the war, many members of the class of '18 had left New Haven to enlist; within months, a number of them, including one or two friends of Barry's, had died on European battlefields. Barry volunteered for service in vain; his weak eyes caused him to be rejected by the Army and the Navy and by the Red Cross Ambulance Service as well. He remained at Yale, valiantly doing double duty on the *News* and the *Lit* for the sake of his colleagues in uniform, and cursing the ill luck that made him seem—to himself, if not to the world—a slacker. In April, 1918, he succeeded in wangling a job in the State Department; a month later, he was in London, hard at work deciphering cables in the United States Embassy.

His day was a long tiresomeness, but no harm in that; Barry was entranced with London. He had never been abroad, nor had he ever roamed the length and breadth of a great city, or sought to take in the number and variety of its resources. (In New Haven, he had remained largely ignorant of nearby New York, about which he was soon to write with such authority.) Barry's inherited Irish prejudice against perfidious Albion quickly gave way to Anglophilia. The English were unexpectedly pleasing, and he was grateful when they proved to find him pleasing as well. Through a Yale friend, he arranged to share a comfortable flat with an English major of impeccable pedigree and all but incomprehensible clipped speech. Barry spent long weekends in the country, in houses bigger than any he had yet encountered in America. The customs that distinguished one social class from another became a subject for study as well as for amusement. Despite the innumerable physical inconveniences of wartime, to say nothing of the mounting toll of dead and seriously wounded on the far side of the Channel, life in England was full of delightful surprises, and Barry, assuming an air of sophistication that he had not yet earned, hurried about in pursuit of them.

Barry had always liked going to parties, and well-mannered young men who could dance and who had a witty "line" were much in demand in London at a time when most young men, witty or not, were otherwise employed. And, for the first time, Barry became an impassioned theatregoer. Back at Yale, he had about made up his mind to seek his fortune as a writ-

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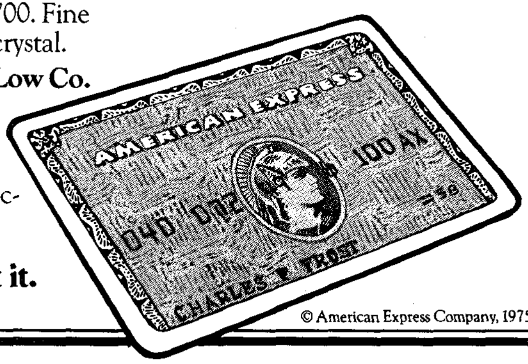

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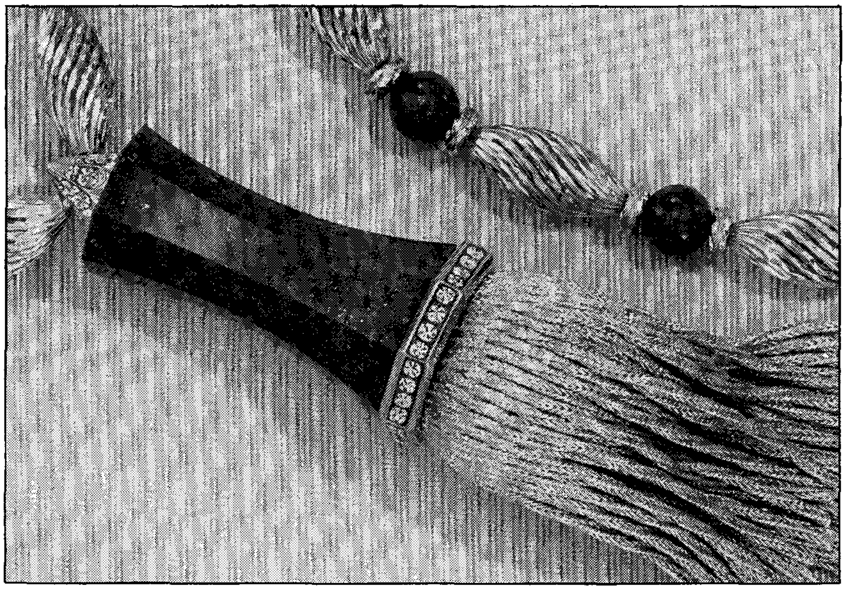

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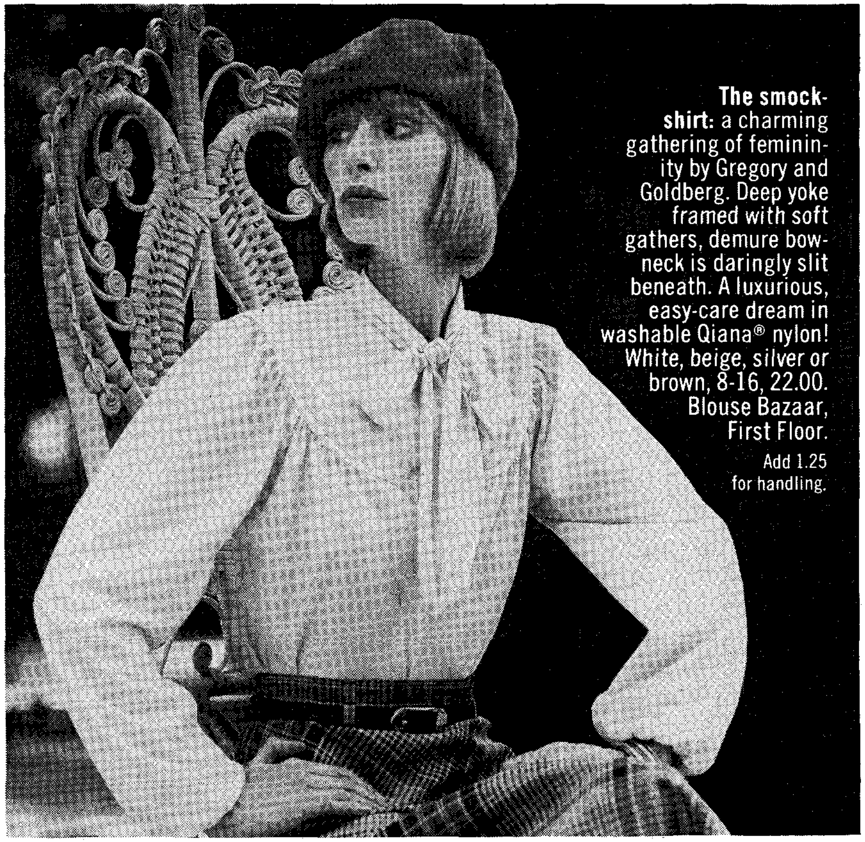

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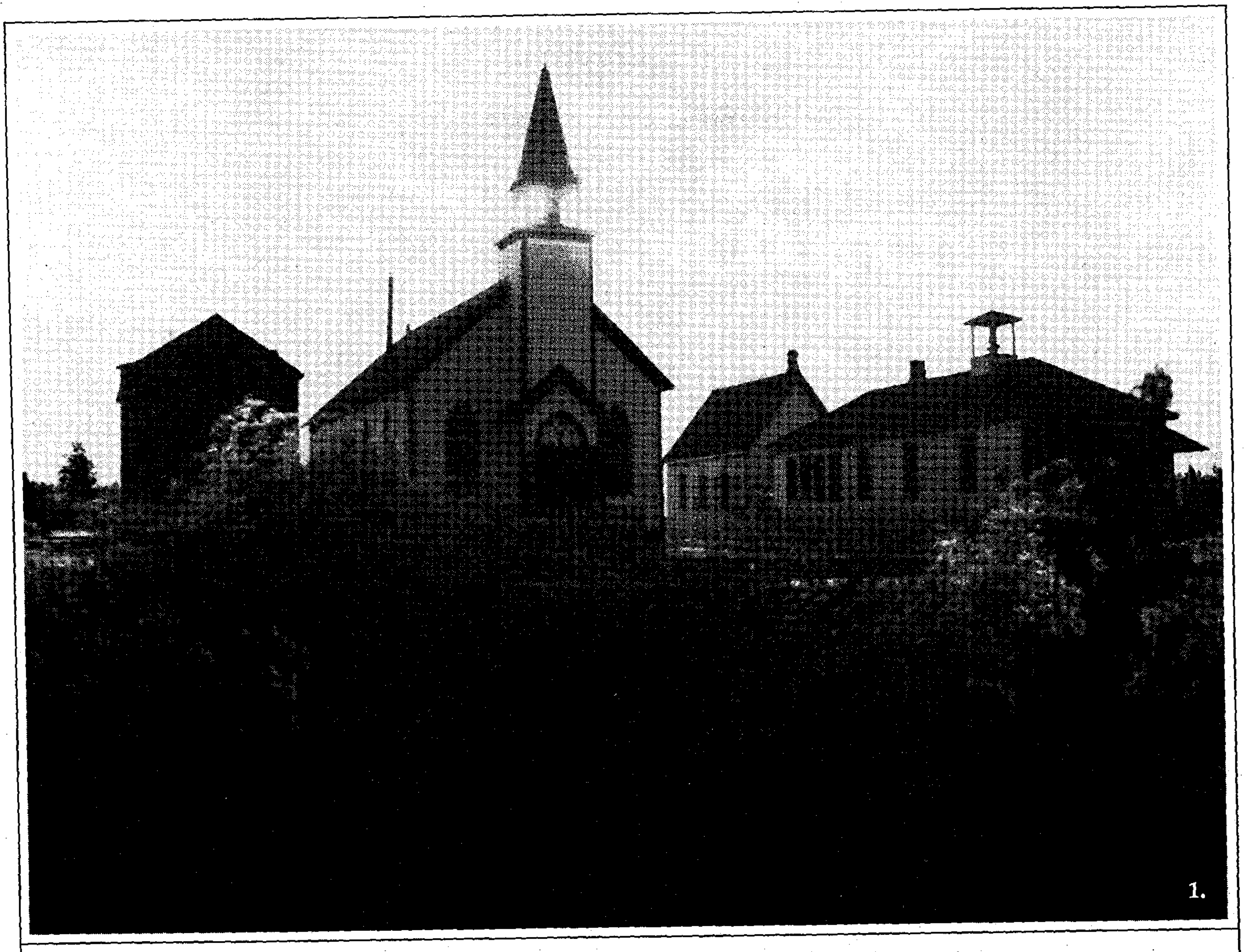
er—a decision that he knew would cause considerable alarm in his family in Rochester. Now his thoughts began to run toward the writing of plays instead of his accustomed fiction and verse. It was certainly a fact, observable in the West End even in wartime, that there was money to be made in the theatre and little or none to be made in verse; and money mattered. (Said Sister Barry, long after her brother's death, "Phil would never have starved in a garret." It was true; he was an excellent businessman, who became not only a successful playwright but also a wealthy one.) In his spare time, he set to work on a play called "No Thoroughfare," which was prompted by his discovery of Freud. Whatever "No Thoroughfare" may have amounted to as a work of art—it was never produced, and Barry himself described it many years later as "a terrible first play"—it is historically of interest as one of the earliest American plays to make dramatic use of the principles of psychoanalysis. He also began work on a short story, "Meadow's End," which appeared several years later, much revised by him, in *Scribner's Magazine*. Apart from "War in Heaven," a version in the form of a novel of his play "Here Come the Clowns," "Meadow's End" was the only fiction that Barry published after leaving Yale.

The war ended in November, 1918, and Barry drifted back to New Haven in the winter of 1919. All the surviving members of his class who had resigned from Yale in order to take part in the war were being automatically readmitted to the university and would graduate in June with members of the class of '19. No matter how well or badly they might do in their studies, they were returned heroes and so were sure to receive their degrees. New Haven seemed to them more than ever a very small town, but being looked up to and made much of was agreeable. Barry, polished by his stay abroad, became a notable adornment of the Lizzie Club. Had he not made the acquaintance in London of H. G. Wells, Rebecca West, and other literary lions and lionesses? Had he not written a play, which Thornton Wilder, meeting him for the first time, heard him read aloud at the Lizzie? Was he not already an announced man of letters? Nevertheless, he buckled down to his classes with a puritan diligence; in the short time left to him before graduation, he would get as much out of Yale as Yale was able to give



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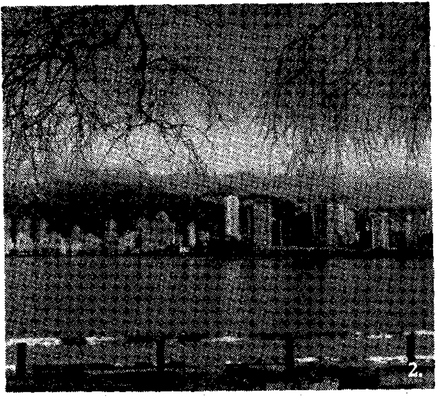

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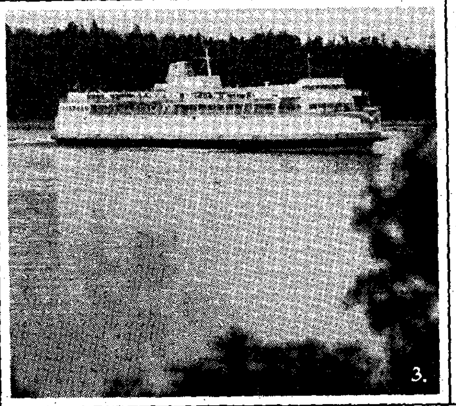

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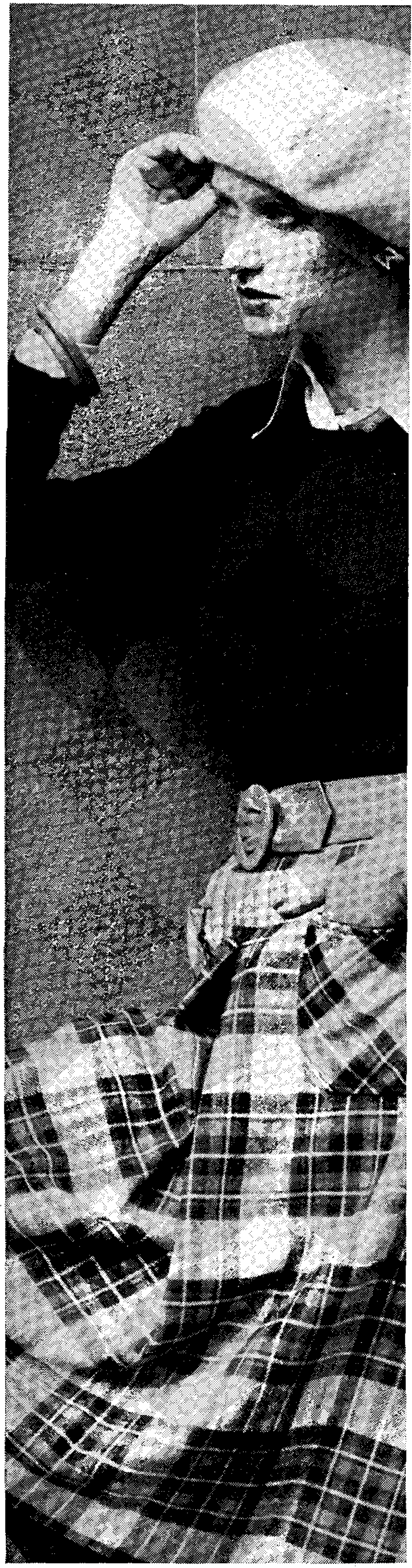

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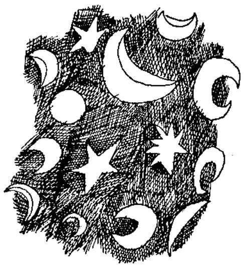
him, and, by good luck, that turned out to be a great deal.

For Barry attended Yale at a time when its English faculty boasted a number of remarkable men, among them William Lyon Phelps, John Milton Berdan, Chauncey Brewster Tinker, and Robert Dudley French. It was characteristic of a certain racy vigor in the Yale of that day that these eminences should have invariably been called (though not quite to their faces until after one had graduated) Billy, Johnnie, Tink, and Bob. As teachers, Phelps, Berdan, and the rest were rightly proud of the gifted undergraduates in their charge; at the Lizzie, however, they mingled with them not as teachers but as friends, and all seemed of one age and one purpose. Yale was notorious for turning out stockbrokers and bankers, but, for the happy tea-takers facing an open fire on dark winter afternoons at the Lizzie, the chase they were about to embark on had a different beast in view: whether in or out of Academe, they would devote themselves to the high calling of literature.

Early in 1919, the Dramat announced a competition for new one-act plays by undergraduates, the prizes being that winners of the competition would have their plays publicly performed and would be elected members of the Dramat. Barry was engaged in roughing out plays in Professor Henry Seidel Canby's course in advanced writing, and as a senior he was no less eager to make the Dramat than he had been as a freshman. The competition was won by Barry and his close friends Farrar and Stephen Vincent Benét. Barry's play was called "Autonomy," and he subsequently described it as "a fearful farce." When it was performed, in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Taft, in late April, it was very well received. Reviewing the play, Johnnie Berdan said of it that it was "a political satire and depends rather upon the cleverness of the lines and upon contemporary hits than upon any dramatic situation," and that "the total effect was one of delightful cleverness."



Because there was then no drama school at Yale—agitation for the founding of one and for the erection of a suitable theatre for the Dramat was just getting under way—Professors Berdan, Canby, and Phelps all advised Barry to apply for entrance to the famous 47 Workshop at Harvard, presided over by George Pierce Baker. This was advice that Barry was eager to accept; the only difficulty lay in persuading his family to go on financing him as he advanced in a direction of which they didn't approve. Upon graduating from Yale in June, he returned to Rochester and got a job for the summer as a reporter on the *Post Express*. The job provided him with pocket money for flowers, boxes of candy, and other gifts with which to pursue his vocation as the suave, natty, but not very dangerous Don Juan of the country-club set in Rochester. Throughout the summer, he flirted with a number of what he always called "sweet young things"—abbreviated to "s.y.t.'s" in his letters and notebooks—and they were suitably awestruck. How well he danced and how witty he was, this Yale man with the romance of gray London behind him and the prospect of no telling what artistic heights to be conquered!

Barry's two older brothers vehemently made it clear that they wished him to settle down in Rochester, either in the family business or in some other business. With equal vehemence, Barry made it clear that he would be doing no such thing. His mother wished only for her little family not to be broken up by quarrelling. Barry held a single trump card, and in the end it proved enough to give him his way. Because his father had died without making provision in his will for his latest child, by law the infant Philip, as one of four children, was entitled to the share of his father's estate which would have come to him if there had been no will—that is, to one-fourth of two-thirds (or one-sixth) of the father's estate according to its value at the time of the father's death. The one-sixth share, with accrued interest, would be collectible when the infant reached the age of twenty-one. Nobody had been aware of this quirky legal situation until Philip was fourteen, when his mother went to court to ask permission to sell certain property belonging to her husband's estate. The value of the estate continued to decline, and it was soon obvious that by the time Philip reached twenty-one and was entitled to ask for a settling of accounts, his fixed share would amount to the entire estate, leaving the rest of the family penniless. He later noted, "When I was fourteen, my brothers began to look at me with respect. I gave my oldest

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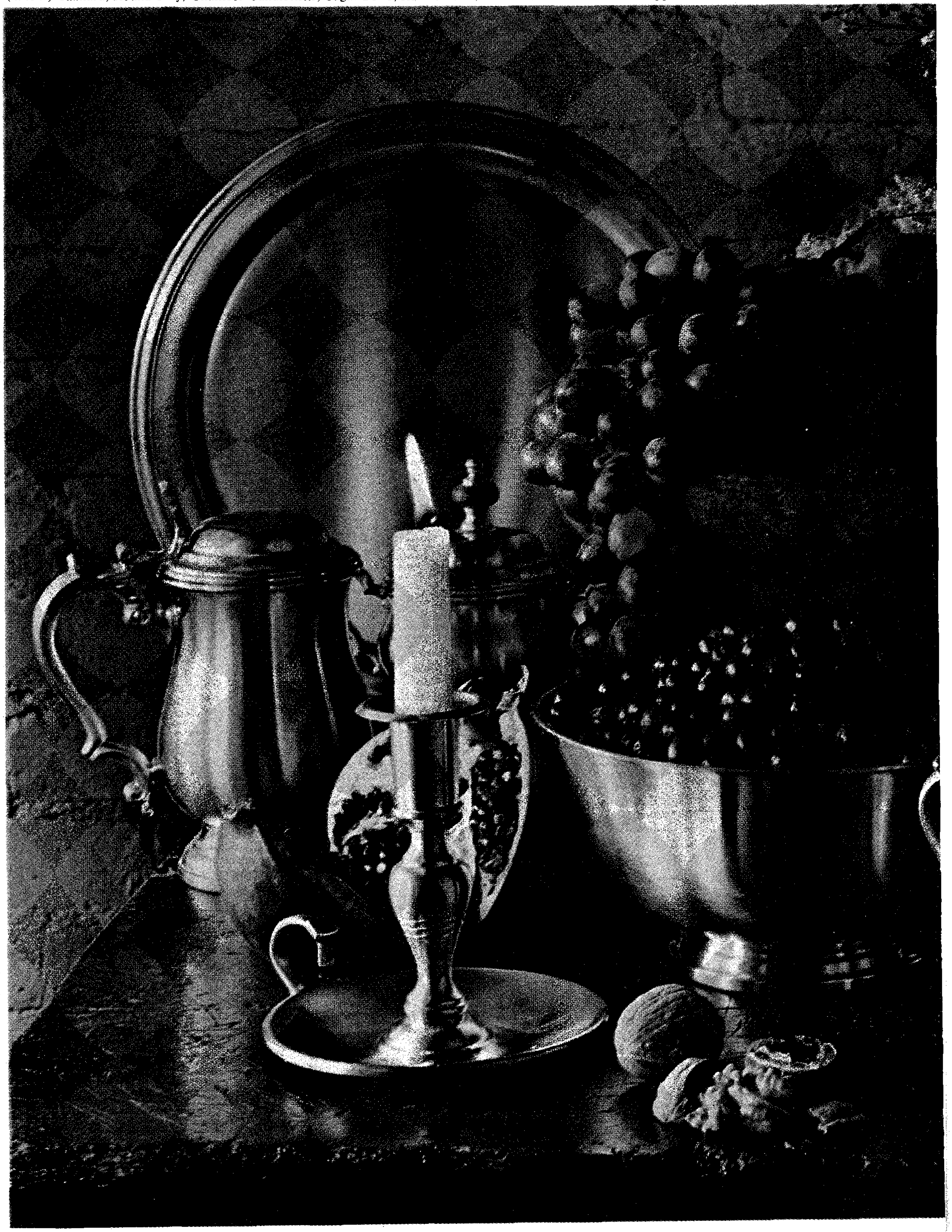

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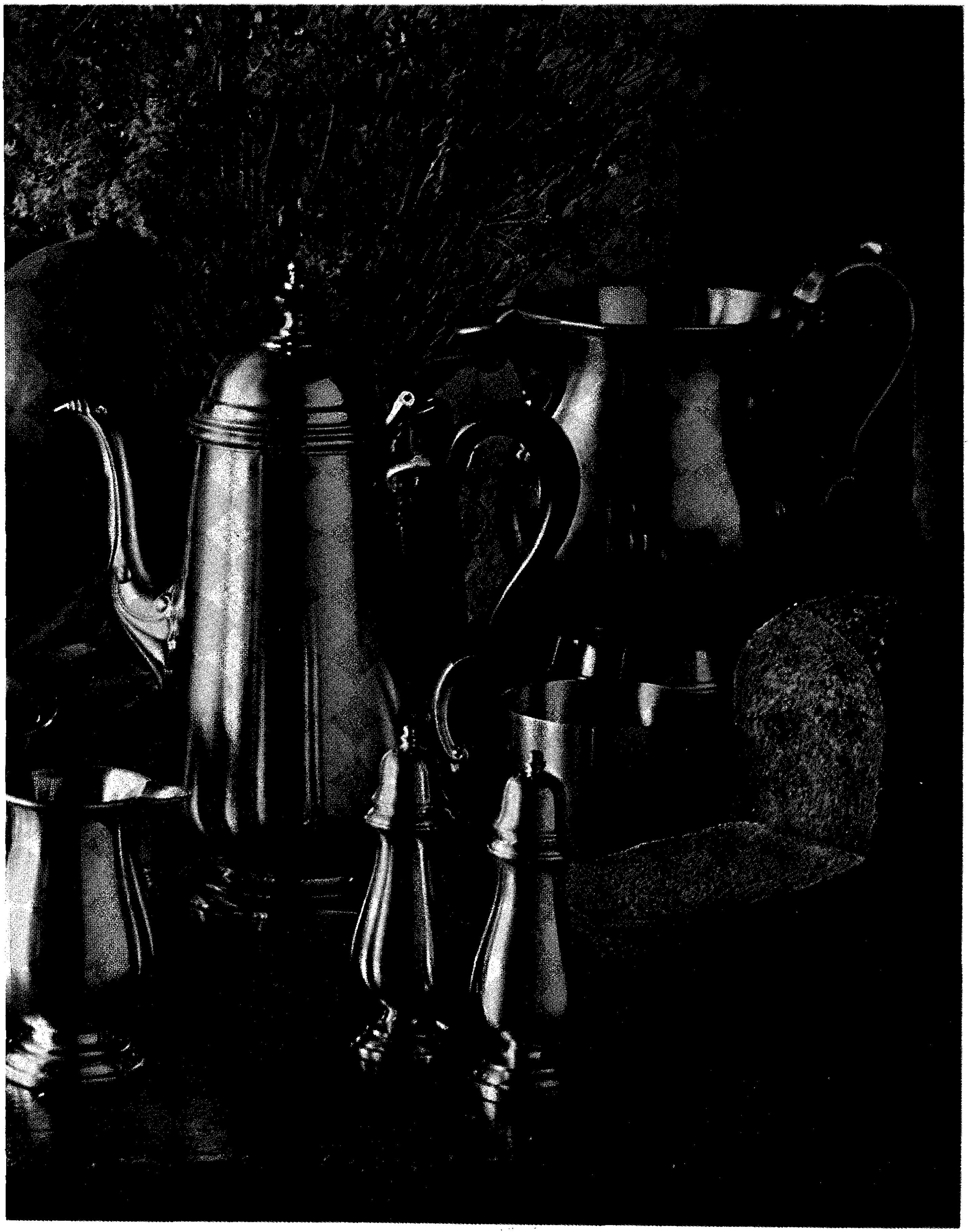

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brother a tough fifteen minutes before I signed the property back to my mother when I was twenty-one—though I had always intended to sign the property over to her." (This highly explosive family situation furnished the plot for Barry's second Broadway play, "The Youngest.") Barry's having behaved handsomely in regard to his inheritance forced his family to behave handsomely in regard to his career; when he got word during the summer that he had been accepted for the 47 Workshop at Harvard, his mother and brothers, with grave misgivings, allowed him to follow his bent. For the time being, he would put off becoming a businessman and would try to turn himself into that most unreliable thing a writer.

ARRIVING in Cambridge in September, 1919, Barry took up residence in a rooming house on Brattle Street. The 47 Workshop (it was formally known as English 47 and was described in the Harvard catalogue as "English Composition: The Technique of the Drama. Lectures and Practice") met in cramped quarters in Lower Massachusetts Hall and acted out plays on a makeshift stage in the little Agassiz Theatre at Radcliffe. The Workshop's first purpose was to teach prospective playwrights the down-to-earth mechanics of composing and staging plays; its second purpose was to see that the students learned as much as possible, in lectures and by reading, about their great predecessors. Once a student had written a play, it was read aloud by Professor Baker and subjected to a lively, unsparing fusillade of criticism from his fellows. (Thomas Wolfe was enrolled in the Workshop in Barry's day and has furnished a characteristically overheated description of it in his novel "Of Time and the River.")

Barry settled down to work with his accustomed seriousness and discipline. It had cost him a great effort to reach the Workshop, and he was determined not to fail there. He and Baker got on admirably from the start, not least because each was so much in need of the other. Baker, if anyone, could make Barry's hope of a career in writing come true; and, though Barry may not have been aware of it at the time, Barry could serve Baker well by providing a demonstration of how the Workshop fostered talent and taught it to become productive. For some years, the Workshop had been without a playwright of conspicuous promise, and its standing in the always skeptical Harvard com-

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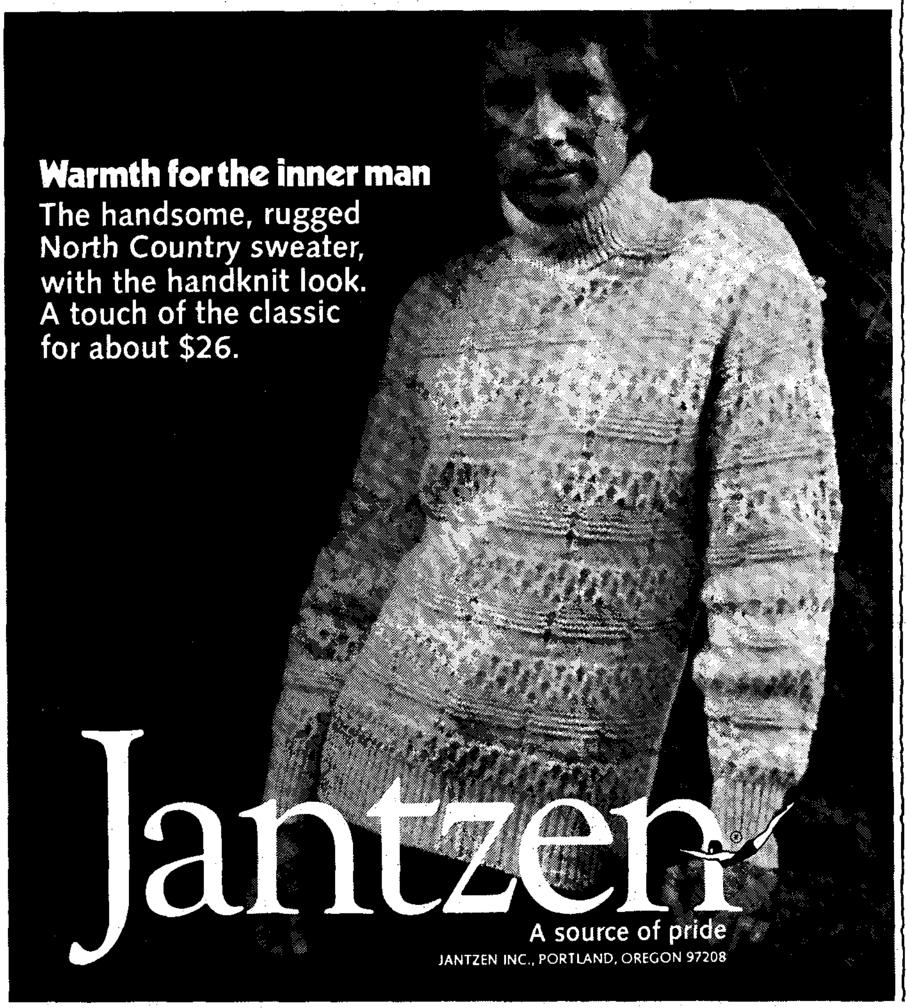

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munity was such that most of Baker's associates on the English faculty regarded him as an amiable crank who had given up the rigors of scholarship for the mere muddle of "creativity." Baker encouraged Barry to write on American themes. In Baker's words, he should "try to write about conditions in the life of the present time which shall be amusing, and at the same time amuse in such a way that one finds one is thinking about the play afterwards—not exactly in amusement, but thoughtfully and pleasantly." This prescription comes close to summing up Barry's intentions in at least a dozen of the twenty-odd plays he eventually wrote.

Another lasting influence on Barry was a Workshop colleague who lived in the same rooming house on Brattle Street and bore the extravagant name of Kenneth Romauer-Ron Raisbeck. Though Raisbeck came from the Middle West, he liked to convey the impression that he had certain lofty family connections in Europe. His contemporaries saw him as an exotic pre-Raphaelite idealist, mingling attributes of Oscar Wilde and Bernard Berenson. In contrast to Raisbeck, Barry was assumed to represent, in the words of Baker's biographer, Wisner Payne Kinne, "a healthy, pink-cheeked Philistinism." Such an assumption was unjust; at Raisbeck's urging, Barry was quick to champion the superior claims of art over conventional American moneygrubbing. The Raisbeck influence is strong in Barry's early plays; later it shows signs of strain, for Barry, if he wished to remain as pure in his aesthetic aspirations as Raisbeck was, wished also to enjoy the greatest possible material success. Throughout his professional life, he walked in perilous balance upon that razor's edge; the feat produced a tension that greatly enhances his best work.

Barry's first attempt at a play for the Workshop had to do with a wealthy family on Long Island. The setting no doubt owed a good deal to the fact that one of Barry's closest friends—Ted Babbitt, with whom he had roomed during his last year at Yale, and who was attending the Harvard Law School—belonged to such a family. The two young men not only saw each other in Cambridge but also undertook frequent weekend forays to New York, where they attended the theatre and made the rounds of coming-out parties and tea dances. They would stay with Babbitt's parents either in the city or at their country place in Southampton, and much that

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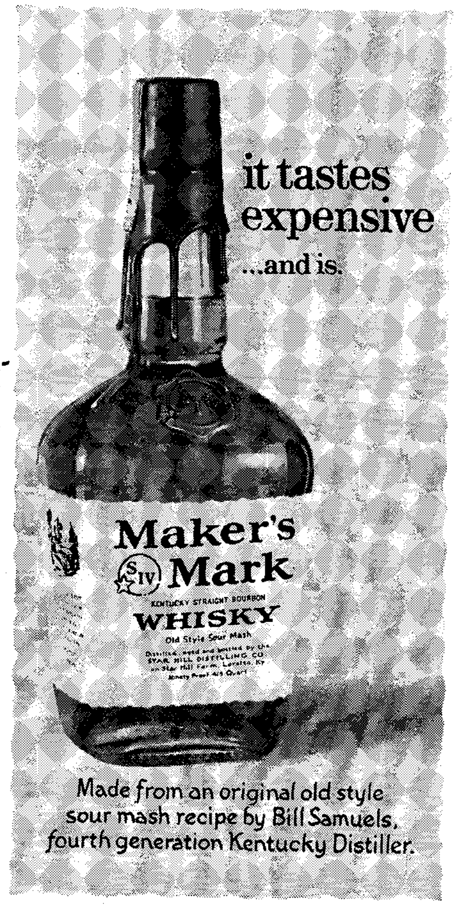
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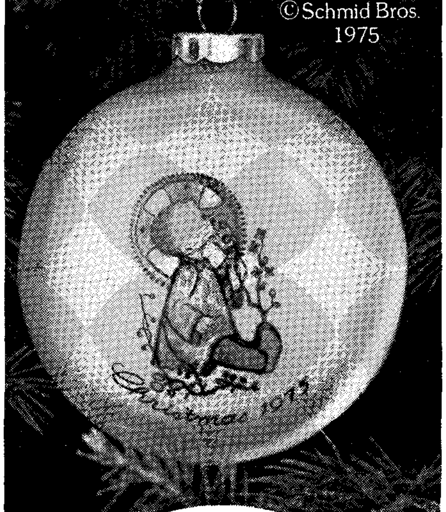

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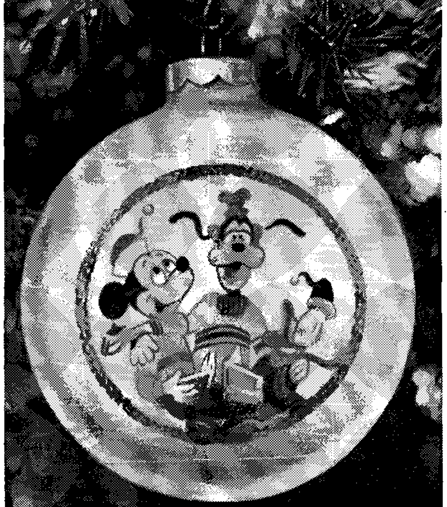

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Barry heard and saw on those merry, strenuous weekends was useful to him as source material for his play. Following a practice of his *Lit* days in New Haven, he kept a card-index file, and among the headings in the new file were "Comedy Dialogue," "Notes on Plays Seen," "Detached Scenes," and "Words and Phrases." Professor Baker adjured Barry to "write about what you know about." Baker may not have guessed it, but there were occasions when what Barry appeared to know about was information that had been acquired only a few hours before he was boldly setting it down on paper.

THE most fortunate event in Barry's exceptionally fortunate life was his marriage. It is rare to be able to speak with confidence of the place that a man's marriage occupies in the scheme of his life; still more rarely can one speak with confidence of the degree to which a marriage is fortunate. But in Barry's case the evidence is overwhelming that he married the woman best suited to him in every way. From the start, their relationship was of the sort that playgoers would come to think of as Barryesque. The very circumstances of their meeting, of their courtship, of their wedding, and of their honeymoon, with its unexpected, happy windfall of an ending, were all authentic Barry scenes—charming, intelligent, amusing, concerned.

They met on Fifth Avenue in the Sixties, on a pleasant Sunday afternoon in October, 1919. Barry and Babbitt were strolling along the Avenue when Babbitt stopped to speak to a pretty girl of his acquaintance. Barry was introduced: "Ellen Semple, Philip Barry." Miss Semple was tall and slender, brown-eyed and brown-haired, and she had a delightful smile. Her voice was low and thrilling, with an unusually warm timbre. Within a few days, Barry had telephoned her and made a date to meet her at the Plaza. He was late in arriving, but she forgave him, and after that they were in love. How different she was from him, in how many enviable ways! Her nature was joyous and unguarded; she was at ease with strangers, and it seemed to cost her no effort to give back more to the world than she took from it. She was a natural athlete, who swam and rode and played excellent golf and tennis. She was wellborn and carefully reared. On the other hand, she liked parties at least as much as he did; she would stay up all night dancing. (Over fifty years later, Ellen Barry, living in an elegant

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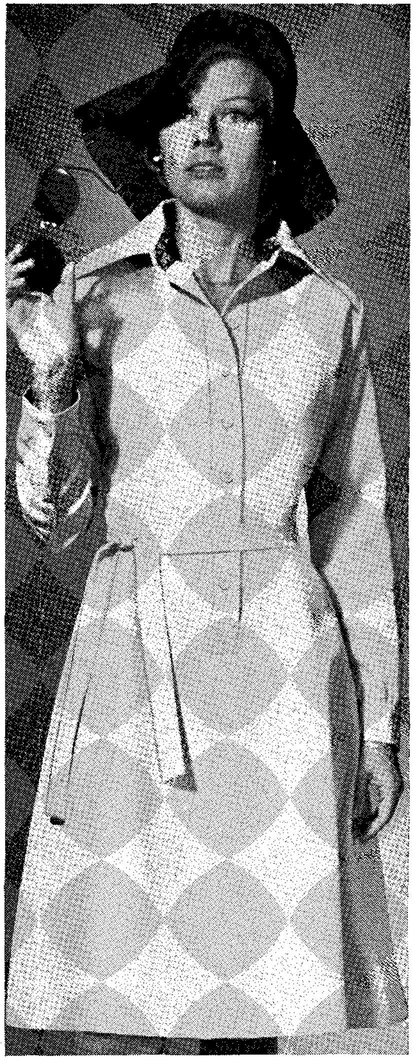

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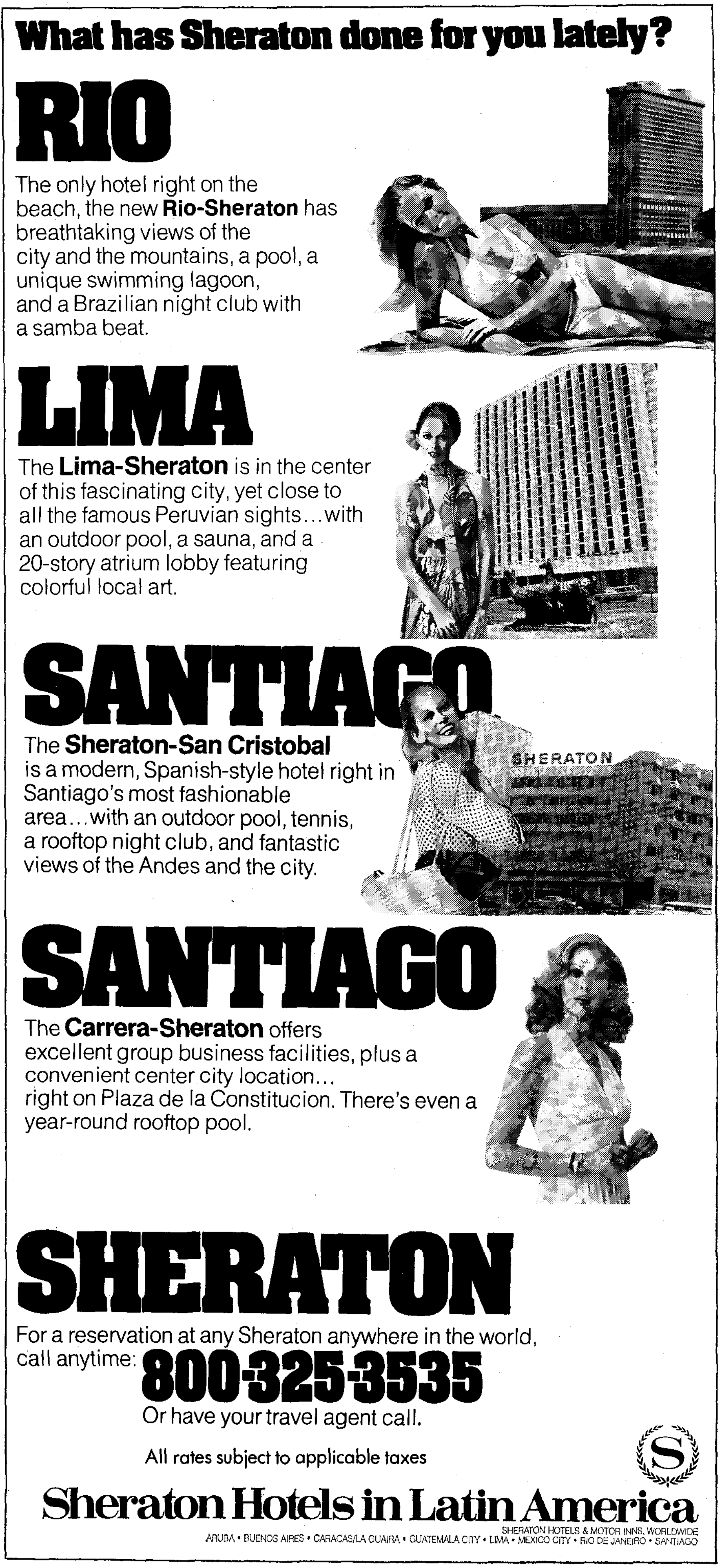
small brick house in Washington, still likes parties; she will happily dance until three, if not until daylight, and after a few hours' sleep will be hard at work in her studio.) And she was also—and startlingly—a Catholic. Whether the young Philip Barry would have married a non-Catholic we have no way of knowing; Ellen rendered the question academic. We do know of Barry's astonishment and pleasure at encountering a fellow-Catholic snugly at home in the very heart of the Wasp establishment. He was a lucky man, and Ellen's background, like Ellen's affectionate nature, was a part of his luck.

In 1919, John McAnerney, Ellen's peppery, capable, and highly successful little Irish grandfather, was still alive. In the Civil War, he had fought so gallantly in the defense of Richmond that he had been commissioned a full colonel on the field of battle. After the war, he had come North and grown rich as a banker and entrepreneur. He lived in a big brownstone house on West Forty-ninth Street, just off Fifth Avenue, and he was a figure to be reckoned with in the diocesan powerhouse that centered on St. Patrick's. He had nine children, and the one who became Ellen's mother had married a brilliant young lawyer from the South, Lorenzo Semple. He, too, was a Catholic. There were four Semple children (Ellen had three brothers), and they grew up in a high-ceilinged old house on West Eleventh Street, not far from Washington Square—the house in which Ellen was born—but the place that the whole family liked best and came to think of as home was Elliestoun Farm, in Mount Kisco. The property consisted of some eighty acres of woods, fields, orchards, and streams, and, to the children's delight, it was amply furnished with cows, pigs, ponies, dogs, cats, and other creatures.

The Semples kept adding ad lib to the original farmhouse, first room by room and then wing by wing. The stage directions that Barry wrote for his first Broadway play, "You and I"—probably the most romantic stage directions ever written—spring from the emotions he felt on first coming to know the Semple family. The directions, filled with details unneeded by any stage designer, amount to a pleasant short story and are worth quoting in part:

> Here you are, in the library of the Whites' country home in Mount Kisco, Westchester County, New York.
>
> The Whites' home is one of those rambling white houses that began as a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> farmhouse and has been added to year by year as the family grew and the family's fortunes prospered. In architecture, it is nearer Colonial than anything else. There was always plenty of land, but the orchard, of which Maitland White is so proud, he planted himself.
>
> When you come for your first weekend, he will delight in telling you that when Nancy and he bought the place, twenty years ago, the room in which you now stand was, with the exception of a tiny kitchen, the entire lower floor. The second beam from the left in the ceiling will show you where the partition came between living and dining rooms.
>
> The big hall by which you entered is the west wing—that came first—and the spacious dining room and study are the east wing, which was built four years later. The servants' wing was added at the same time. The little cottage down by the swimming-pool is of course quite new. That is to be Jean's, when she grows up and is ready to be married—fancy Jeanie married!
>
> You will be awfully surprised and say What!—this enormous place grown out of a little old farmhouse? And Maitland will chuckle and say Oh, Nanny and I have had no end of fun out of it, haven't we, Nanny? And like as not, the next time you come (as you will, if they like you) he will begin to tell you about it all over again. But Nancy will stop him, without in the least hurting his feelings.
>
> The library—which is also the main living-room—is a huge, uneven, motherly sort of a room that pats your hand as you come into it, and tells you to sit down and be comfortable with the rest of us. Out here we don't even know there is such a place as the City!

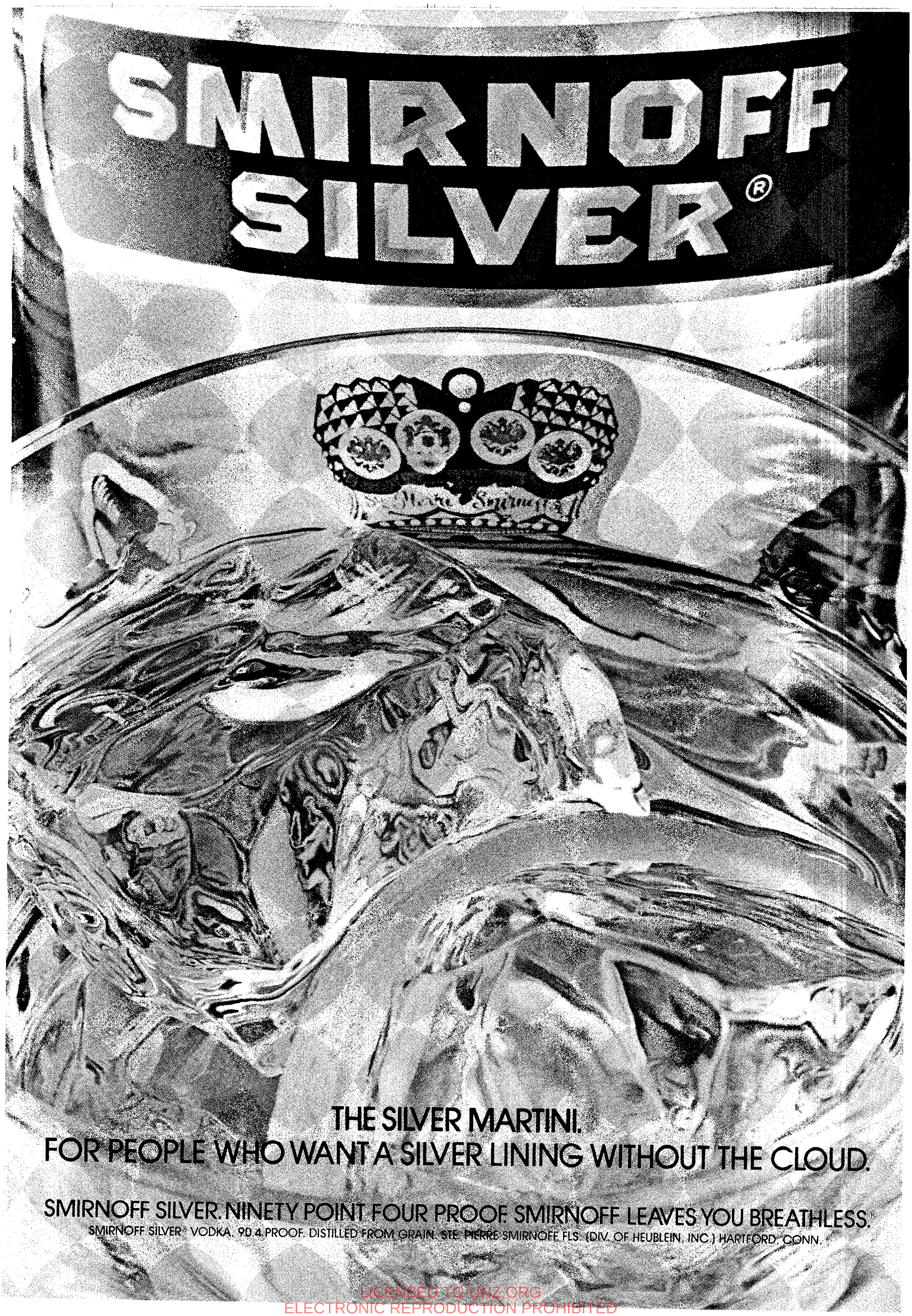
Farther along in these singular stage directions (what on earth was any designer intended to make of Maitland's chuckles?) we come upon a description of a girl who can only be Ellen as Barry first saw her, and fell in love with her:

> She is about nineteen, slim, of medium height, with a decidedly pretty, high-bred face, lovely hair, lovely hands, and a soft, low-pitched voice—whatever she may be saying. Heredity, careful upbringing, education, and travel have combined to invest her with a poise far in advance of her years. She has attained the impossible—complete sophistication without the loss of bloom. Her self-confidence is, you will be happy to know, free from any taint of youthful cocksureness.

DURING the winter of 1919-20, Barry worked hard on his Workshop play, called "Oh Promise Me." In March, Professor Baker having gone off to Europe for a lengthy stay, Barry left the Workshop, rented a furnished room in New York, and found a job with an advertising agency at twenty-five dollars a week. Writing advertising copy for such products as Pears Soap and Grinnell fire sprinklers was boring but unimportant; small as his salary was, he hoped to save some of it and return to the Workshop in the fall. Meanwhile, he was able to see Ellen often, both in town and at Elliestoun Farm. It was a courtship that was diffident and prolonged, but only because of his financial situation. He wanted to become engaged to her, yet he could not afford to marry her. If Barry were to give up hope of making his name as a playwright and buckle down instead to a career in advertising, he would be certain to have plenty of money and he would have Ellen as well, but he would have betrayed himself and his aesthetic ideals. The dilemma, if by no means novel, was real, and he experienced it passionately. With gifted people, nothing goes to waste, and soon Barry came to see that there might be a play in his dilemma; he started working up a scenario for it under the provisional title of "The Thing He Wanted to Do."

Before this second play could be roughed out on paper, Barry had to busy himself, though at a disconcerting distance, with the Workshop version of his first produced play, "Oh Promise Me." The title had recently been made use of by another playwright, however, so Barry eventually named the play "A Punch for Judy"—a title that smacked more of the Hasty Pudding than of the Workshop. When the play went into rehearsal in Cambridge, Barry began firing off daily letters of advice to the cast. From his desk in the advertising agency in New York, he told the actors far more about the characters in the play than they can have wished to hear; for example, the brands of toothpaste that the characters used and the brands of cigarettes they smoked. Toward the end of the rehearsal period, Barry journeyed up to Cambridge and made a few final adjustments to the text. After a successful opening in Cambridge, "A Punch for Judy" went on the road, playing in Worcester, Utica, Buffalo, and Cleveland. It had a single performance at the Morosco Theatre in New York, where the local reviewers gave it an amiable salute. It then played in Boston, at a benefit for the Radcliffe Club, and was again praised as a thoroughly professional accomplishment.

Professor Baker wrote to Barry in New York advising him to "push the play all you can." Barry gave it to an author's agent to push for him, but few producers appeared interested in putting it on. Meanwhile, Barry was striving to find a better-paying job. Through his friend John Farrar, he



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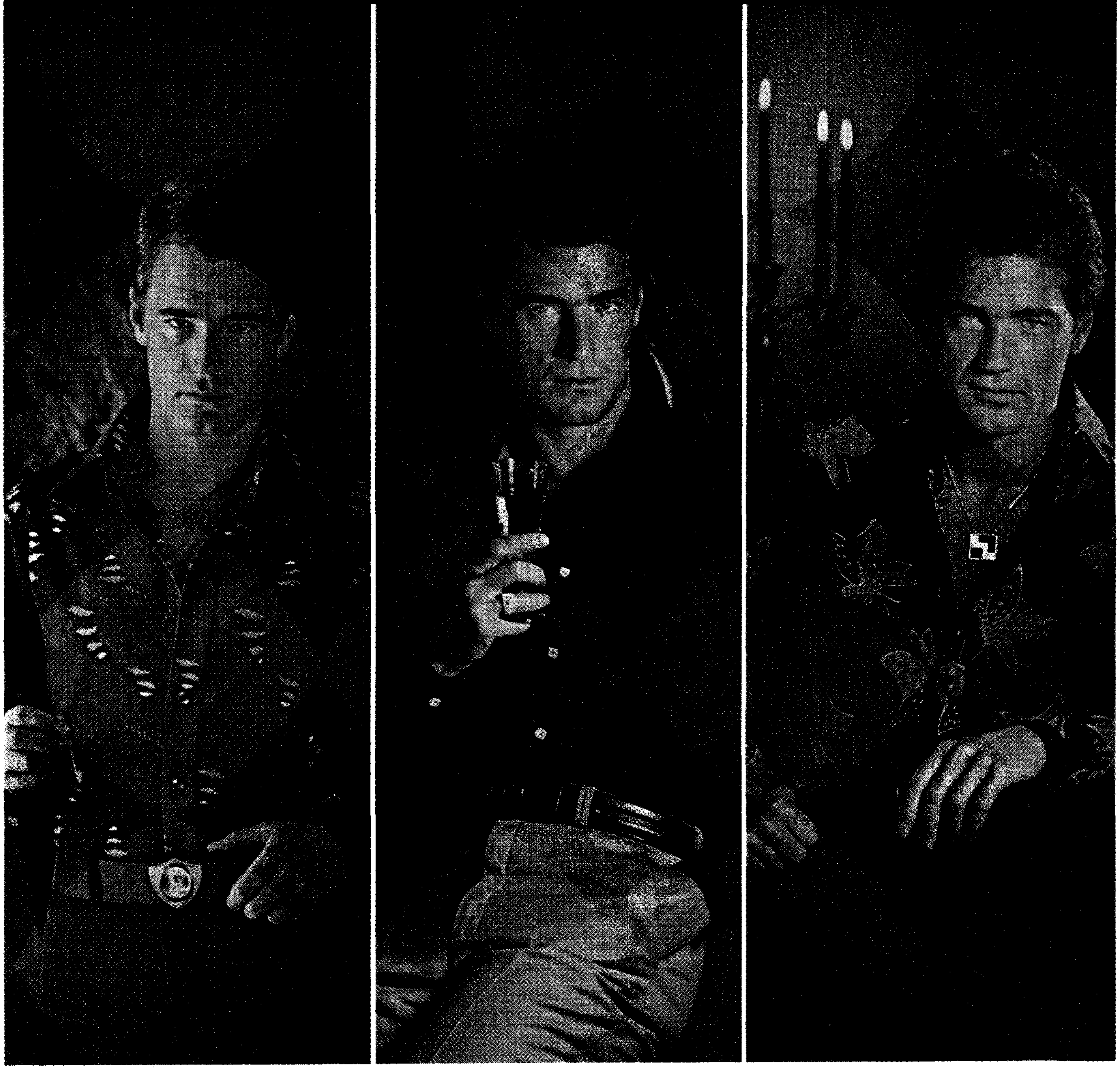

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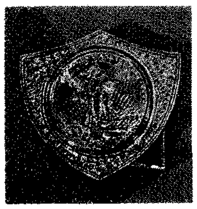

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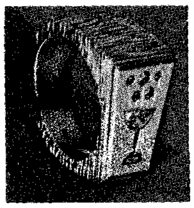

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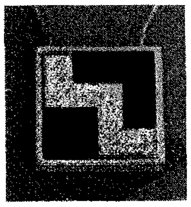

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was offered an editor's job on a magazine, at a salary of four thousand dollars a year. When Barry apprised the advertising agency of this offer, it countered with the not quite equivalent offer of a salary of sixty-five dollars a week. That sum struck Barry as sufficiently handsome to justify his proposing to Ellen, and on June 8, 1921, their engagement was formally announced by her parents. By September, when "A Punch for Judy" had not yet found a producer, Barry's dilemma became extreme: Money or art? Marriage or lonely struggle? One day, he solemnly informed Ellen that he felt obliged to break off their engagement; he would never be able to forgive himself if he failed to return to the Workshop, but he considered it unfair to ask her to remain bound to him while he took his long chance on making good. The following morning, he was on the telephone to Ellen begging that their engagement be allowed to continue, and, of course, Ellen, confident of Philip's talent and touched by his need, at once consented. Off he went to Cambridge, to the hard work of writing the play that was to make their virtuous dreams come true—a play that was at first called "The Thing He Wanted to Do" and then "The Jilts" and at last "You and I."

Barry had a room in a rooming house on Gorham Street, for which he paid twenty-five dollars a month. He ate most of his meals and spent much of his time at the Signet Society, to which, as a graduate student, he had recently been admitted. For reasons of economy, he lived almost entirely on Shredded Wheat at the Signet and made good use of the Signet stationery. Daily he sent off at least one letter to Ellen, in New York or Mount Kisco, and Ellen faithfully replied. She was taking classes at Barnard, she was playing golf, she was planning soon to visit a ninety-four-year-old great-grandmother in Montgomery, Alabama. Her days were reassuring to him in their conventional Junior League busyness, since plainly nothing in them mattered as much to Ellen as he did. In his letters to her he recounted his arduous bouts of writing and rewriting. "The Jilts" being well advanced, he was starting another play, which he called "Poor Richard." (It later became "The Youngest.") One of his letters goes, in part:

> This, my dear, at the end of a long Sunday. Early Mass, and much hard prayer for Matey and his family ["The Jilts"]. Work until five. Into town with Ken [Raisbeck] and Beau-Roderick, the

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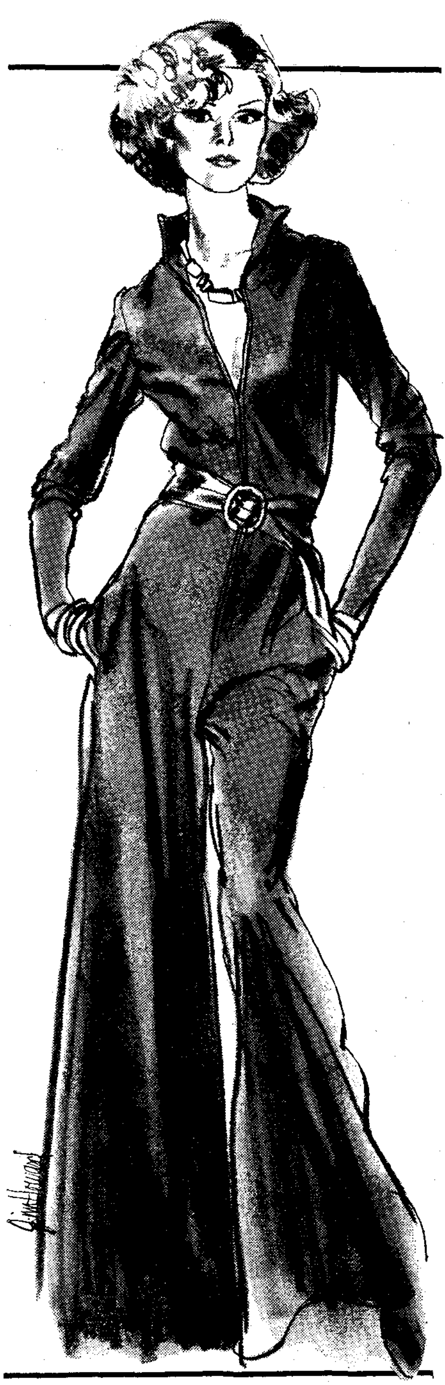

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> most sportive of all Irish terriers.... A lecture at the Workshop by Mr. Pope of the Fine Arts Department... and home through the moonlight to you.... I'm growing more and more confident that this new play can be a good 'un. It's curious how an idea develops in the sun and rain of a little thought. I have the characters named—at least tentatively—and the action divided into acts. I was afraid it would be a four-acter, but I believe now it can be done in three. I also have my climaxes in hand. Properly managed, the material should shape into a very interesting and moving piece. More power to my elbow!

A few weeks later, Barry was evidently aware that he might appear overpreoccupied with his own concerns. He wrote to Ellen:

> How do you do my dear? It has been a braw day, and I have done a fair amount of work. Don't you get just a little bored with my accounts of it? Angry protests?

Nevertheless, he was soon back on his main topic:

> I hope that I can have the first draft of "Poor Richard" finished by the end of the month, so that I may get down to see you then. Mustn't come before....

In the late spring of 1922, "The Jilts" was being offered to producers in New York. Both the Theatre Guild and the producer Brock Pemberton, having given it respectful attention, turned it down. (Barry later recounted how he had gone to Pemberton's office and said, "Make up your mind about this play, because it is going to be a hit." The account continued, "Of course I was scared pink when I said it.") Barry now entered "The Jilts" in a competition sponsored by the Belmont Repertoire Company. By the terms of the competition, the winning play would be given a five-hundred-dollar prize by Richard Herndon, the manager of the Belmont Theatre, and would be guaranteed a professional production within six months. Barry worked feverishly on "Poor Richard" and was able to finish it in time to submit it to the Belmont judges along with "The Jilts." The Herndon Prize, as it was commonly known, had great prestige; nothing would serve a young playwright so well in gaining immediate recognition, and at that moment nobody was more impatient for recognition—and money, needful for marriage—than Philip Barry.

Ellen and Philip had been planning to marry in September, but, with uncharacteristic boldness, they advanced the date of the wedding to July. Since Philip had theretofore proved on occasion impetuous but never improvident, it must have been Ellen's spirited

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optimism (for generations the Semples and the McAnerneys had been lucky people, and it was in their blood to expect good things of the future) that pushed him toward the taking of chances. He had had his year at the Workshop, yet so far there was nothing to show for it except two plays that nobody appeared to want; he could not even be sure that after the honeymoon a job would be waiting for him in the advertising world he had been so eager to escape from. He was a born worrier, but for once he stopped worrying. The young man in love had triumphed over the young man bent upon making good.

Ellen and Philip were married on July 15, 1922, at the Church of Saint Francis, in Mount Kisco, and the wedding reception was held in the garden of Elliestoun Farm. Mr. Semple was a partner in the celebrated international law firm of Coudert Brothers, which had a prosperous office in Paris; among its many French clients was the Pathé film company, which then furnished newsreels to movie theatres all over the world, and Mr. Semple saw to it that a Pathé movie crew was on hand to record the wedding day. The film is in Mrs. Barry's possession, at her house in Washington; in 1975, one is able to watch the handsome young couple of over fifty years ago leaving the church and then posing with self-conscious pride—and much laughter—in the summery garden of Elliestoun Farm while Ellen's grandfather, the doughty hero of the siege of Richmond, white-mustached and smoking a cigar, holds court in the midst of admirers.

Among the hundreds of presents received by the newlyweds were a pretty cottage on the Elliestoun Farm property and a wedding trip abroad. A few days after the wedding, the Barrys sailed for Europe. They spent the rest of the summer travelling in England, France, Switzerland, and Italy, and as they were westward bound across the Atlantic, in late September, a wireless message was slipped under their cabin door. The message was brief and very welcome—three words from Ellen's father: "CONGRATULATIONS PRIZE PLAY."

"THE JILTS," newly renamed "You and I," went into rehearsal in January, 1923, with an exceptionally strong cast: Frieda Inescourt, Geoffrey Kerr, Lucile Watson, H. B. Warner, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Reginald Mason. Barry was continuously on hand to make revisions—

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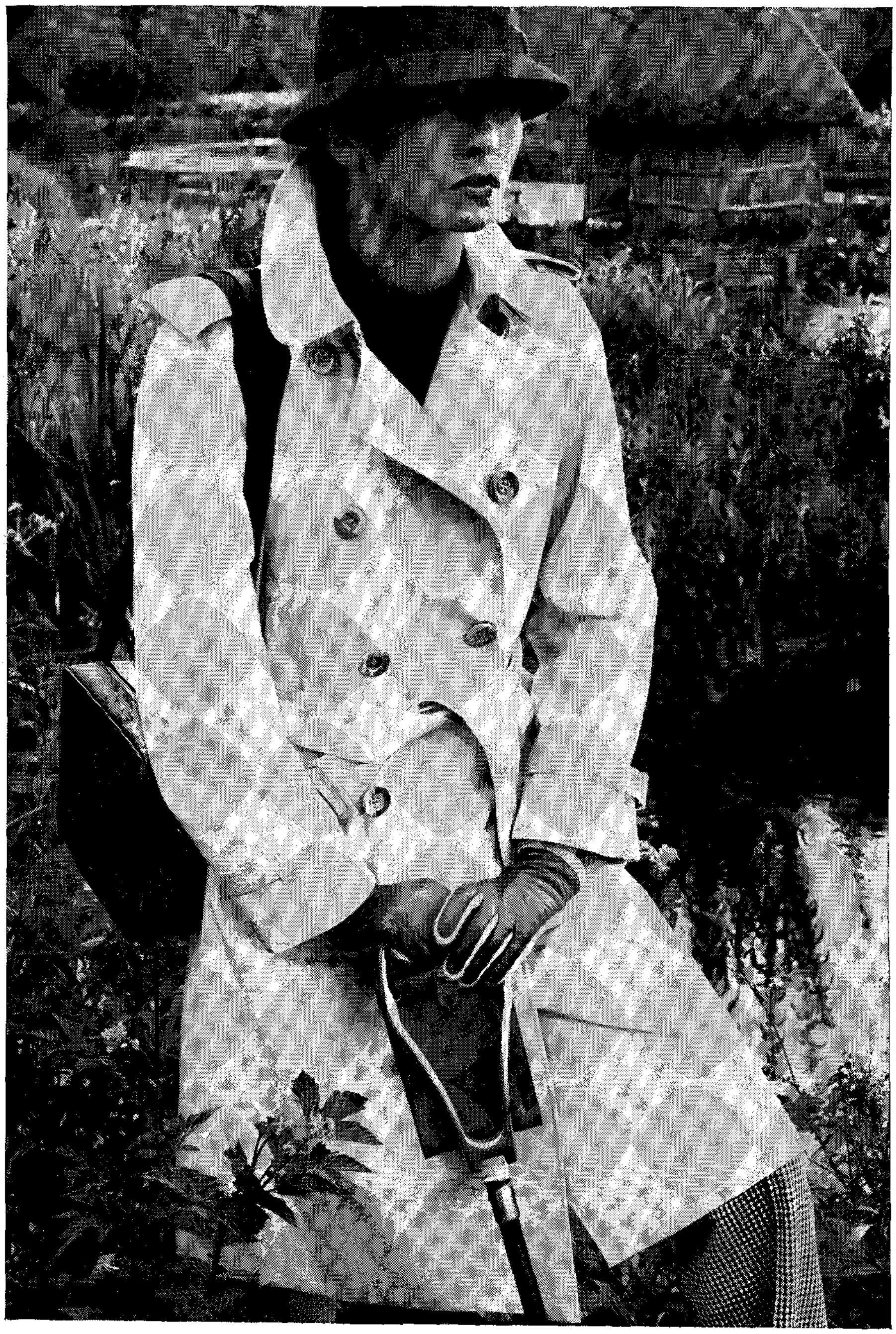

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and so established a lifelong custom of relying on much rewriting in rehearsal and out of town in the preparation of the final text of a play. (In the case of "The Philadelphia Story," the play went into rehearsal when only the first and second of its three acts had been written.) After a week's tryout in Stamford, "You and I" opened in New York at the Belmont Theatre, on West Forty-eighth Street, on February 19th. The reviewers were unanimous in their praise, and the play at once became a hit. Thomas Wolfe, Barry's colleague at the Workshop, was understandably impressed. To his mother in Asheville he wrote:

> Herndon told Baker in New York last week that the play ought to run through the hot weather; that is, to September or later. [Hot weather was a constant threat to Broadway in the days before air-conditioning.] This means over thirty weeks for Philip Barry . . . and his royalties are at present about $700 a week. The contract reads that the movie rights are to be split equally between producer and author; they average around $15,000, so young Barry—he is three or four years older than I am—stands to make a tidy fortune.

Running into, if not through, the hot weather, the play gave one hundred and seventy-four performances in New York, then played most of the major cities in the country, and enjoyed a long vogue among stock companies and non-professional acting groups. It had a successful production in London, and the movie rights were sold to First National Studios for eleven thousand dollars—less than the envious Wolfe had predicted. After many delays, the movie version of the play was released in 1931; it starred Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon, and caused no great stir at the box office.

Professor Baker had urged Barry to write about what he knew about. "You and I" dealt with the choice between fulfilling oneself at no matter what cost and failing to do so because, having fallen in love and married, one must provide for one's wife and family. Barry said that in writing the play he had imagined himself as a middle-aged man who had made the wrong choice; it was a pleasing irony that a heartfelt play about making the wrong choice was the first consequence of Barry's having made the right choice, and that this play gave him the financial means to go on making right choices ever after.

Impetuousness and improvidence had richly rewarded the young Barrys, and further good fortune was in store for them. One evening, Mr. Semple, upon returning by train from New York to Mount Kisco, stopped off at the Barrys' cottage, handed them a set of blueprints of a villa in Cannes that he was in a position to acquire at a good price, and said to them, in an affectionately playful manner, "This house is for you, if you'd like it. Let me know before I catch the eight-thirty-two tomorrow morning." Let him know tomorrow morning, indeed! The Barrys spent the summer of 1923 in the villa, naming it the Villa Lorenzo, after the generous donor, and it remained in the family until 1951.

Barry worked on a revision of the second of his Workshop plays, "Poor Richard," during that first season in Cannes. The play had been optioned by Richard Herndon, who, finding himself unable to deal with it, had turned it over to Robert Milton, the director of "You and I." After trying out in Atlantic City and Baltimore and undergoing two or three changes of name, the play opened on December 22, 1924, at the Gaiety Theatre, on Broadway at Forty-sixth Street, under the title "The Youngest." The reviews were mixed, but audiences liked the play and especially admired Henry Hull as Richard, the youngest of the Winslow sons. The play dramatized a young man's rebellion against the philistinism of his middle-class, money-grubbing family, whom he outwits when he discovers—as Barry had—that he has accidentally come into possession of the entire family fortune. The play gave a hundred and four performances. With a coolness of self-appraisal that was habitual with him, Barry said later of his two first Broadway plays, " 'You and I' was a success and I liked it. 'The Youngest' was a moderate success and I didn't like it."

So began a career that lasted for almost thirty years. By the conventional standards of fame and wealth, Barry became over that long period one of the most successful playwrights in America. He was proud to find himself achieving a permanent place in the history of the country's theatre, and he was grateful for the monetary rewards that that place assured him. It was important to him to be able to feel on a comfortable financial footing with those worldly and well-read insiders—the elect of the elect, like the Bob Lovetts and the Charlie Paysons—who enjoyed the company of playwrights, novelists, and poets. One had to have money enough to share the give-and-take of pleasant social occasions without strain. The Barrys and their close friends the Gerald Murphys learned to use their money wisely; the outward grace with which they lived was the sign of an inward grace that they never stopped seeking to possess in greater abundance. Living well was nothing so simple as "the best revenge" (revenge upon what? upon whom?); it was a quest. The Barrys at the Villa Lorenzo, in Cannes, and the Murphys at the Villa America, a few miles along the coast at Cap d'Antibes, were known for their exquisite manners and exquisite taste; important as these attributes were, they concealed as much as they made plain. The paradox faced by Murphy the painter and Barry the writer was that good fortune already bestowed could yet require to be earned, and not once but many times. The means of earning it was the fulfillment of their talent in daily hard work. Murphy mysteriously broke off painting at what amounted to the beginning of his career; Barry never stopped writing, though with every passing year the task grew more difficult, the self-doubt more grave.

And with reason, for an oddity was invisibly present inside his success, and the oddity was failure. Of the twenty-one plays that Barry had on Broadway, the majority enjoyed short, unprofitable runs. His fame and his wealth came from the drawing-room-comedy hits, like "Paris Bound," "Holiday," "The Animal Kingdom," and, above all, "The Philadelphia Story;" but no less important to Barry, and often more interesting to his admirers, were the plays in which, doggedly, year after year, working outside the conventional drawing-room setting, he struggled to express his ever more pessimistic view of life. What these plays sought to state was often hard, if not impossible, to dramatize; moreover, they were the plays in which Barry was at his most experimental, and the new forms he essayed were often as intractable as the ideas they were intended to embody. Barry found himself committed to a contest that he was both too brave to withdraw from and too weak to win. One might say that to the degree to which he chose to go on experimenting he was, whether consciously or no, choosing to fail. The defeats he suffered were bitter to him, and yet he never gave up.

LIKE most authors, Barry wrote too much. The difficulty and self-doubt that he suffered were not only burdens to him but goads as well; they forced him to drive himself to the limit in play after play—too many

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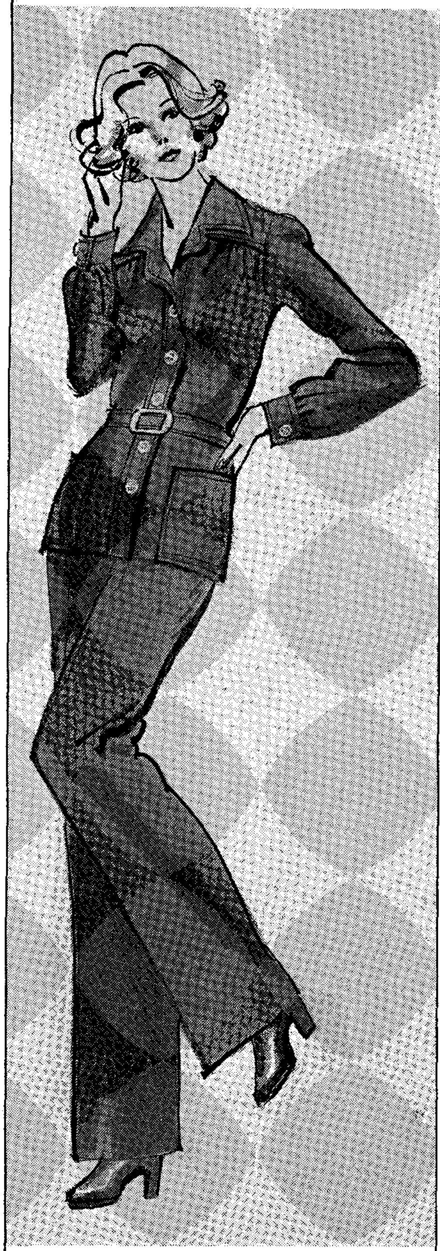
plays. Still, for students of Barry the number of plays is a boon, and the so-called flops are in certain respects more worth examining than the hits. In the work of art that succeeds, problems that the artist may have been sorely pressed to solve resist detection, simply *because* the artist has solved them so well; in the failed work of art, the problems, being unsolved, remain conspicuous, and what we learn from them may offer valuable clues to the artist's successes.

The play with which Barry followed "The Youngest" was called "In a Garden," and it was his first attempt at what he thought of as high comedy. "In a Garden," which starred the celebrated Laurette Taylor, got mixed-to-poor notices—Barry was accused of, among other things, having filled it with too many ill-sorted-out ideas—and gave but seventy-three performances. Barry afterward consoled himself with the boast that he had proved he "wasn't just another playwright . . . by writing the most sophisticated high comedy that ever came from a native-born American." It is a measure of his disappointment that, modest man that he was, he should have been provoked into boasting of anything. The unexpected phrase "native-born American" is also, perhaps, a sign of resentment: the uneasy outsider in Barry is stating a claim before a host of insiders on Broadway, not all of them native-born.

The failure of "In a Garden" might have led a less ambitious man to repeat the formula of the earnest comedies "You and I" and "The Youngest." Instead, Barry announced that he was writing a comedy that "would probably ruin the man who produced it." The play turned out to be a fantasy called "White Wings." Reckless enough of Barry to risk a fantasy in the hardboiled, bootlegging twenties; still more reckless to make it a fantasy laid in the period of the not yet romanticized turn of the century, with, of all people, a manure-shovelling street-cleaner as a hero and the inventor of the automobile as a villain. "White Wings" was the first of Barry's plays to contain no overt autobiographical material; it was inspired by a passage in a humorous book written by his friend Donald Ogden Stewart, "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad." (Barry later based a character in "Holiday"—Nick Potter—on Stewart and got Stewart to play the part. Stewart received much praise for his skill at depicting himself.) "White Wings" opened in New York in October, 1926, slightly less than a year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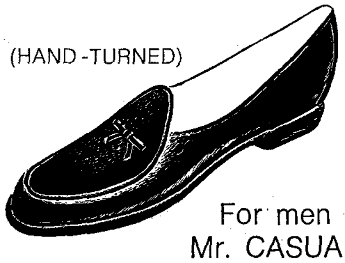
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after the opening of “In a Garden.” The producer for whom Barry had cheerfully predicted ruin was Winthrop Ames, a man of intelligence, taste, and large private means, who had built two of the most attractive theatres on Broadway—the Booth and the Little Theatre, both still standing in 1975—and he told Barry that, while he was aware that “White Wings” would almost certainly lose money, he liked it so much that he felt duty-bound to produce it. As things turned out, the play was admired by a number of reviewers, but it appeared to baffle the public. Unfortunately, Ames had a theory that if business at a play was worse the second week than it had been the first, the play was doomed and must be abandoned. In the case of “White Wings,” business was indeed worse the second week than it had been the first, and although Barry argued that business would pick up in the third week—as in fact it did—Ames had made his usual decision and had already promised the theatre to another producer. Playing toward the end to full houses, “White Wings” closed after twenty-seven performances. It is one of a handful of Barry plays that are constantly spoken of for revival—in this instance, possibly in the form of a musical.

Meanwhile, Professor Baker had triumphantly transferred his base of operations from grudging Harvard to hospitable Yale. Thanks in part to undercover activities by Barry as a go-between, Yale had been given by the philanthropist Edward S. Harkness a fully equipped professional theatre for the use of the Dramat and the Baker Workshop. (Coincidentally, Harkness was one of the rich Connecticut “summer people” whom O’Neill despised without knowing them, and he served in part as a model for the prissy plutocrat T. Stedman Harder in “A Moon for the Misbegotten.” In life, Harkness was a harmless, pleasant man; the most vivid thing about him was the fact that he gave innumerable millions of dollars to Yale. O’Neill was Baker’s most famous student, and at Baker’s urging O’Neill had accepted an honorary degree from Yale in 1926. Harkness, little guessing that O’Neill would one day bestow on him an odious immortality, was among those who applauded the award.) In 1927, Barry spoke at a conference organized by Baker at Yale. Baker had suggested that Barry should address himself to the question of what, as a working dramatist, he felt was

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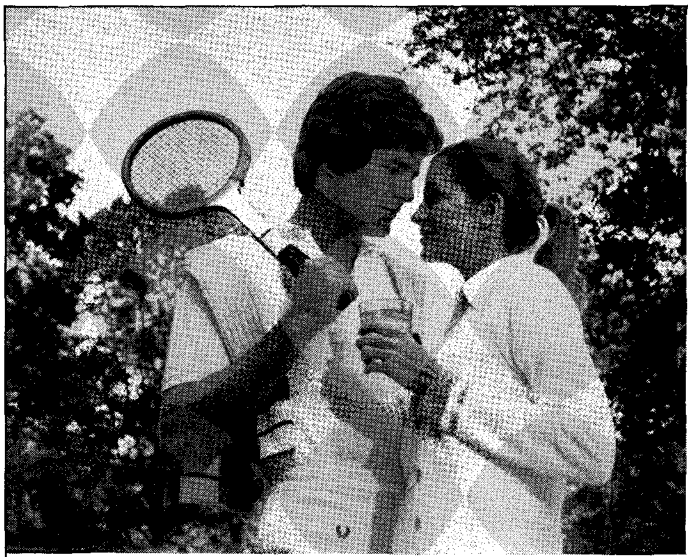

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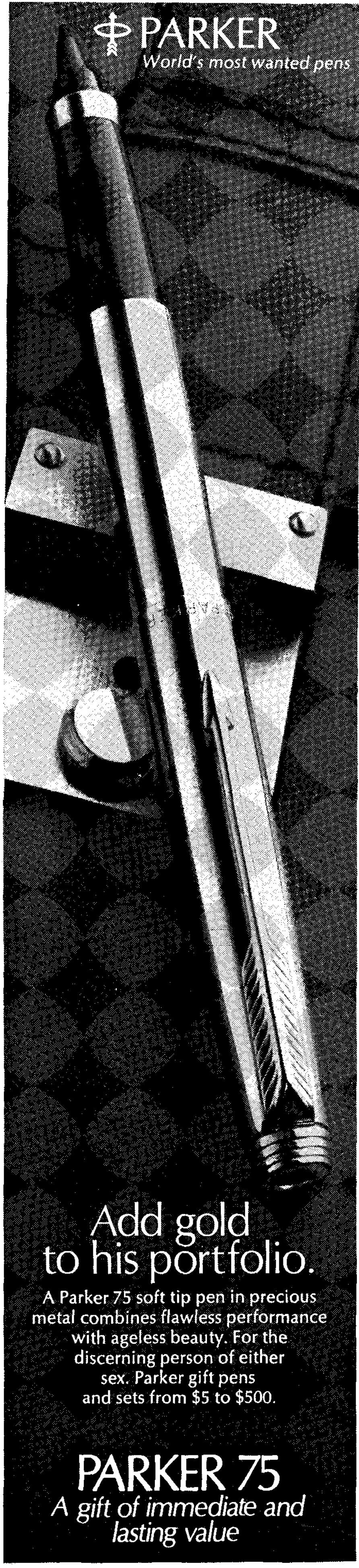
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"ill-adjusted, or might be better or more helpful in the relations between the professional and non-professional worlds of the theatre." Barry began his speech by saying, "Mr. Baker could not have come to a better man. I know both worlds and know them intimately." He reviewed his career, beginning with the happy six-month run of "You and I," and went on to say:

> With that production behind me, and armed with the invaluable professional experience I had gained in the course of it, I set to work with a will. I determined to write plays at once better and more successful. The results of that determination are now history. I tell you, industry and experience are what count in the theatre. My next play ["The Youngest"] ran three months, my next ["In a Garden"] two months, and my last one ["White Wings"] three weeks. I am now busy on a manuscript which will, I hope, contain enough that is of promise to decide Mr. Baker to readmit me to the Workshop.

These were witty remarks, much enjoyed by the audience, but there was an Irish bitterness in them, and a foreboding. For the manuscript he mentioned was the Biblical curiosity "John," which he worked on the following summer in Cannes, along with the comedy that was to become "Paris Bound," and a thriller written in collaboration with Elmer Rice and called "Cock Robin." "John" was a tragedy in five acts, and its plot had to do with events in the life of John the Baptist as he awaited the arrival of the Messiah. The play opened in November, 1927, and gave only eleven performances. Reviewers said of it that it was too long, that the subject matter was often at odds with itself, that the dialogue was too colloquial, and that the actors had been poorly chosen. The last criticism was one that Barry himself heartily concurred in. The play had proved more Biblical than he intended in that the cast amounted to a chitter-chattering Tower of Babel. John, for example, was played by Jacob Ben-Ami, an actor trained in the Yiddish theatre, who was said to be "without the gift of speaking English that can be understood," while Herodias was played with an extreme Oxford accent by the English actress Constance Collier.

Barry's chagrin over the failure of his first "serious" work—one that was obviously an attempt to write in a classic vein and on a classic scale—was soon tempered by the success of the comedy "Paris Bound," which opened a few weeks later and was an immediate hit. In theme, the play was scarcely less serious than "John," being a study of the perplexing place of sexual fidelity in marriage. In making a case for the irrelevance of fidelity, Barry was in dead earnest, for he believed that there were surely things in marriage more important than this abashing proof of our membership in the animal kingdom. The play is a charmer from start to finish; one smiles continuously in reading it and longs to see it on a stage again. It gave a total of two hundred and thirty-four performances in New York, went on tour, was sold to the movies, and continued to provide handsome royalties for many years.

Barry and Rice, meeting daily in the bar of a steamer on their way to Europe, had cobbled up the murderous shenanigans of the plot of "Cock Robin" in malicious cold blood; they thought of it as a potboiling prank—a means of rebuking critics and theatregoers by giving them precisely what they wanted. The play was written largely by mail, with Rice forwarding prolix first drafts to Barry, and Barry tightening them up and polishing them. The play opened a couple of weeks after "Paris Bound," was as well received as its authors had cynically anticipated, and ran for a hundred performances. Money was now pelting in upon Barry in reassuring abundance. His circumstances, both professional and personal, were perhaps never to be happier. In the cycle of seasons, the Barrys touched down at Cannes, Paris, London, New York, and Mount Kisco; they gave amusing parties and went to amusing parties; and they took pride in two sons—Philip, Jr., and Jonathan. (Philip is now a movie and TV producer, living in California; Jonathan is a physician and also lives in California.) The Barrys were enviable in their youth, their good looks, their wealth, and their increasing celebrity, and they knew it. What could they do but be grateful and knock wood?

"Holiday," opening on Broadway in the fall of 1928, amounted to an emblem of the happiness of that period in the Barrys' life. It is a kindly comedy, whose precepts are Barry's own. Written at the height of the boom, at a time when America had never been more grossly materialistic, the play argues that wealth and convention suffocate the soul—that a man must take radical chances in order to find out what he is capable of becoming. Money is good only as a weapon for cutting oneself free of trammels. The hero of "Holiday," Johnny Case, is an embodiment of Barry's continued

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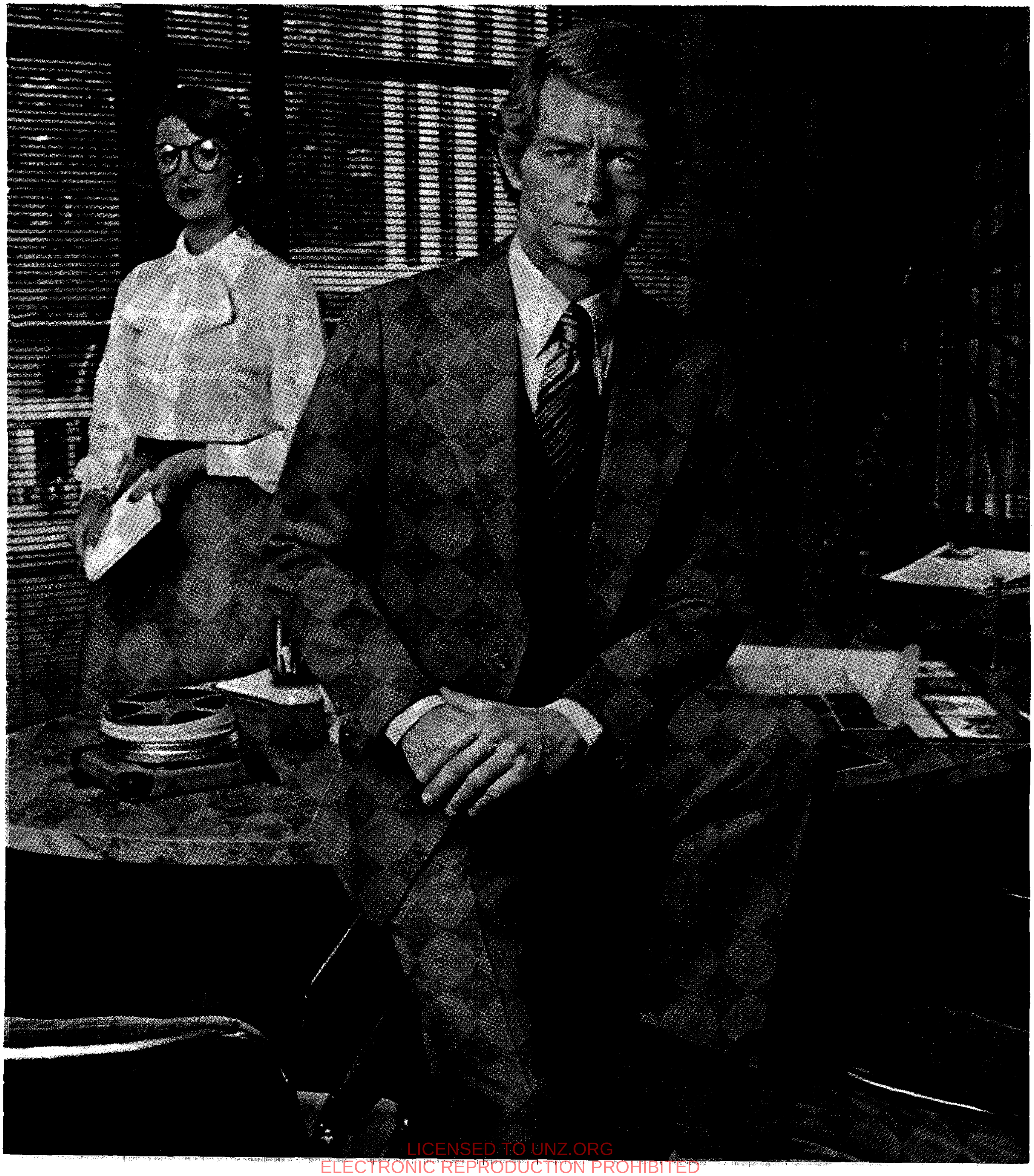

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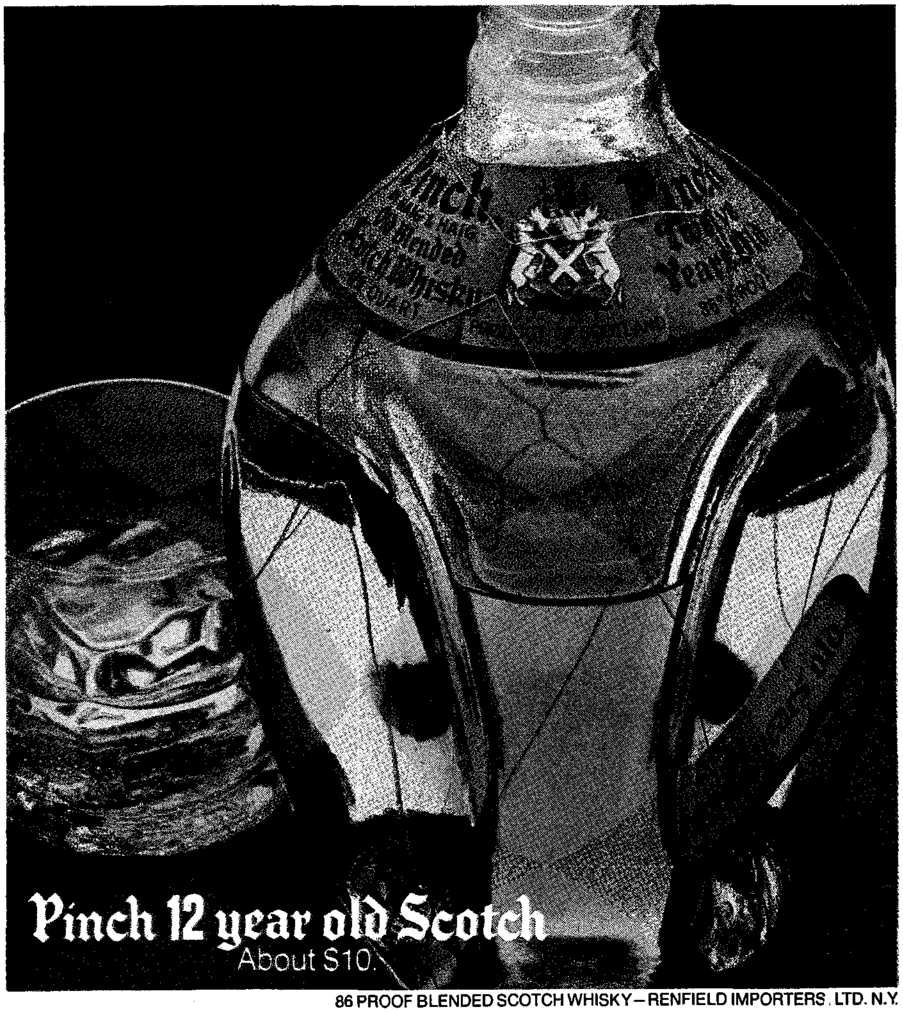

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preoccupation with the relations between outsiders and insiders. Like Barry himself, Johnny has unexpectedly made good at an early age. He has fallen in love with a member of the aristocratic Seton family, and because of his financial success the family is willing to accept him and make him over into one of them. Johnny senses that life holds a greater promise for him than a mere comfortable place among the insiders; he will remain an outsider, going his own way at no matter what cost. "Holiday" was an immediate hit. It ran on Broadway for two hundred and twenty-nine performances, grossed over half a million dollars, and was sold to the movies for thirty-five thousand dollars.

GIVEN the ease and agreeableness of Barry's life at the time, it is at least superficially ironic that he spent the summer of 1929 in Cannes writing the sombre "Hotel Universe." It is a play that is beautiful as well as sombre; many students of Barry consider it his best work. The setting, borrowed from the Murphys' Villa America, is a terrace overlooking the Mediterranean. On the terrace are gathered half a dozen attractive men and women of varied backgrounds. At first glance, they seem to be among the most fortunate people alive, but one perceives that something dreadful has happened: a malignancy no more palpable than air has put them in jeopardy. Death hovers all around them, not so much a threat as a temptation. Only recently, death has seduced a delightful young acquaintance of theirs, who smilingly dived into the sea and committed suicide.

Barry has given the play the appearance of a drawing-room comedy, and it is no such thing. On the contrary, it is a fantasy whose theme is existential despair and whose subject matter concerns the grim fact that one's life can come to an end before one dies. All those nice people on the terrace in "Hotel Universe" (like all those nice people on the Murphys' terrace at Cap d'Antibes? the Scott Fitzgeralds, the Robert Benchleys, the Ring Lardners, Dorothy Parker?) are engaged in a desperate struggle to find themselves by finding meaning in their lives, or, failing that, by finding meaning in the universe. This was a struggle that Barry remained a party to until his death. Despite the skepticism that he felt in regard to the Church and its conduct in the world, he was never not a Catholic; he was bound to the Church by emotional ties that no reasoning could loose. Once, he told Katharine Hepburn that he would be unable to get up out of the chair he was sitting in if he weren't able to believe in some sort of God—some divine principle, however little aware of man—at work somewhere beyond us. "Hotel Universe" was one of the several attempts he made to give philosophical speculation a dramatic form. That he was able to provide the play with a happy ending is a tribute not only to his ingenuity as a playwright but to his courage as a man: he would live with his doubts as other men live with an incurable malady.

"Hotel Universe" was treated respectfully by the reviewers, though many claimed to find it baffling. It failed to catch on with the public, and closed after eighty-one performances. The play contains several novelties of historical interest, among them Barry's use of psychodramas as an integral part of the plot and his insistence that the play be acted without an intermission. Nobody appears to have found this second novelty objectionable except Barry himself; a chain-smoker, he soon learned that at least once in the course of the play he would have to go sneaking up the aisle for a quick cigarette in the lobby.

Less than a year after "Hotel Universe," Barry was back on Broadway with still another serious play, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." Knowing that people expected comedies from him, he predicted that the play would have a run of eight weeks. To his astonishment, it ran for twenty-six—two hundred and six performances—and was sold to the movies for eighty-five thousand dollars. Reviewers described it as Barry's "Strange Interlude," and it is true that certain incidents in the plot echo O'Neill. Marriage, adultery, the responsibilities of parenthood, both licit and illicit—these characteristic Barry concerns are dealt with in Barry's characteristic conversational tone. The play attempts too much, and one of the main characters (whom Barry himself subsequently called a fake) comes only intermittently to life.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow" was followed by "The Animal Kingdom," which opened in January, 1932, to general praise, and ran for a hundred and eighty-three performances. It is a comedy simple in theme and economical in plot. Barry argues that a man may be more truly married to his mistress than to his wife, and in that case an adulterous relationship is more honorable than monogamy. The point is proved without a line or a ges-

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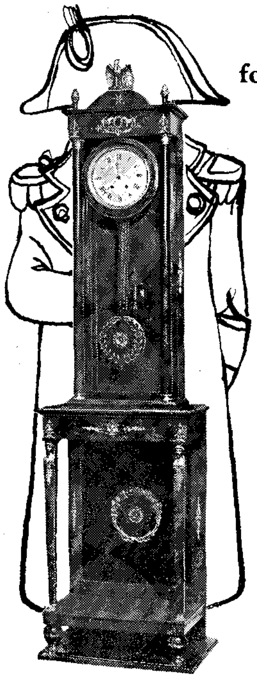

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ture too many, and the dialogue is at once the wittiest and the most natural-seeming that Barry had yet achieved.

"The Animal Kingdom" was the last success that Barry enjoyed for some time. A long period of professional failure was ushered in by a family tragedy. The Barrys had always hoped for a daughter; one was born to them in 1933, and died of an undiagnosed illness at the age of a year and a half. It was the most sorrowful event in their twenty-seven years of married life, and one can observe in Barry's plays the degree to which he failed ever to recover from it. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he was haunted thereafter by the idea of a perfect daughter—one who mingled aspects of his mother, his sister, and his wife. In his notes for possible plays, a constant subject is the father saved from loneliness and death by a daughter's love. This is in part the subject of "Second Threshold," the play that Barry was working on when he died.

In 1934 came "The Joyous Season" and in 1935 "Bright Star." In a speech given the following year, Barry said that after "Bright Star" he had decided to get out of the theatre. "I had had two utter and complete failures, one after the other: 'The Joyous Season,' which ran joylessly for two weeks, and 'Bright Star,' which flickered and went out after one. I meant those plays. I respected those plays. Each was presumably well and competently presented under honorable auspices and at a strategic time of year: mid-season and early season, respectively, in clean, well-lighted theatres. Each boasted a star, with, presumably, a following. They were my eleventh and twelfth plays to reach Broadway and each represented at least a full year of work on my part, I'm that slow and serious. . . . Well, both plays died the death, and I expect you have heard just how dead a dead play is: a thimble would have held the ashes of both of them."

For a while, Barry toyed with writing a novel (and later he did write the novel "War in Heaven"), but the lure of the theatre proved too strong for him. The producer Jed Harris talked him into preparing an adaptation for Broadway of a comedy that a couple of Smith College girls had written several years earlier. Barry entitled the adaptation "Spring Dance" and appears not to have been very much surprised when it closed after twenty-four performances. "Jed Harris is a spellbinder," he said, and he let the failure go at that. In 1938, "Here Come the Clowns"

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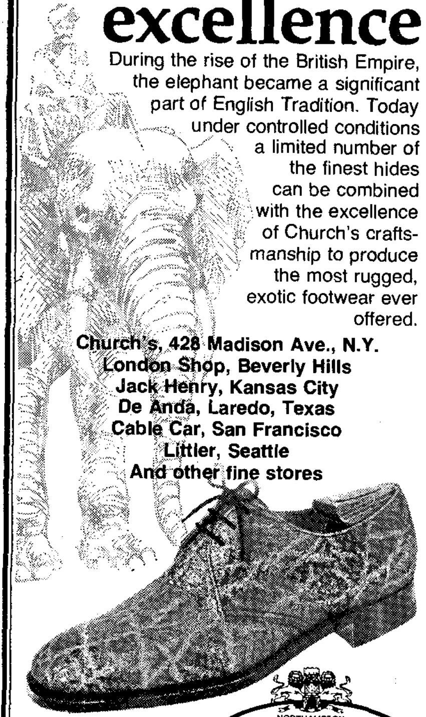

"The Kruger"
Black or Brown
Elephant Skin
$150

NORTHAMPTON ENGLAND
Church's
famous English shoes

For Free Catalogue Write
Church's British Shoes
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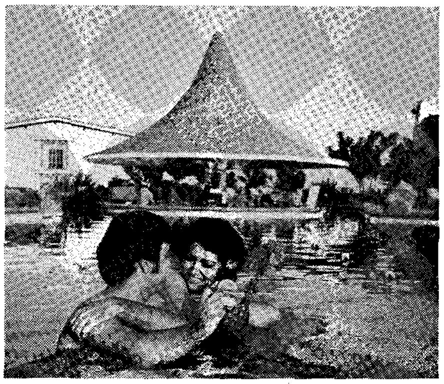
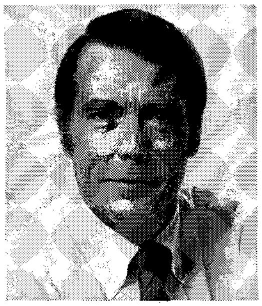
Unwind



Escape to Hotel El Tapatio, a complete resort overlooking the garden city of Guadalajara. Unwind with tennis, golf, bullfights, horseback, swimming, nightclubs, restaurants, shopping. Be pampered in a plush patio suite with fully stocked bar and refrigerator. Enjoy perfect weather all year at a perfect place. See Your Travel Agent. Also Represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc., George R. Smith Co. Call Free in U.S. 800-527-4511. Call Free in Texas 800-492-4138.

HOTEL
El Tapatio
GUADALAJARA MEXICO

So we're placing greater emphasis than ever on excellence in print, and I've asked our creative directors to bear a few things in mind:



Some thoughts from
John O'Toole, President of
Foote, Cone & Belding
Communications, Inc.

To my mind, there's no place in a creative department for anyone who places less importance on doing a great print ad than on doing a great television commercial.

Certainly not in an agency like ours which places such a large percentage of its volume in magazines and has witnessed, again and again, the medium's great persuasive powers.

One is less likely, I admit, to have friends and neighbors comment on his print work than on his opus they saw last night on TV. Nobody's reading magazines any more except consumers–real people so intensely interested that they pay increasingly high subscription rates or take the trouble to look for a newsstand.

So we're placing greater emphasis than ever on excellence in print, and I've asked our creative directors to bear a few things in mind:

Great print ads are achieved by those who approach each assignment as if it were the sole creative effort for which they might be remembered in this vale of tears.

They base each ad on a single, insightful concept and execute it in a way that dazzles with its simplicity and clarity and pertinence.

They know and understand that single human being to whom they're talking so thoroughly, and reflect that empathy so personally in the concept and execution, that the prospect will immediately say, "Hey, they're talking to *me*."

They communicate consumer benefits rather than product features.

They use language skillfully and imaginatively to make the prospect see the benefits of the product in a new and personal way.

They use graphics to carry the idea beyond the limits of words–and vice versa.

They avoid those arty affectations in layout and typography that deter all but the most zealous from reading and understanding the message.

They make explosions of meaning occur as the words and pictures combine in the reader's mind.

They get excited about every print ad and make every print ad exciting.

Everyone in the agency is involved. It requires creative directors who adamantly refuse to settle for "pretty good" when all about them are shouting, "the presentation's tomorrow."

It requires account managers who value the print media. Who will take aside for a quiet talk the client who says, "After you do the TV, let's have a print ad to go with it." Who know what to say when each level of the approval process burdens the clear, simple concept with another ragged element.

It requires media people who provide information about the publication and its readers. Who appreciate that you sometimes lose more than you save with a fractional page. Who fight like alley cats for good placement.

It requires researchers who work as part of the creative team in providing information, insights and consumer responses when they're needed most.

It requires art directors who realize their job is not designing but communicating. It requires copywriters who know that putting a creative strategy into expository prose is not making an ad. It requires working together.

For those who are able, opportunity abounds. What with continuity acceptance, the various legal clearances, the FTC and the 30-second standard, it's getting harder and harder to break new ground in the electronic media. Print, by comparison, is an Elysian Field for brilliant, honest, consumer-oriented advertising triumphs.

The uncommon ability of magazines to communicate amid clutter, to present clearly understandable selling messages even in the most uncertain of times does indeed offer Elysian opportunities for creative advertising. Thank you, John O'Toole for this timely emphasis.

Magazine Publishers Association, Inc., 575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

WINE TALK

by Austin, Nichols

At Château Bouscaut, they do not believe in putting young wine in old casks.

Château Bouscaut is one of the few châteaux in its classification that matures each vintage exclusively in new casks of Limousin oak. The Limousin is rare and costly, but it helps impart to the wine an unmistakable flavor and a better balance. Also, Bordeaux lore has it that the wine "falls bright" sooner and "lives" longer when aged in new oak.

At Austin, Nichols, long years of wine-tasting have taught us to respect these, the finer points of wine-making. For we have learned that attention to detail makes the difference between just "good" wine and an unusually supple, soft red Graves such as Château Bouscaut.

Aging in new oak is part of what makes Château Bouscaut red a truly superior product. And careful selections like Bouscaut are what makes Austin, Nichols the world's foremost importer of fine Bordeaux wines.

Mis en Bouteille au Château
1967
Château Bouscaut
GRAND CRU CLASSÉ
APPELLATION GRAVES CONTRÔLÉE
PROPRIÉTAIRE
A Select Import from
Austin, Nichols & Co. Inc.
New York, N.Y. Established 1855

opened, to mixed reviews. It was easily the most ambitious play that Barry had written, and the most serious as well. Its theme was the nature of good and evil; its subject matter was the confrontation sought by Clancy, an ex-stagehand, with God. Clancy, well played by Eddie Dowling, was determined to seek God out and put certain simple and terrible questions to Him. Why did He allow so much misery and wickedness in the world? Had He perhaps long since lost the battle with Satan? Or had He simply turned His back on man? Barry was accused, as usual, of being too profound for his own good. He was told, as usual, that his symbolism was obscure. Indignantly, he took to the papers to explain how very explicit his symbols were: the Globe Theatre stood for the world; the dwarf and the transvestite in Ma Speedy's Café des Artistes stood for "all forms of human wretchedness, congenital and imposed." In spite of Barry's public efforts, "Here Come the Clowns" closed after a run of eighty-eight performances.

In the following year came Barry's greatest success, "The Philadelphia Story." Starring Katharine Hepburn, for whom Barry had written it, as the heroine, Tracy Lord, the play ran for more than four hundred performances in New York and grossed a total of more than two million dollars before going on the road. Miss Hepburn, who had taken the precaution of acquiring the movie rights before the play opened, later sold them to M-G-M for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "Phil and I were both box-office poison at the time," Miss Hepburn has said. "Moreover, our producer, the Theatre Guild, was on the verge of bankruptcy. It was very pleasant indeed for the three of us to make our comebacks together." "The Philadelphia Story" admirably points up the fact that all Barry's plays, whether serious or comic, have precisely the same moral concerns. The characters in "The Philadelphia Story" say funny things and have funny things befall them, but they are natives of the same Barry country as the troubled characters moving through the sleazy twilight of "Here Come the Clowns." Tracy Lord and Clancy would not be likely to meet, but if they were to do so they would have something substantial to say to each other.

Barry experienced nothing as gratifying as the triumph of "The Philadelphia Story" throughout the rest of his career. During the forties, he had a couple of extreme failures ("Liberty

Rogers Peet

Christian Dior...

has created a sport shirt using his initials (CD) as the design. Soft, sumptuous and luxurious texturized polyester gives it the feel of silk—yet it's machine washable and dries in a flash. Available in ecru ground. S-M-L-XL. $25

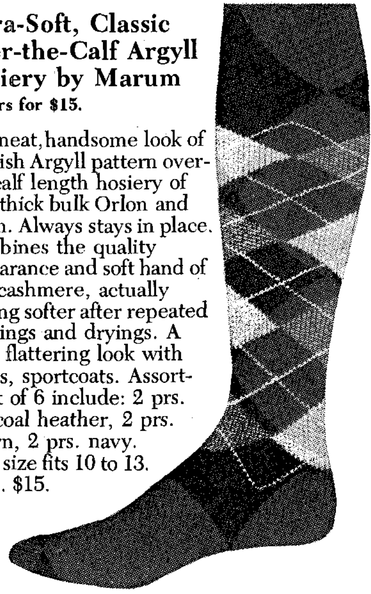
Mail & phone orders invited.
Call 212-682-8170.

600 FIFTH AVENUE • 479 FIFTH AVENUE
258 BROADWAY • RIDGEWOOD/PARAMUS, N. J.

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Ultra-Soft, Classic Over-the-Calf Argyll Hosiery by Marum
6 pairs for $15.

The neat, handsome look of English Argyll pattern over-the-calf length hosiery of soft, thick bulk Orlon and nylon. Always stays in place. Combines the quality appearance and soft hand of fine cashmere, actually getting softer after repeated washings and dryings. A most flattering look with slacks, sportcoats. Assortment of 6 include: 2 prs. charcoal heather, 2 prs. brown, 2 prs. navy. One size fits 10 to 13. 6 prs. $15.



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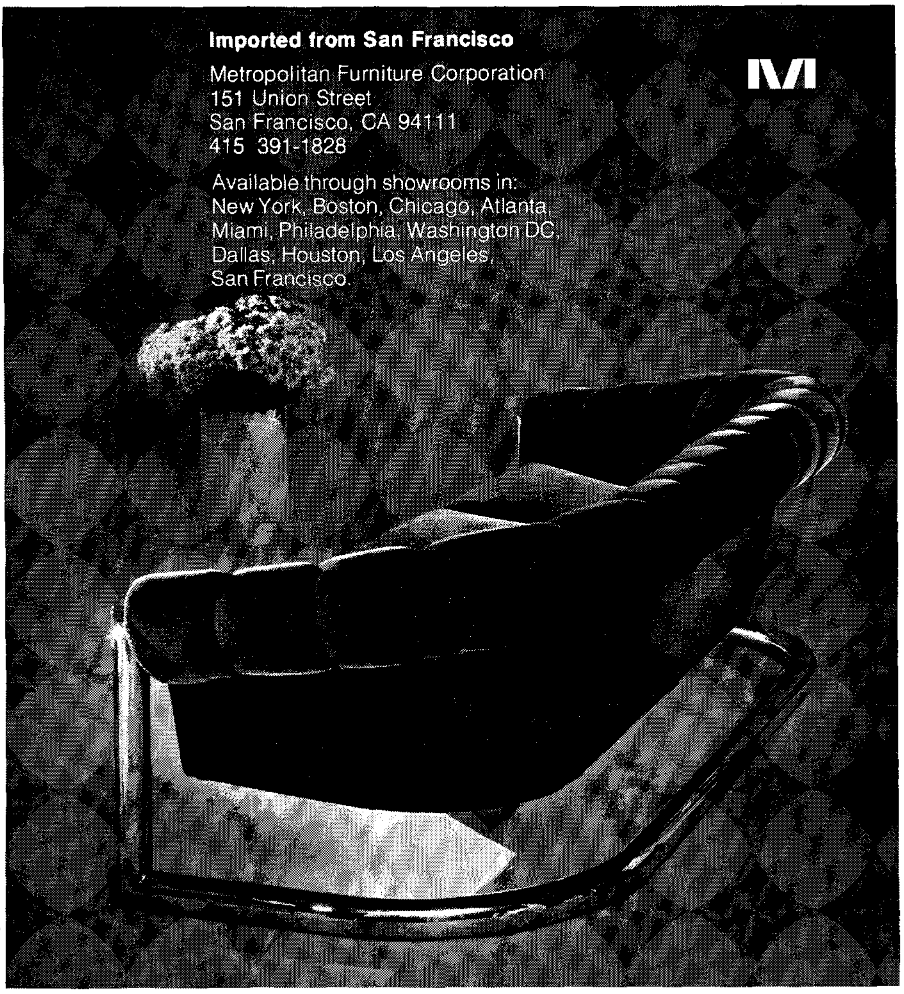
Jones" and "My Name Is Aquilon," which was an adaptation of a play by Jean-Pierre Aumont) and a couple of mild successes ("Without Love," which starred Katharine Hepburn and gave a hundred and thirteen performances on Broadway, and "Foolish Notion," which starred Tallulah Bankhead and gave a hundred and four performances on Broadway). Both the latter shows did well on the road, and it was unquestionably their stars that carried them. This was satisfactory to Barry in the case of Miss Hepburn and unsatisfactory to him in the case of Miss Bankhead; in or out of the theatre, it would be hard to imagine two people with less in common than the mannerly, soft-spoken Barry and the joyfully foulmouthed Tallulah.

Barry worked intermittently for many years on the play that became "Second Threshold." From his notebooks, it appears that at some point it was to have been a play about his friend Robert Benchley, who died in 1945. Little by little, as Barry grew older, the play altered and darkened in tone. By the spring of 1949, its central character was a wealthy man in middle age who, after a distinguished career in government, finds so little of interest left to him in life that he contemplates doing away with himself in a pretended hunting accident. James Forrestal, Barry's friend and neighbor at Hobe Sound, committed suicide that spring, and Barry feared that his play might be thought to be based on that event. The play underwent further revisions, always with the purpose of emphasizing the man's relationship to his daughter. In one of his notebooks Barry wrote, "Two people whom life has treated badly. Maybe she has been jilted by a married man. Companions in adversity. The perfect combination: mature wisdom with youthful freshness . . . love without the complications."

After Barry's death, "Second Threshold" was completed from Barry's latest revisions and notes by his friend and colleague Robert E. Sherwood. The play opened in New York in January, 1951, at the Morosco, the very theatre in which, thirty years earlier, Barry's first play had been performed. It was directed by Barry's old friend Alfred de Liagre, Jr., and had a handsome setting by still another old friend, Donald Oenslager. (De Liagre's production assistant was Philip Barry, Jr.) The play starred the well-known English actor Clive Brook and marked the début of a pretty actress named Betsy von Furstenberg. It re-



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Available through showrooms in:
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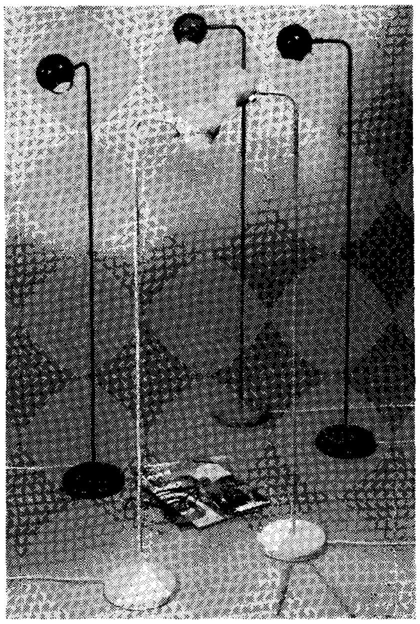
Olive Oyl.
$39.

Inside that peanut head is a lotta light. A special mini-reflector bulb we send along takes care of that. The mini-head swivels 360° Pick her wardrobe. She comes in Yellow, Orange, Brown, Black or White. Now, just pick a skinny corner of your room to put "Olive." "Popeye" Kovacs will be glad to get rid of her.



☐ Show me more. Enclosed is $1 for your catalog showing over 200 contemporary lighting devices.
☐ I must have my own "Olive Oyl." Dress her in________. Enclosed is $39 plus $6 for shipping. I won't forget N.Y.C. or State sales tax if I am a resident.

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Dept. N-252, 831 Madison Avenue, (69th St.), New York, New York 10021

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ASSOCIATES LTD.

In top form: BLEYLE'S paddock-plaid, tied-and-true jacket, buttoned all the way plus color-cued pants in double knit wool flannel; SAX mock turtle in Helanca® nylon. All imported from Europe by Hooper Associates. At the best stores. For the nearest one, write: 1451 Broadway, New York, New York 10036.
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ceived the now all but obligatory mixed reviews, in which Barry was praised for his witty dialogue and damned for his grim thoughts. Even posthumously, he was expected to embrace the sunny views of the young man who wrote "Paris Bound." Grace of the body, grace of the spirit—they had been goals far harder to achieve than that eager and diligent young man had supposed. With luck, over the long years of one's life the cost of achieving them would be only just bearable, and no man could bear the cost alone. That was the theme of "Second Threshold"—a fitting one for a playwright in his middle years to dramatize. And the title of the play was charged with promise. Barry had weighed both words with care.

BARRY died of a massive heart attack on Saturday, December 3, 1949, in the family apartment on Park Avenue. A Requiem Mass was celebrated on December 5th at the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer. Among the honorary pallbearers were Robert Lovett, Artemus L. Gates, John O'Hara, John P. Marquand, Robert E. Sherwood, Gerald Murphy, Arthur Hopkins, Lawrence Langner, Dana Atchley, and Charles Addams. Barry was buried in the Catholic cemetery in East Hampton. Later, Ellen Barry arranged to have placed above his grave a small white marble monument in the shape of an open playscript. On the left-hand leaf are carved his name and the dates of his birth and death. On the right-hand leaf, as if in Barry's own hand, are two lines from "Hotel Universe": "All things are turned to a roundness. Wherever there is an end, from it springs the beginning."

—BRENDAN GILL

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Anchorage* (*Alaska*) *Times*]

Colby said the CIA is conducting only limited covert operations now both because of the world situation and because of "this present atmosphere of sensationalism" over intelligence.

"Consequently we have to restrain ourselves to what would be in the interests of our nation," Colby said.

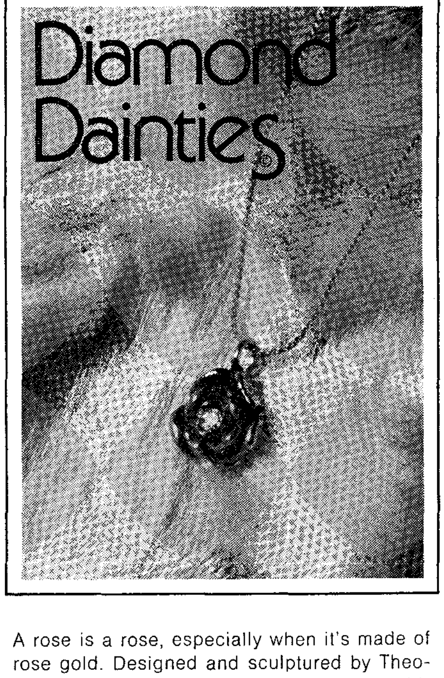
•

A small boy, his head encased in an enormous papier-mache mask, weaves through the narrow street, poking his red birdbeak and bulbous eyes abruptly in on groups of wrinkled Chinese who sit sipping tea at roadside tables. Three other youngsters are chasing him. But always he dodges clear until, perhaps tired of the game, he turns into a small cafe.—*Travel.*

Gifted little kid, what?

From the sublimely elegant to the whimsical, good cheer abounds in the Sakowitz 1975 Christmas Catalogue coming in early October! Send 1.00, to be applied toward your first purchase; Sakowitz, P.O. Box 1431N, Houston, Texas 77001.

Sakowitz



A rose is a rose, especially when it's made of rose gold. Designed and sculptured by Theodora, each rose is hand cast by our own goldsmiths of solid, fourteen karat rose gold. Then our diamond setters accent your rose with a clear, white full cut diamond. The rose, in rose gold on a dainty, fourteen karat gold chain is available in our gallery or by mail. **$85.00**

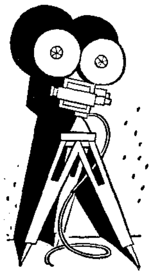
Price may change with the gold market after October 15.
California residents add six per cent sales tax; mail add 1.50.

Exhibit 3 Jewelry
47 Maiden Lane, San Francisco 94108

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bigot

THE only absorbing thing to achieve intellectually in a conflict between good and evil is to make evil seem commendable. This is why Shaw always gave good arguments to the blackhearted or the simply wrong-headed side: Saint Joan's prosecutors have arguments as persuasive as her own. And this is the dramatic strength of Ralph Nelson's "The Wilby Conspiracy," set in South Africa, in which Nicol Williamson gives himself the task as an actor of making the policy of apartheid seem natural, patriotic, and benevolent instead of aberrant, jingoistic, and malign, which the screenplay banally says that it is. Williamson is a great actor, with his slanted features, his chafing, brilliant caw, and his solitary gaze. It is the steady glare of a poet in a chosen but very harsh wilderness, where eyeballs grate with blowing sand and temperaments grow skeptical.

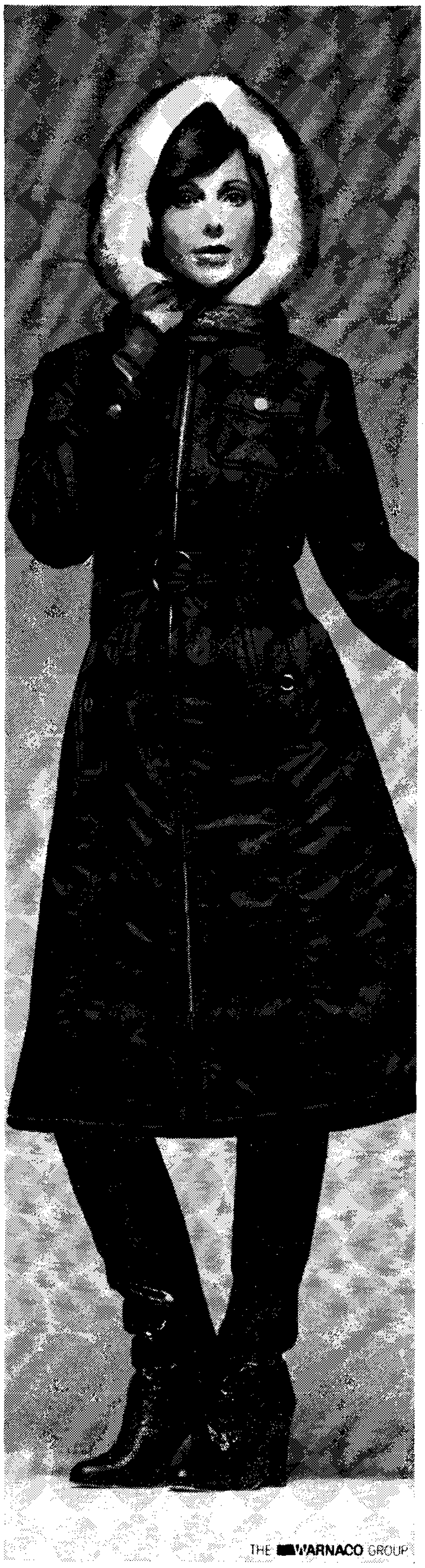


The situation of the film comes from a novel by Peter Driscoll, adapted as a screenplay by Rod Amateau and Harold Nebenzal. A woman lawyer (played by Prunella Gee) whose voice has the poleaxing genteelism of the highbred white South African accent is in court in Cape Town, defending Sidney Poitier as Shack Twala, an accused whom the prosecution identifies only by number. She gets him off. With her lover (Michael Caine), an Englishman somehow very unversed in apartheid, she drives Shack through Cape Town for a celebratory champagne lunch, having, unbelievably, failed to see that her client was supplied with papers. The car is predictably stopped by police. Shack is the vice-chairman of the Black Congress Party. He has somehow to travel nine hundred miles to get across the border to the chairman. On the way, he rescues a load of diamonds with the help of the Michael Caine character and a scared liberal named Mukerjee, who is described by Shack Twala as "deeply committed," to which the Michael Caine character responds "A politically committed Indian dentist? That sounds like all the people I can't stand at a cocktail party," implying a configuration of bigotries worthy of Lady Bracknell.

The more interesting and serious-minded study of bigotry is Nicol Williamson's, as Major Horn, an arm of the Bureau of State Security. It dignifies a film that is otherwise paltry stuff as a thriller: that teases audiences trivially with set-up suspense scenes about whether metal-cutters whirring their way through handcuffs will draw blood from a man's wrists; about a bug hidden under the back fender of a car; about Michael Caine being lowered, with the aid of a terrific amount of hardware, into a hole seventy-one metres deep to find the diamonds; about piloting a plane below radar level through a mountain gap; about a police search of the dentist's office for a wanted black man who is meanwhile making love to an Indian girl behind a wall of files; and about the bodily lifting of a mud hut to cover an incriminating liberal car that happens to have had an incriminating liberal corpse hidden in it. The circumstantial events of thrillerdom in the film are frivolous. The one element that does justice to the dire earnestness of apartheid is the character played by Nicol Williamson. South Africa is his country, feels this sulphurous wit and sardonic chain-smoker. In his eyes it doesn't make any difference that the whites are so vastly outnumbered by the blacks: "We built every factory . . . every Christian church." Talking to a village elder, he tries to restrain an incendiary irritation at the man's abjectness, but the snarls crawl out: "You're too old to work in the fields. Too old to father children. . . . You can't *think*. . . . I wish all these bleeding-heart liberals could see this. I fear for my country." The point that the Nicol Williamson performance makes, and that is scarcely ever made in real life by the people who, like Williamson himself, are apartheid's temperamental enemies, is that an enemy has to be comprehended to be undone and that white defenders of apartheid genuinely do feel that South Africa is solely their country, and to be feared for. Williamson's portrait of a bigot is poison-tongued and totally persuasive. It is a picture of a man who declines to beguile. One feels that it cannot be easy to be this cruel jester whom he defines so accurately, in whom a wicked craving for power is born of an impious need to be convinced that he exists supremely in his habitat. By the copiousness of great acting, the energy that flares from the character's nearly fuelless historical case is made to seem both pitiful and splendid.

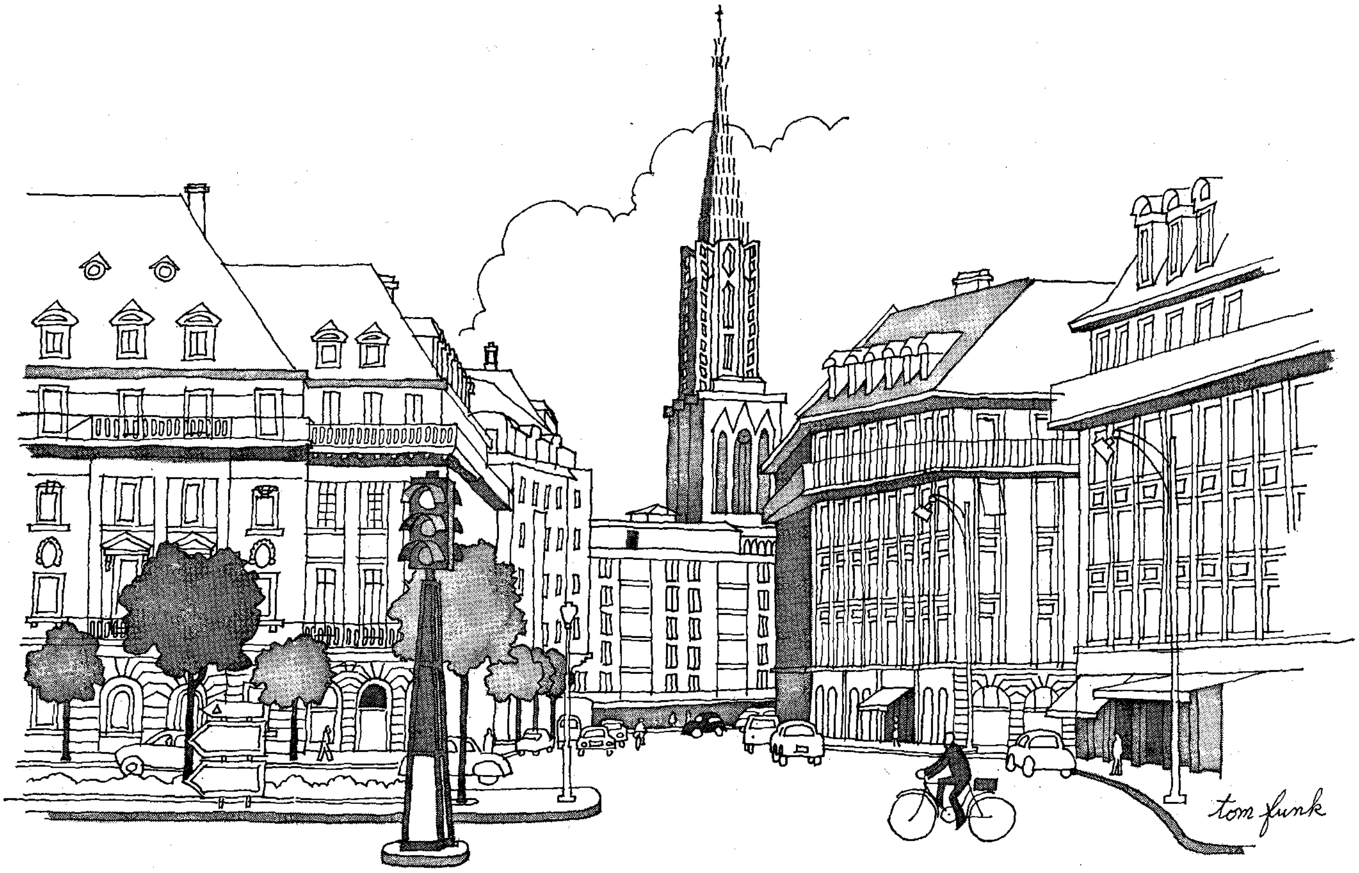
—PENELOPE GILLIATT

Now that's White Stag



Great All-weather Coat. Slick and toast-warm nylon hooded with face-flattering fur, and detailed with impeccable White Stag tailoring. About 90.00.

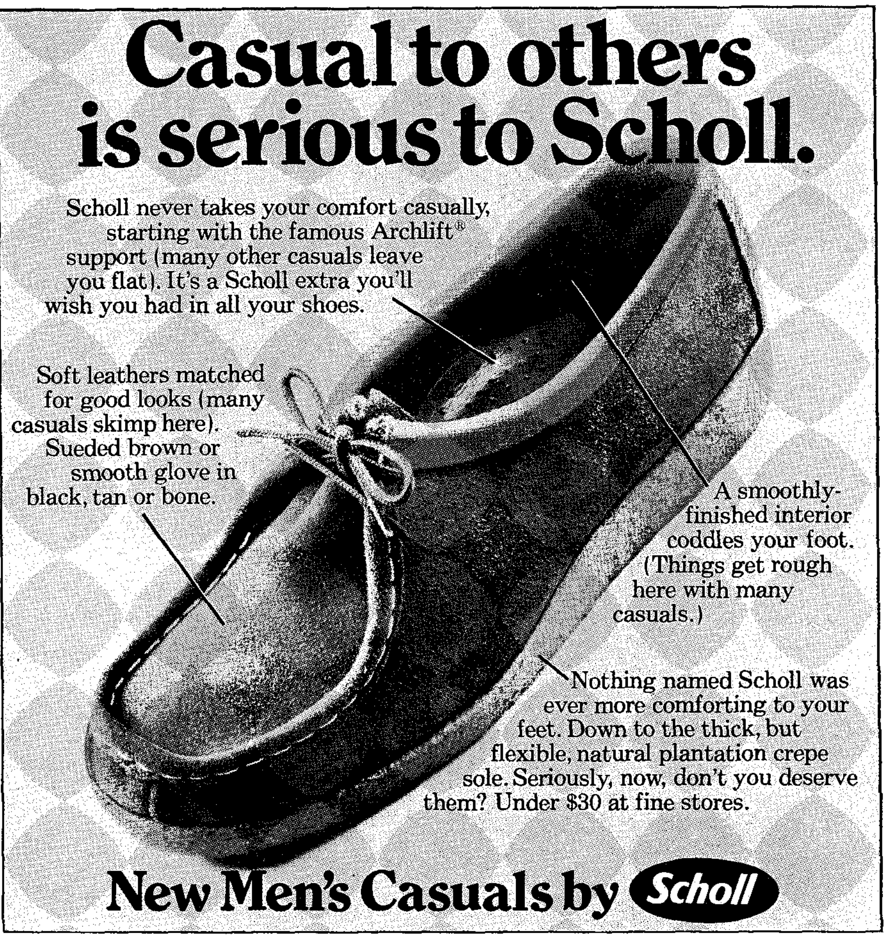
LETTER FROM STRASBOURG



IN the delegates' lounge of the European Parliament, one of the liveliest topics of conversation during the two summer sessions was the arrival of a delegation from the British Labour Party, which—as a result of the resounding "Yes" in the United Kingdom referendum on whether to stay in the European Economic Community—has called off its boycott of the Parliament and taken up eighteen seats in Britain's allocation of thirty-six. Among the first things the Labour members will have to get used to in the rather shabby Europe House (which was built in 1949 as a temporary seat for the Council of Europe, a sister organization of eighteen states, and which the Council and its assembly now share with the European Parliament) is the delegates' lounge itself—a long, high-ceilinged room reminiscent of a nineteen-forties high-school cafeteria. Here, despite its name and the presence of uniformed attendants at the doors, the delegates have none of the privileged status that British M.P.s are used to in their Westminster haunts. The lounge is frequented not only by the hundred and ninety-eight members of the European Parliament but by Parliament staff, officials, translators, and secretaries; by members and aides of the Commission, the Community's policy-initiating body, down from Commission headquarters, in Brussels, to propose, explain, and defend their policies and hear the Parliament's views of them; and by ladies and gentlemen of the press, who have found the lounge an excellent spot for chatting with members or buttonholing Commissioners, whose hauteur is melted not only by the convivial Strasbourg atmosphere but by the food and drink available—served by retainers of Mme. Irene Nuss, a charming Frenchwoman, who has the restaurant concession and presides over the bar at one end of the lounge, smilingly dispensing *sandwichs au jambon* and *gins-et-tonique*. Those who have seen the bar's accounts say that the bar takings just about doubled after Denmark, Ireland, and Britain acceded to the E.E.C., in 1973, bringing in forty-one new members, and they are waiting to see what impact the Labour M.P.s have on the revenues. People are also interested in seeing whether the new Labour members buy and wear the Parliament ties—numerous tiny gold "E.P." monograms on a blue background—which were commissioned by the Conservative M.P. Tom Normanton (who is much involved with the current problems of the European textile industry) and are worn with old-school-tie solidarity by most of the Tory M.P.s. The Labour members have aligned themselves with the Socialists in the Parliament, who, as a result, now have a plurality and about one-third of the committee chairmanships. But, though they stood the newcomers some drinks and explained to them the intricacies of the Parliament's procedure, the Socialists gave no hint of rolling out a red carpet or letting the Labour delegation feel that nothing happened until it got here. "We are glad, because this means the British are now permanently committed to the E.E.C.," says Schelto Patijn, a young Dutch lawyer, who is one of the live wires among the Socialists. "But they must know that, a bit late in the day, they are joining *our* club." Patijn feels that the Labour late arrivals will be accepted in proportion to the efforts they look like making in behalf of the Parliament's current bid for greater powers, which is now going forward strenuously on several fronts.

Of the trinity of institutions that control the E.E.C.—which has grown out of the Franco-German coal-and-steel pact of 1951 to the point of incorporating nine countries and two hundred and fifty-six million people in a "common market" with predominantly but not entirely economic concerns—the Parliament has until recently run a poor and shadowy third. "The phantom parliament" a book on European politics of the early sixties calls it. The European Commission, in Brussels, has seemed more notable, with thirteen Commissioners and a staff of five thousand civil servants initiating policy, executing decisions, and seeing to it that Community laws and regulations are obeyed. The Council of Ministers, formed of ministers from the various national governments, who meet several times a month in various countries, and served by its own thousand-strong Secretariat in Brussels, has the power to approve or reject Commission proposals and is an instrument for national control (and veto) of international compromise. But the Council also has the job of forwarding Community interests, and members of the Parliament seem to think that under its recent president, the Irish Foreign Minister Garret Fitzgerald—who completed his six months' term of office in June—it has done a good job of that. The Parliament's role in the past twenty-three years has been largely to be consulted by and to advise the Commission; members of the Parliament have been selected by national political parties from among incumbent members of national assemblies, and have had to do both jobs as well as they could, shuttling between their homes, their assemblies, and the Parliament. They have had to put up with hearing the Parliament called "a rubber-stamp organization" and "a not very democratic talking-shop." During the United Kingdom referendum debate, observers here were somewhat amused to hear anti-marketeers, who once were opposed to increased E.E.C. influence, saying that if Britain stayed in the E.E.C. the important thing would be to make the European Parliament more democratic and more powerful as quickly as possible. Yet even now some who criticize it for not being powerful enough seem to be those who are against direct election of its members, which many believe to be the surest way of making it democratically powerful.

IN the opinion of many of the delegates and staff members, the European Parliament provides a strong case for believing that a common language isn't needed in a democratic assembly—that perhaps the contrary is true. Six languages are recognized here. All documents and speeches are in English, French, German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish. The speeches can be heard, direct or in simultaneous translation, over headsets in the Hemicycle, or the Parliament chamber, where members sit in a semicircular arrangement of desks. The headset controls can be switched to seven channels—one is currently spare, perhaps for Greek or


Casual to others is serious to Scholl.

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Spanish if the need should arise. The belief was once widely held that English would rapidly become the working language of Europe, but it has so far been unjustified; about thirty of the members (apart from the U.K. and Irish delegations) speak fluent English—mostly the Dutch, Danes, Germans, and Belgians. Instead, French remains the lingua franca, in part because the French seem to have less facility with languages than other nationalities do. The side effects of Babel are numerous. Members learn early that telling a joke is risky, for it may produce mirth from compatriots and a staggered series of guffaws from each language group ("The Danes always laugh last," says Peter Kirk, a Tory M.P.) or it may in translation fall dead. In a multilingual assembly it is more difficult to interrupt a speech. Speeches are followed by polite applause rather than booing and cheering. "There is much less yahoo behavior than in the Commons," says Kirk, who occasionally has a serious but dignified set-to with Ludwig Fellermaier, a German delegate. The only memorable, wildly abusive scenes are those that now and then take place between Italian Fascists and Italian Communists, fortunately separated by the diameter of the chamber. Perhaps because of the deadpan expressions that the members see under the headsets around them, they often repeat their points three or four times to get them across. There are, as in all assemblies, some great bores, but time limits are imposed on the speechmaking. In these circumstances, the job of the translators, sitting in a bank of glass-fronted booths overlooking the chamber, is weighty. Some are skillful at conveying the mood and emphases of the speaker, while others simply and blandly translate. Some can get across the ordinariness of an Englishman's use of "the honorable gentleman" and the sarcasm that may lie in a Belgian's use of "*mon cher collègue.*" There are what the translators call wavelength problems: with some speakers, their words flow in and the translator's words flow out almost unthinking, but with others it's a fight from moment to moment, word to word. When speakers use a native adage or idiom, like "shutting the barn door after the horse is gone," or clubby jargon ("We must take on board . . ." said James Spicer, a Tory M.P., using that naval parlance for bringing in a new measure), the translator has to decide instantly whether to use a similar idiom in his own language or to make a literal translation. Faced with a joke,

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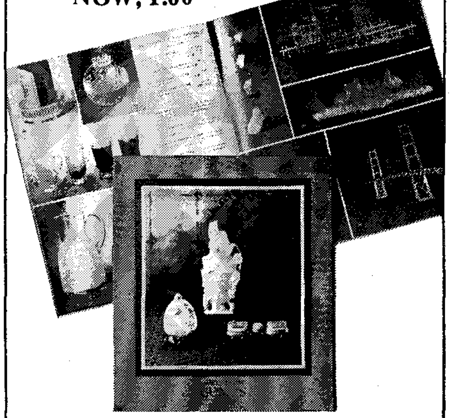

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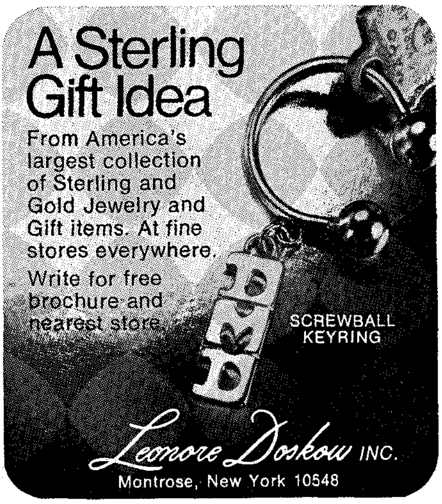

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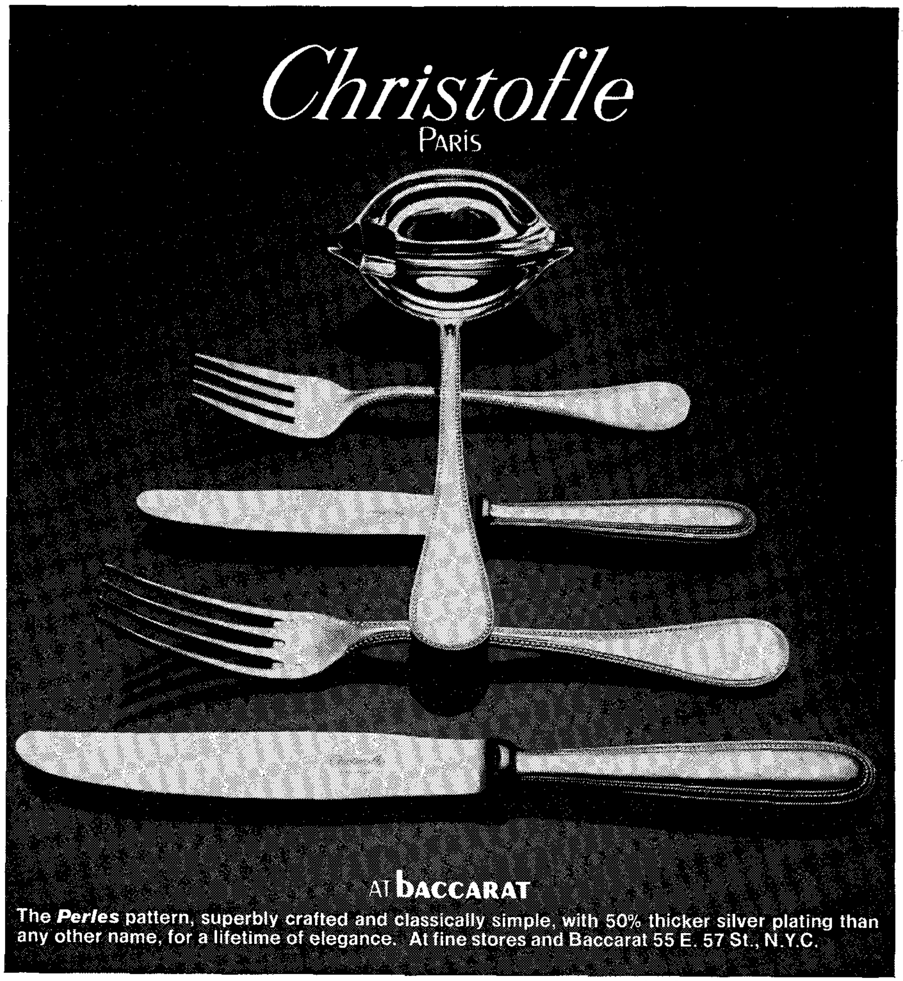
some translators say, "Here's a joke that isn't translatable." Some incoherent speeches are made grammatical—even logical—in translation. There is a slightly abstracted air in a chamber where three-quarters of those present may be listening to the speaker at second hand, but there is also a sense of an orchestra of different voices playing inaudibly but together.

THOUGH the turnout varies from debate to debate, and is generally smaller on Mondays and Fridays, attendance averages fifty or sixty per cent. Committee meetings are more diligently attended. Members aren't paid, but they receive three thousand Belgian francs (about seventy-five dollars) a day for expenses, and a travel allowance, out of which a frugal member can certainly afford presents for the family. A small scandal blew up last year when an Irish member was found registering an absent colleague as in attendance, thus enabling him to get expenses without the bother and cost of actually being there. One Italian member is said to have appeared at the Parliament only once—in the company of a photographer, who took his picture, for the benefit of his home constituents, with his arms around the president of the Parliament. Now the members must sign a daily list in person in the chamber. Against this background, the Italian Communists, led by the highly respected Neapolitan deputy Giorgio Amendola, appear particularly keen.

Amendola is also the chairman of the Communist and Allies Group in the Parliament, which has French, Danish, Dutch, and Italian members. Such groups, formed on a political rather than a national basis, are a notable feature of the Parliament. "Ideas count for more than geography," says Russell Johnston, a Scottish Liberal who has been serving in the Liberal and Allies Group, which also includes the French Républicains Indépendants and a member of the Danish Det Radikale Venstre. The Christian Democratic Group includes members of Ireland's Fine Gael and a member of Holland's Anti-Revolutionaire Partij, while Michael Yeats, an Irish Fianna Fail senator and a son of the poet, is a member of the Progressive European Democrats, alongside Pierre-Bernard Cousté, a Union des Démocrates pour la République assemblyman from France, and Kai Nyborg, a Fremskridtspartiet representative in the Danish Folketinget. Some of the West German members aren't on speaking terms here, because of differences of opinion on domestic issues. However,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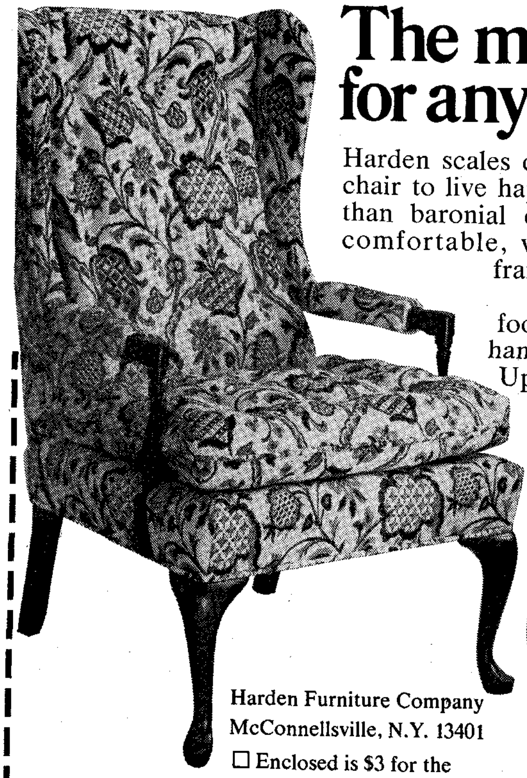
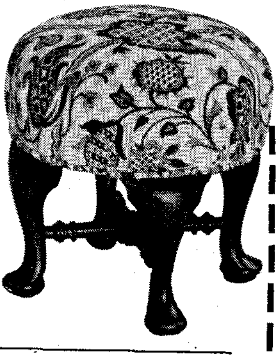
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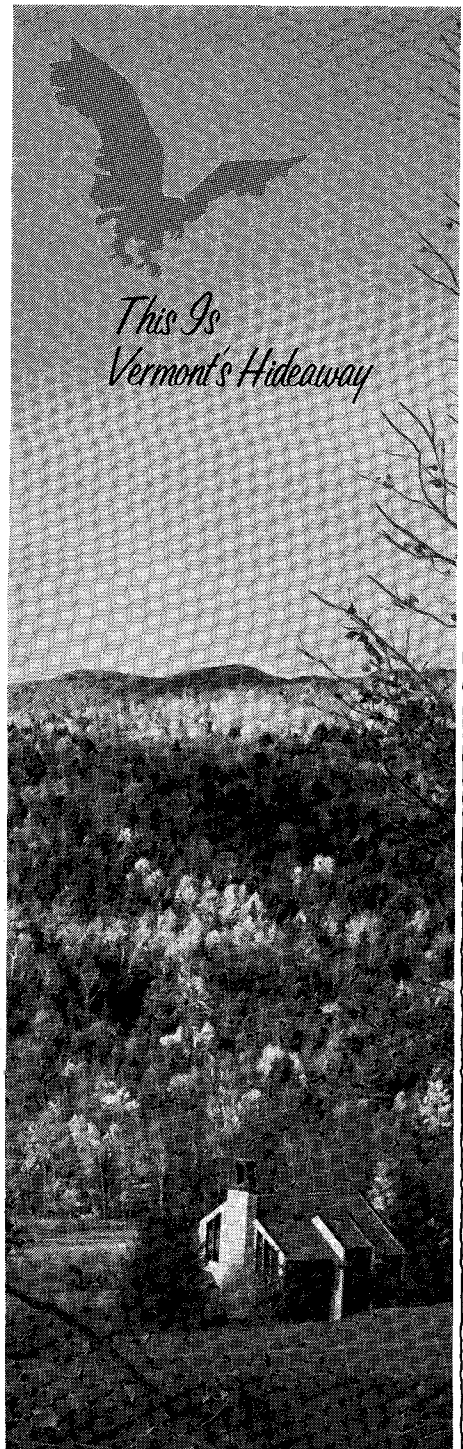

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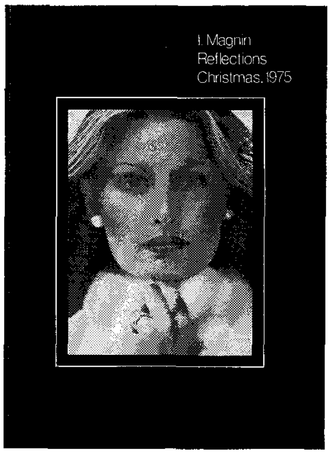
many members find that being here, well away from the *idées fixes*, rivalries, and animosities of home, makes it possible to get to know compatriots of other parties and something of their points of view. On the way out to dinner with some Dutch conservative colleagues one evening, Schelto Patijn, the Dutch Socialist, told me he was looking forward to an evening of good-humored argument and exchange of information on the problems of the Dutch coalition government. After a day of interparty debate and committee work, many members tend to cluster in national groups. The British Conservatives, who still seem more readily identifiable than other members—generally tall, pipe-smoking, with straight gray hair, eccentric eyebrows, firm chins, and pin-striped suits—are often to be seen in the Sofitel Hotel bar, or across the road in the Bourse aux Vins, one of many moderately priced but first-rate Strasbourg restaurants that make the double mandate of serving in two assemblies, here and at home, somewhat less onerous.

Members do complain, however, about the difficulty of doing two jobs well. It is possible to spend two hundred and twenty days a year on European Parliament business. (The Parliament holds monthly meetings, each lasting about five days, eight times a year here in Strasbourg and four times a year in Luxembourg.) Patijn, who is a member of four committees, has reckoned that he put in a hundred and fifty days last year, with some fifteen per cent of that time lost in airports and railroad stations. For members from countries other than Luxembourg, France, and Germany, Strasbourg isn't an easy place to reach. Peter Kirk says that if he had known how much time he would be spending in airports, he wouldn't have accepted the job. The British Conservative M.P.s have been under particular strain, because of being in opposition at home against a government with a slim majority and thus often called back for important votes. Last December, Kirk had to vote on a motion in the European Parliament, fly to London for a crucial vote in the Commons, and then fly back to Strasbourg for another vote the next day, with two hours' sleep on a bench at Heathrow and a short nap on the plane. One advantage for the Tories of Labour's decision to participate is that "pairing" can now take place—members on the two sides agreeing to cancel out each other's vote by both attending or both staying away from one parliament or the other.

There is also pressure on members



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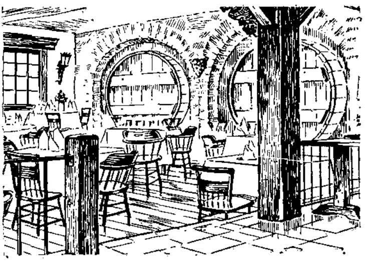

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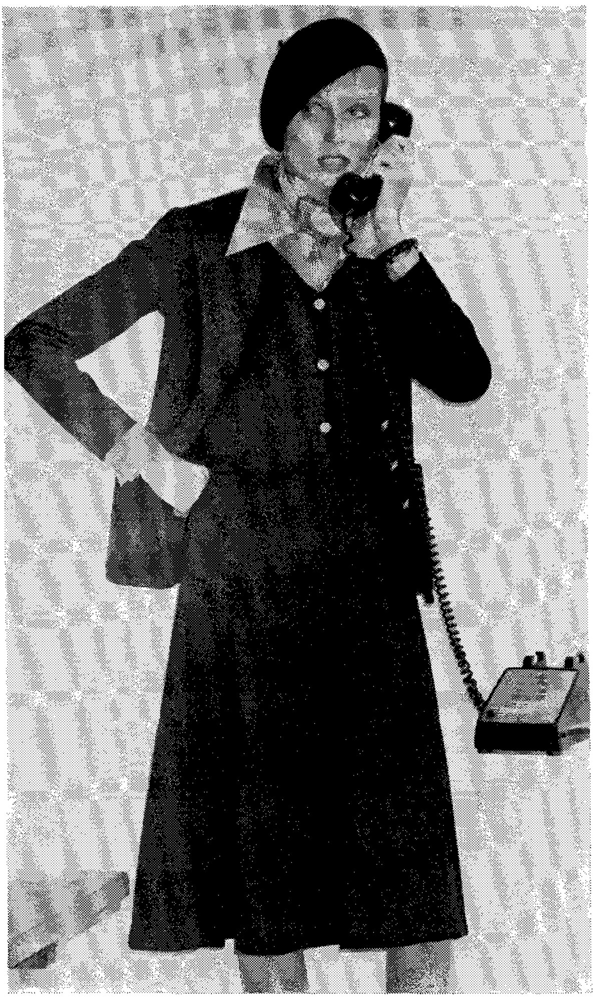
of the European Parliament from their constituents at home. Ernest Glinne, a Belgian Socialist, told me recently that he is rebuked for missing such local occasions as school fêtes and church jumble sales. James Hill, who was the chairman of a European Parliament committee, lost his seat at the last British general election to an opponent who had made much of Mr. Hill's absence from the British Parliament. There is, of course, the benefit from a European point of view that members feel the need to educate their constituents on the subject of the E.E.C. and its institutions, and to organize parties of them to come here and see the Parliament in action. Peter Kirk believes that most of his constituents were against the E.E.C. at one point, chiefly out of ignorance, and are for it now.

THE enthusiasm that members feel for the Parliament is undoubtedly commensurate with their feeling that they are getting things done. Patijn says, "You hear complaints about how slow our progress is. I think, How fast! Two years ago, I wrote a book on the European Parliament, and now, in a new edition, I have to write several chapters on what we've accomplished since then." Soon after arriving at the Parliament, in January of 1973, Kirk and his fellow-Conservatives made particularly effective use of the oral question, which had been accepted in principle but had not yet been put into practice, and this has made for a more public and effective dialogue with representatives from the Commission, who sit on the flanks of the Parliament. Commissioners are now reserving important announcements to be made at question time here, almost as revelations, with attendant publicity. The Parliament has the power to dismiss the Commission but not to appoint its successor, and it is seeking that power, which is now held by the Council of Ministers. It is also working toward greater control over E.E.C. finances. An Audit Court has been set up to supervise the spending of European taxpayers' money. At the moment, the Council of Ministers has full power over obligatory E.E.C. expenditures, such as those on Common Agricultural Policy programs, which now account for roughly seventy-five per cent of the E.E.C. budget. As the Community becomes involved in a wider area, and the agricultural funds form a smaller proportion of its business, the Parliament's control over revenues and expenditures will be enlarged. At the moment, its powers in this respect are, of



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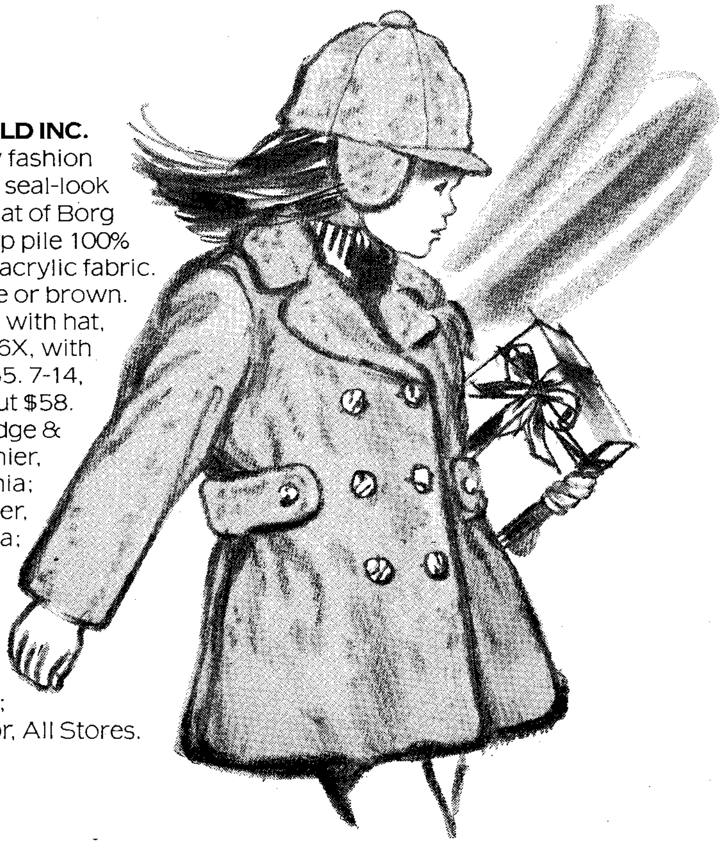

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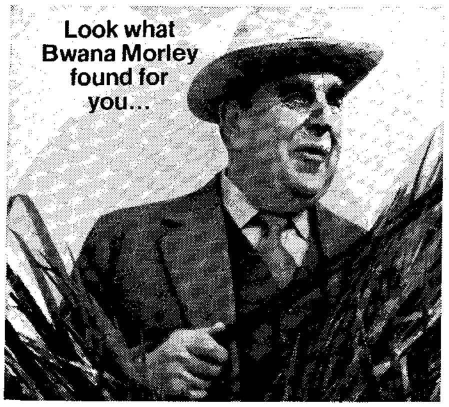

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course, less than those of the United States Congress, but Gwynfor Evans, a Welsh Nationalist M.P. and an opponent of Britain's membership in the E.E.C., said after a recent visit to the European Parliament, "In fact, though not in theory, [the Parliament] seems to have more control over E.E.C. expenditure than Westminster has over the British government's."

Just about everyone in the European Parliament agrees that its true authority will be firmly established by one particular innovation: the direct election of its members. The Parliament is used to being out ahead on notions that can effect an increase in its role, but at the Paris summit meeting of the nine E.E.C. countries in December of 1974 the heads of government told the Council of Ministers to get cracking on direct elections. In December, reporting to the Parliament, Garret Fitzgerald said that the Council had "a very clear recognition of the undesirability, even impracticability, of having direct elections for a Parliament which has inadequate power," and that "the interrelationship between the powers of Parliament and direct elections was recognized, and the chicken-egg problem that this poses was overcome by saying, rightly, that both must be done at once." In January, Schelto Patijn presented to the Parliament a report he had drawn up after a great deal of travelling to and research at various national assemblies. This report recommended that direct elections by universal suffrage take place in May of 1978 (a date Patijn rapidly inserted instead of 1980 when he saw that the Council was for it as well, though most people think 1980 a more realistic date), and that countries use their own systems of voting—by constituencies or by proportional representation. Patijn thought it politic to get direct elections started rather than first try to impose a uniform system, which might lessen the chances of direct elections' being accepted in some countries. Similarly, in his report he didn't take a position either for or against the double mandate, though his own opinion is that to be a member of the European Parliament ought to be a job on its own, attractive not simply to European idealists but to professional politicians from the mainstream of political life. At any rate, his report was passed by a large majority.

The chief conflict concerned the proper size for the Parliament after direct elections are established; many observers feel that the membership should be enlarged considerably, so that members would not have to serve unduly large constituencies. Patijn's proposal of five hundred and fifty members was amended to three hundred and fifty-five, which would, as Patijn admitted, allow room for new members if other countries should join the Community. (Considerable complications are posed by the present share-out of membership: Luxembourg, with less than half a million people, has six members, whereas Italy, with more than fifty million, has—like France, Germany, and the United Kingdom—thirty-six. But there is a feeling that perhaps smaller units need a disproportionately large representation in vast groupings. Luxembourgers are ready to use Rhode Island's two senators as an argument.)

The two governments that have been least enthusiastic about direct elections are those of Britain and Denmark. The Danes feel somewhat overwhelmed by the proximity and prosperity of Germany, and cast a rather cool Northern Protestant eye on what seems to them a Catholic, Western European, and Mediterranean get-together. The referendum result in the United Kingdom has given the British government less ground for hesitation, though there is a not unreasonable suspicion among those satisfied with the way things are now organized in British political life that direct elections for the European Parliament may cause some changes in Britain—probably the introduction of some form of proportional representation. At the moment, British Liberals have less than two per cent of the seats in the Commons, despite having twenty per cent of the popular vote, so it is no surprise to see Liberals in the van on this issue.

The Liberal M.P. Clement Freud recently proposed in the House of Commons that Britain take the lead among the E.E.C. countries and directly elect its quota of thirty-six members of the European Parliament at the same time that it elects M.P.s for the Commons, at the next general election. Russell Johnston, a Liberal M.P. who until recently sat in both assemblies, said in the January European Parliament debate that as a result of direct elections the European Parliament "will probably become a much more divided, a much more argumentative, and perhaps a much less pleasant place" but that he recognized the necessity of direct elections to achieve a democratic Europe.

There would be other effects of direct elections. By obliging parties to define common platforms, they would encourage the formation of European political parties—already in embryo in the political groups in the European Parliament, although differences naturally remain, even between, say, German Christian Democrats and Belgian Christian Democrats. Some doubts have been expressed about whether politicians of the highest calibre would run for the Parliament or it would be stocked with party veterans being rewarded on the way to retirement. But there are already signs of the Parliament's being a place that serious politicians take seriously. Some members, like Ernest Glinne, say that if they were forced to choose between the European Parliament and their national assemblies they would rather be members of the European body. (Glinne is also the mayor of his home town in Belgium, and he hopes that he would be able to retain that office.) Patijn, whose energy, good looks, and command of languages make him one of the stars of the present Parliament, says that he has promised his wife he won't make a career of the European Parliament, and that he wants to devote more time to his work in the Netherlands, but he sounds a bit like an American Presidential candidate denying any intention of running for office.

THE Parliament is gaining power not only in some fairly striking ways, such as its moves toward greater control of E.E.C. expenditures and toward the establishment of direct elections, but also through a gradual accretion of responsibility in the handling of day-to-day business, and through the display of a more conspicuous presence, built up in part by the symbiotic relationship of politicians and the press. Most parliaments are not "a good story"—the more democratic they are, the less dramatic they tend to be. But despite the confusing and special nature of business here, and the lack of anything notorious ("A good scandal would help," one information officer admitted to me recently), the pressroom was fairly crowded in recent sessions—reporters, like politicians, being drawn by their instinct for something in the making. A number of British reporters were here to test the water before the Labour delegation jumped in. The *Financial Times* sent two men. The *Times* of London now runs on its Parliamentary-report page, with its usual indirect-speech reports from the

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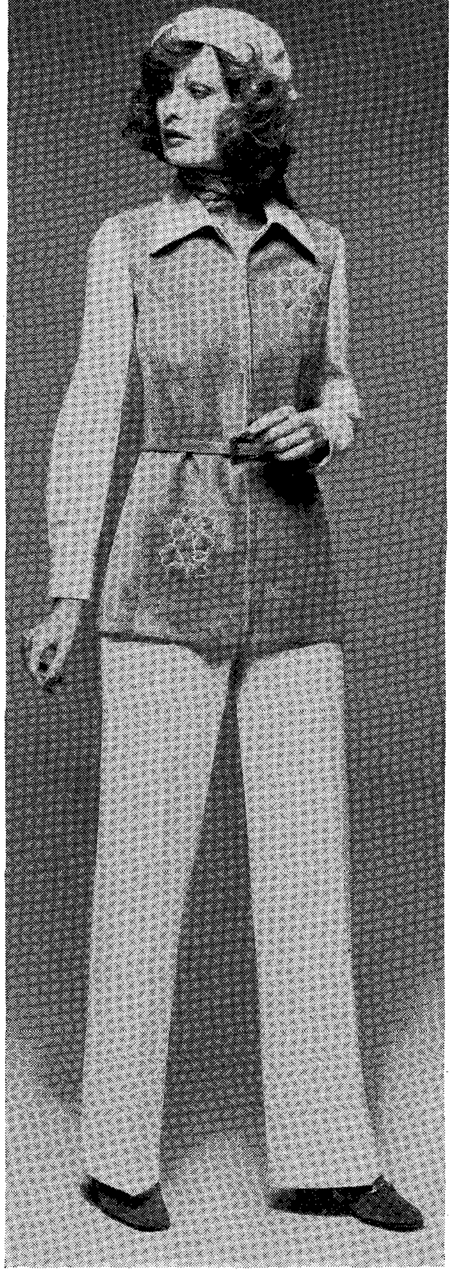

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Commons and the House of Lords, brief excerpts from the European Parliament's debates. Most of the news agencies—Associated Press, United Press International, Reuters, Agence France-Presse, Agence Europe, and Nouvelle Chine (of Peking)—are represented, and so are such publications as the *Irish Independent*, *Farmers' Weekly* (of Britain), and *Ya* (of Spain). The BBC's chief European reporter, Charles Wheeler, was to be spotted this summer, with his great shock of silver hair, prowling the corridors with his camera and recording crew. And Dan Counihan, a BBC diplomatic correspondent, was the only journalist on hand at a Socialist Group conference when Knud Nielsen, a Danish member of the Parliament, announced that he and some colleagues had been roughed up the night before by the French police. Counihan thus got a beat on his colleagues on the week's "story"—though the Danes had already had it on the air at home in Denmark—and the imbroglio got several inches of space in numerous European papers the next day, with follow-ups the day after. Howard Williams, a young Brussels-based reporter for half a dozen British papers, who has an old-fashioned haircut and a thirties tough-guy "Front Page" manner, buttonholed the Parliament's president, Georges Spénale, who is a Frenchman, over champagne that the president was offering at a *séance* for the press, and asked what assurances the president could give the new British Labour delegation concerning its members' safety at the hands of the French police. The consequences were that M. Spénale demanded an inquiry; the Danish members threatened to boycott Strasbourg; the Strasbourg police commissioner stonewalled for a few days ("Everything proceeded properly; it is a little affair"), and finally the prefect of Alsace apologized to the Parliament for the assault.

For the most part, reporters are faced with picking out what might conceivably interest editors and readers from among such topics as fish-storage schemes, aid for dismantling greenhouses, a surplus of skimmed-milk powder, an alleged cartel of operators of cross-Channel ferries, the Common Agricultural Policy, polychlorinated biphenyls, aid to nonassociated countries, textile-industry problems, the pollution of the Rhine, and the harmonization of speed limits. ("Harmonization" is one of the fashionable E.E.C. terms that make some people anxious about a possible loss of diversity: What if E.E.C. preservative

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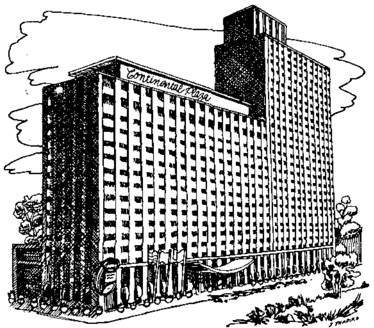

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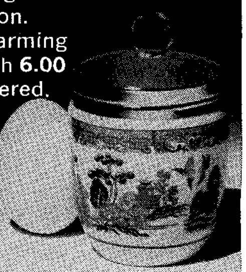

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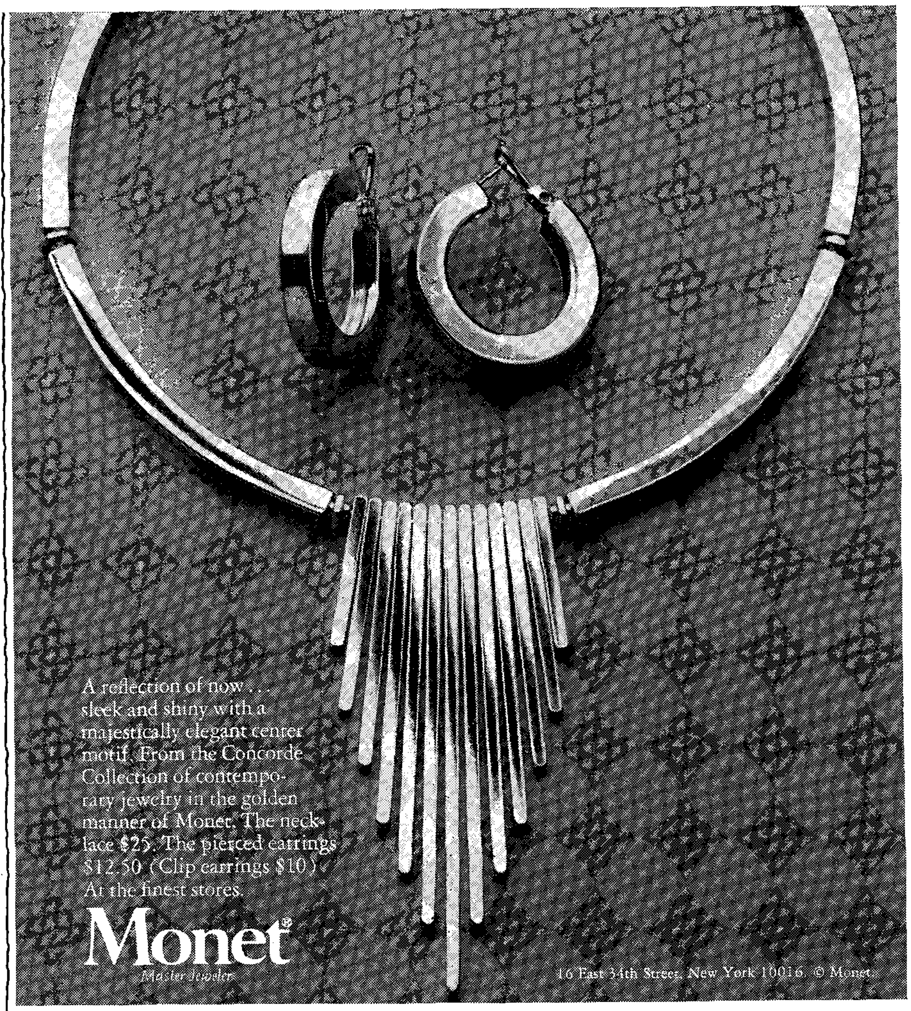
standards were set so that it became impossible to make the Scottish kipper? But, according to Patijn, the Parliament is on its guard against Commission directives that involve this danger. Its intention is, rather, to create minimum standards that will prevent industries in one area from cutting corners and thus competing unfairly with industries in another.) Parliament observers also have to become familiar with various initials and acronyms and not altogether blank out when speakers go on about generalized preferences, first transformations, stabilization of receipts, and nontariff barriers. One has to try to bear tolerantly in mind that one is witnessing the management of a very large household, and that whether a yes or no is given here to two-tier systems on milk supports may mean solvency or bankruptcy next winter for Welsh hill farmers: lots of little things adding up to the way the world is changed.

JUDGED by the amount of printed paper it produces, the Parliament is booming. The first four days of the first session this summer saw the publication of thirty committee reports, ranging from four to thirty-two pages, plus numerous printed amendments and written questions. Parliamentary proceedings are reproduced in extensive summary within an hour or so of the words' being spoken. (The summaries are mimeographed on paper of a different color for each language, and by evening the pressroom is something of a rainbow.) Between 1972 and 1974, the number of hours of Parliamentary sittings increased by seventy-three per cent, and the number of pages of reports of the Parliament's proceedings by seventy-four per cent. Most of the standing committees, which generally meet in Brussels to give detailed consideration to proposed legislation, are meeting more often. In their sessions with the Commission staff, proposals are attacked, explained, altered. Committee meetings aren't open to the public or the press. A *rapporteur* chosen from among the members works out a central point of view from the opinions of the representatives of various political groups, and lists possible amendments. Some national parties have picked specialists for their Parliament delegations in the hope that such delegates will become authorities in various committees. But in practice it doesn't seem to work this way. A Dutch member who is an education expert at home is a vice-chairman of the Agriculture Committee. David Thornley, an Irish member of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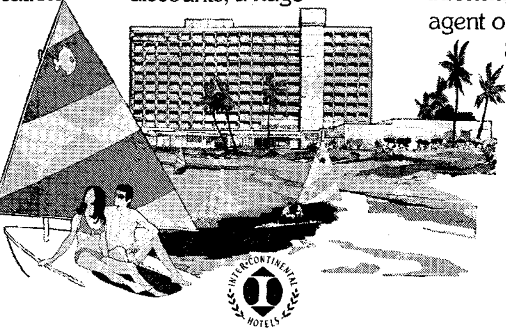

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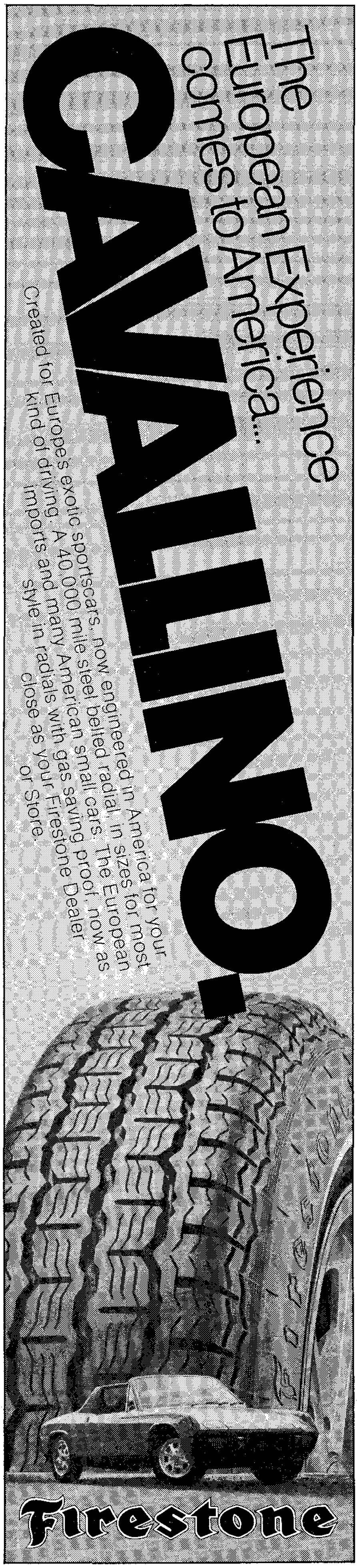

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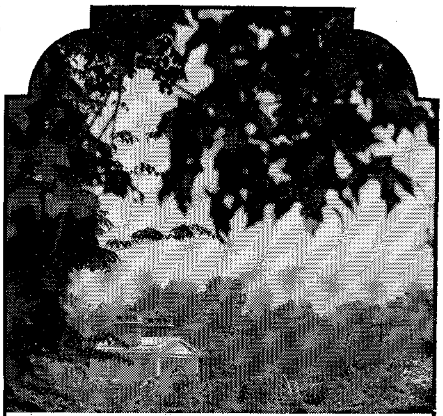
the Committee on External Economic Relations and a man who is knowledgeable about Irish working-class movements and Italian operatic tenors, says, "I was appointed *rapporteur* on eels. Now, I only ate a piece of eel once in my life, at the age of eight, and never intend to repeat the experience."

Yet if the detail is considerable and the expertise impressive, the outlook of the members is by no means parochial. On a visit to the Parliament this summer, some British town councillors expressed the fear that the E.E.C. was going to tell them how to build municipal drains. Schelto Patijn told them, "We're not concerned with telling you how to build municipal drains—we work in a wide-open space." He stretched out his arms to indicate the international scope of the E.E.C. Joint committees of the Parliament and the United States Congress are currently meeting twice a year to discuss European-American relations, especially the ramifications of multinational corporations. During the first session of the summer, several members raised a problem facing cattle farmers in distant Botswana—one of the smallest of the thirty-seven African countries that have a convention with the E.E.C. under which they export beef duty-free to the E.E.C. countries but pay levies into the European farm fund. For Botswana, these levies would have amounted to more than eighteen million dollars this year and would have caused a fifty-six-per-cent drop in income for cattle farmers there; the average income of the rural population in Botswana is ninety-eight dollars a year. Members of the Parliament and the member of the Commission who was on hand debated this problem, which could have been catastrophic for people in Botswana, and at a meeting in Luxembourg shortly afterward the Council of Ministers reduced Botswana's payments by ninety per cent. One member of the Commission who was much on his feet this summer is Sir Christopher Soames, the Commissioner responsible for External Relations, for he was both answering questions about relations with Portugal and reporting on a recent visit he had made to China. He had gone there in order to look into the chances of a joint E.E.C. trade agreement with China (which is planning to send an ambassador to the E.E.C.) to replace individual trade agreements that had expired. Soames has a bulky presence and an oratorical style much like those of his late father-in-law, Sir Winston Churchill, and after so much technical nitty-gritty it was with heart-



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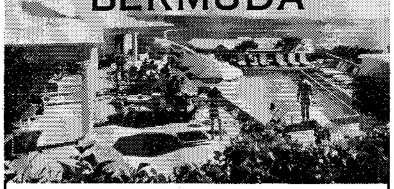

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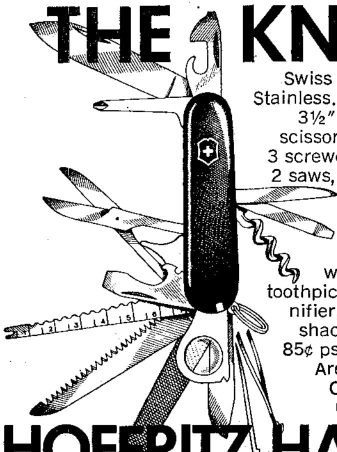

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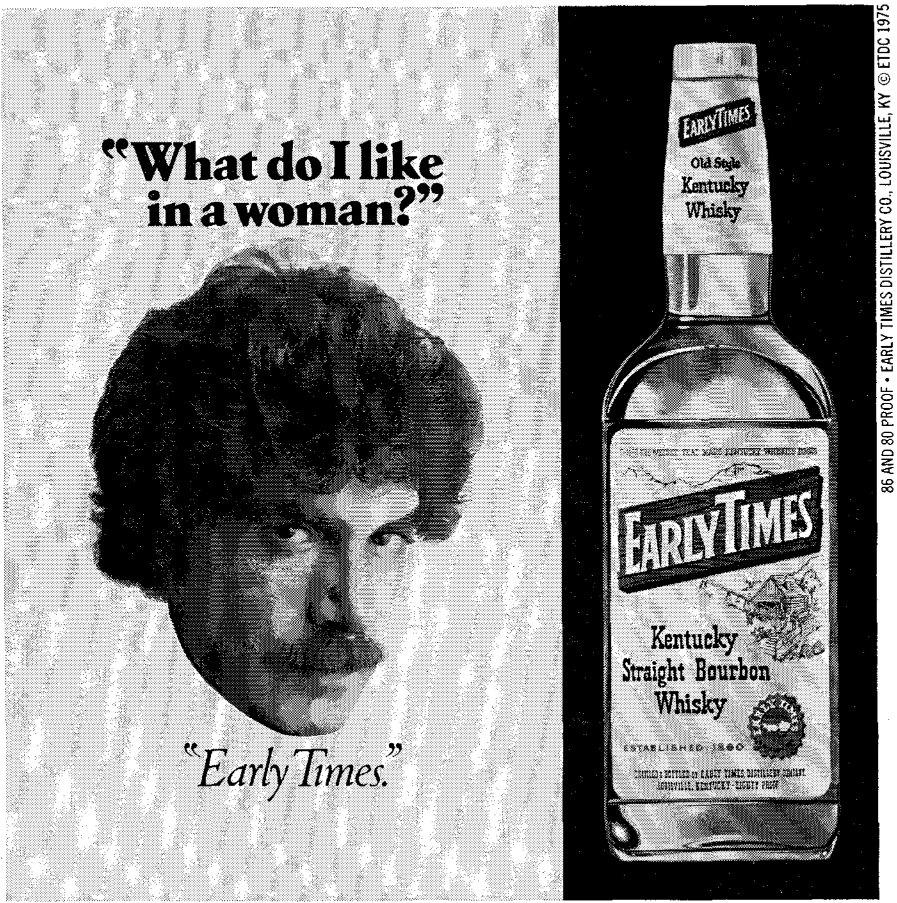
warming relief that one saw him, in the grand manner, with wide gestures, turning near-platitudes into stirring phrases. He closed his remarks on China by saying, "Both of us are people of yesterday. Both of us are people of tomorrow."

IN many ways, it is hard to think of a city that would be better suited than Strasbourg to being the seat of the European Parliament—a city of canals, breweries, picturesque architecture, and universities with some twenty thousand students. Situated on the elbow of Alsace that digs into the ribs of West Germany, where the River Ill joins the Rhine—and hence an important barge port—it takes its European vocation seriously. The bridge over the Rhine into Germany is called the Pont de l'Europe. At the city limits, signs say "Strasbourg—Commune de l'Europe." Strasbourg is the home not only of the Parliament but of the Council of Europe's eighteen-nation assembly and of its Human Rights Commission. The city provides a frequent, free all-day bus service from the railroad station through the town center to the Maison de l'Europe, where the Parliament meets—opposite the Orangerie, a park in a northern faubourg of the city. Car drivers are assisted in finding the way by special signs pointing to the Maison de l'Europe. In case one should wonder whether they aren't overdoing this European thing, one might recall that foreigners still arrive here and—thinking they are in Germany—ask how to get to France. George Thomson, one of the E.E.C. Commissioners, who has been coming here since the war, remembers being introduced to a very old man who was "born a Frenchman on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War, became German in its aftermath, returned to French citizenship in 1919, came under German rule again in 1940, and was ending his life as he began—a Frenchman."

For more than nineteen hundred years, from the era of Julius Caesar to that of Generals Patton and Leclerc, this central strip of Western Europe has been disputed ground—where the legions fought the Germanic tribes; where Charlemagne's heirs squabbled over the succession to the Empire; where the rich farmlands and vineyards were periodically laid waste by the armies of Burgundian dukes, German princelings, and French kings; and where, eventually, the trenches ran north to Flanders. In 1871, despite two hundred years as part of France, three-quarters of the people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of Alsace spoke German as their native tongue. Ten years ago, the Strasbourg paper *Les Dernières Nouvelles d'Alsace* published fifty per cent of its copies in French, fifty per cent in German; *now it prints sixty per cent in* French and forty per cent in German. Out in the countryside, old people still speak Alsatian, an unwritten language with Germanic roots—as they do, indeed, in some of the smaller city shops and taverns. There is less pro-French and pro-German sentiment than pro-Alsatian sentiment, inspired partly by a "plague on both your houses" feeling. The Alsatian Front for Regional Liberation has been getting fifteen per cent of the vote in recent elections, and not long ago it joined with Basques, Bretons, and Welsh nationalist parties in setting up in Brussels a Bureau of Unrepresented European Nations to plead for a separate voice in the institutions of Europe. As it is, many Alsatians go daily by bus across the Pont de l'Europe, with no need to show passports or identity cards, to work in Karlsruhe and other nearby German industrial towns; the pay is better in Germany, but the social-security provisions are better in France. Strasbourg, in fact, is a nice mixture of German ebullience and French panache, with many qualities that one is tempted to pin on one country before finding that they belong to the other; for instance, the city's broad boulevards were created by the Germans in the nineteenth century, and the old, steep-roofed, many-dormered houses, which look as if they were part of a Black Forest woodcut, are in a section of the city called La Petite France. It is the city where the "Marseillaise" was first sung and where now at mealtimes vast quantities of wurst and sauerkraut are consumed. It is not yet a big tourist city, but it has many good hotels and splendid restaurants, whose proprietors are certainly glad of the presence of the Parliament delegates and staff to pad out their staple of salesmen. Ben Patterson, an official in the Parliament's London office who often has to work in Luxembourg and Strasbourg, told me not long ago, "Coming here is a bit like being on holiday."

Strasbourg is not the permanent home of the Parliament, and, despite all its assets, few of the delegates believe that it will be. There are good rail connections, direct or via Offenburg, in West Germany, a twenty-minute car ride away, and the German Autobahn system is close at hand, but members complain about the poor air service. There are only two planes a day to London, one to Rome, and one

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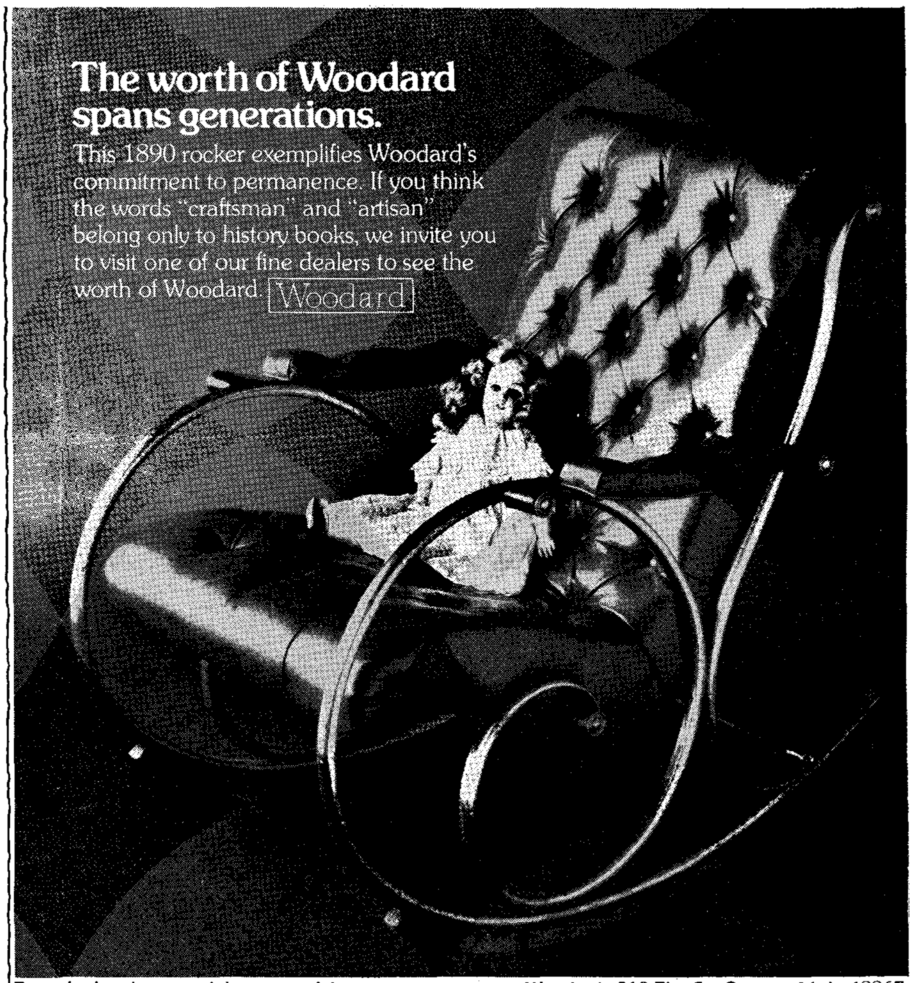
to Brussels. Moreover, the airport is also used by the French Air Force, so commercial flights may be held up by a Mirage practicing parachute-assisted landings. The French government and the city are currently sponsoring the construction of a new Europe House, next to the present one, which the Parliament will be able to rent; it will have a glass-roofed assembly hall in the inner courtyard and—so the rumor goes—separate bars for the press and the members. But though the French, for reasons of prestige, might once have insisted on having some of the most important European institutions here, observers believe that President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is more interested in their functioning efficiently. As the Parliament's business increases, so does the need for it to sit down in one place. Now some six hundred of the Parliament Secretariat shuttle between Luxembourg and Strasbourg during the sessions here. In the manner of a travelling circus or a medieval court, a convoy of cars and trucks comes down with officials, secretaries, doorkeepers, and translators, and with hundreds of tin trunks called *cantines* full of documents—at a cost of about two and a half million dollars a year, and to the enrichment of the Luxembourg moving firm that has the contract. ("Even so," says Lord Reay, a British delegate, "there is always a paper you need that hasn't been brought.") In some ways, Luxembourg would be an excellent spot, with the Court of Justice and the Parliament Secretariat already established there, though its present European Parliament building couldn't accommodate the numbers of a directly elected assembly; its public and press galleries are already cramped. Peter Kirk believes that the decision on direct elections will produce a decision on where to sit. The Parliament already has a special working group considering its running efficiency, and its chairman, a Dutch member named Willem Schuijt, told me not long ago that though there was general dissatisfaction among members over the money and time wasted in transportation (he himself had left home, in Zeeland, at seven-thirty on Monday morning and got to Strasbourg at four-thirty that afternoon—a lost day), there wasn't yet a consensus on a permanent site, and that up to now other problems, such as gaining power over the budget and waiting to see how the United Kingdom referendum turned out, had taken the urgency from the matter. However, he and many others I talked with thought that the Parliament's home would sooner or later be Brus-



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sels, where the Commission and most of the E.E.C. staff already are, and where both the Parliament and the Commission could gain from permanent exposure to one another.

THE European Parliament isn't cheap to run. With a budget of more than fifty million dollars for the 1976 fiscal year, it is a more costly operation than other European assemblies (the House of Commons costs roughly twenty million a year), but in that sum are included such items as mileage expenses for visiting official delegations, and guides for the constant parties of schoolchildren and adults who arrive from all over Europe to sit in the public galleries. Sir Christopher Soames has pointed out that the Commission staff—subtracting three thousand translators from the total of seven thousand—is smaller than that of Harrods, the London department store; and compared with United States senators, for example, European Parliament delegates are not overindulged with backup personnel. There are, moreover, benefits whose value is not measurable in dollars, pounds, or E.E.C. "units of account." The people who come here frequently are not, by and large, romantic about Europe—you don't see them pressing a button in the wall outside the entrance to the delegates' lounge which sets off a recording of the "Ode to Joy" from Beethoven's Ninth, now the European anthem. Schelto Patijn says, "I'm a European not because I'm in love with Europe but because the realistic organization of Europe can help us out of all sorts of problems." Perhaps some of the members now seem to take for granted what has been one of the great historical changes to have occurred in a single generation, but most of them realize that in going on about skimmed-milk powder or beef prices they are successfully countering the latent spirit of nationalism. In George Thomson's words, "The only wars that are talked about in Western Europe today are wine wars or cheese wars."

—ANTHONY BAILEY

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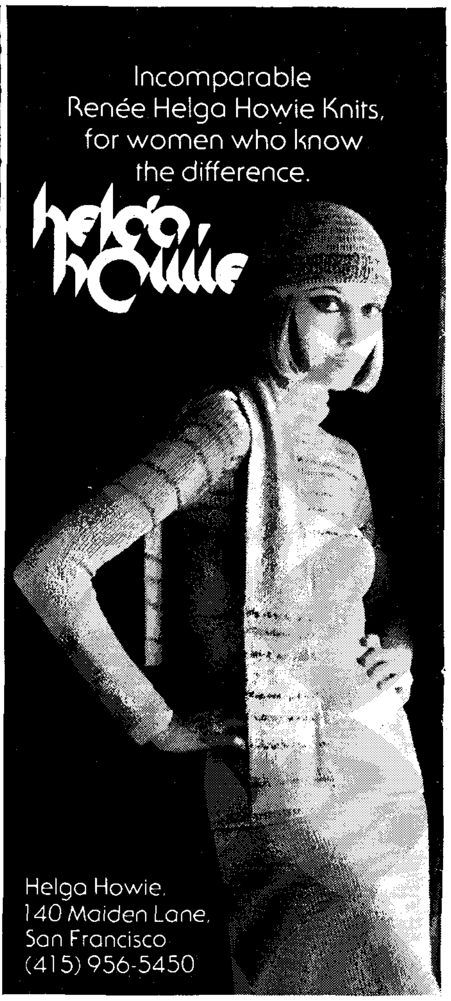
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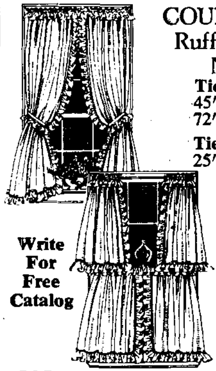
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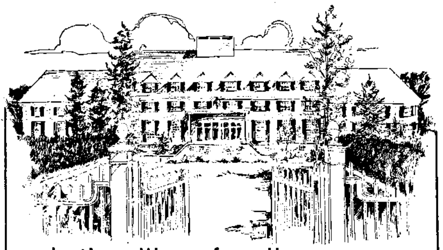
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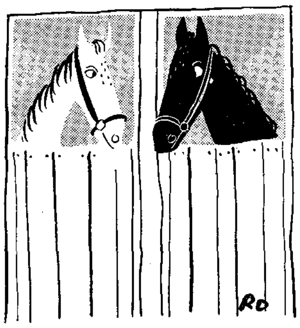

MY favorite statistician, the *Daily Racing Form*, reports that 916,069 customers clicked through the turnstiles of the thirty-six racecourses that were operating in this country during the recent three-day holiday. Of all the races run (and I burned out a bearing in my abacus trying to figure how many there were), I venture to say that the most enthralling was the Governor Stakes at Belmont Park on Labor Day. It would not be stretching the point to call the East-West Stable's Wajima the up-and-comingest three-year-old to appear this season. In winning the Governor Stakes he scored his third successive victory in a $100,000 event, finishing with a late rush through the stretch to beat Foolish Pleasure by a head on the post. Although he had an advantage of ten pounds in the weights, he had to be really good to come from lengths behind the Kentucky Derby winner and close the gap in less than a furlong. And good he was. Ancient Title, the best of the older horses in California, was third, Forego was fourth, and behind them came half a dozen lesser-known runners—as good a field as I've seen all year. At the start, Cruguet, aboard Media, sent him out of the gate like a shot, and opened up a long lead going down the backstretch. Turning for home, Media was still three lengths to the good, but as Foolish Pleasure and Ancient Title whipped past him he seemed to go to pieces. A furlong out, Foolish Pleasure looked the winner all over. Then Wajima came bearing down on him. Foolish Pleasure's defeat must have been particularly disappointing to his stable. Had he won, he would have become the seventeenth racer to earn a million dollars in prize money. As it is, he's less than four thousand short, so he'll probably make it his next time out. And while we are on the subject, Wajima, who, as you may have heard, cost $600,000 as a yearling, has earned $321,868 of his purchase price for the Japanese and Americans who make up the syndicate that owns him. Wajima will go far. If Baeza, who rides him, touched him once with his whip, I didn't see it. As for Forego, the mile and a furlong wasn't far enough for him; it takes the old boy longer to get going than it did last year.

Belmont Park did well over the holiday. Attendance totalled 102,507 and the mutuel handle $11,454,076, and the crowd on Sunday reached 30,670—no doubt attracted by a first-class program. In fact, there were so many runners for a new stakes race—the Fort Marcy, at seven furlongs on the grass—that it was split and run in two divisions. In the first, Apollo Nine took the lead early and won by five lengths, paying a $24 mutuel, and in the second Beau Bugle won by six and a quarter and paid $25. On Saturday, the Lawrence Realization Stakes had its eighty-third running, in which John Schiff's Gab Bag led from start to finish, winning by more than three lengths from One on the Aisle. But it was not the race it used to be. When J. G. K. Lawrence, the racing secretary of the old Sheepshead Bay track, who thought up the Futurity, planned the Realization Stakes, as it was called then (his name was added to the title after his death), he made it a mile and five furlongs on the main track and intended it to be the opposite number of the Doncaster St. Leger, the third of England's triple-crown races. But taste and the ideas of horsemen change, and since 1970 the race has been run at a mile and a half over the turf course. Curiously, Mr. Schiff won it that year with Kling Kling.

SOY NUMERO UNO (if you need a translation, ask your favorite jockey), who won his first start by lengths in fast time on the opening day at Belmont, may be all that his name signifies. In his second appearance, in the eighty-sixth running of the Futurity last Saturday, he still ran a little greenly in the early part, but he breezed home by nearly three lengths at the finish. Jackknife took the place easily from Beau Talent, and Turn to Turia, unbeaten in his five previous starts, was fourth, well down the course. Only seven ran. Soy Numero Uno, a well-made bay colt by Damascus out of Tasma, is a bit on the small side, which is probably why he cost J. R. Straus, his owner, only $55,000 at the Keeneland yearling sales last year. He has already won himself out, as the saying

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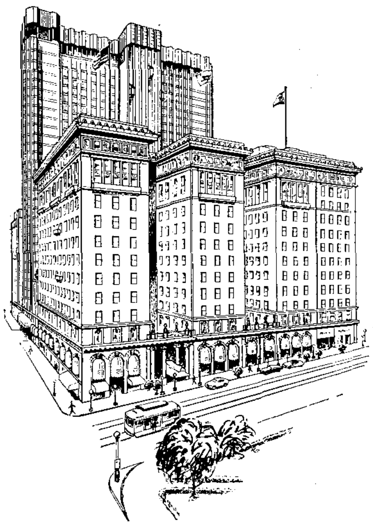

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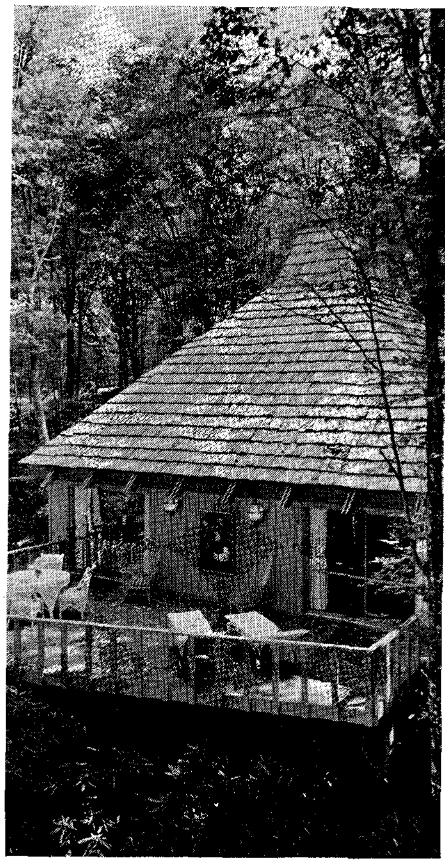

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goes, for his share of the Futurity purse was $66,408. Homer Pardue, who trains him, says, "He's so good he scares me." We'll see.

IT had been the intention of Steve DiMauro, who trains Dearly Precious, to rest her up for the Frizette Stakes at Belmont, but the Arlington Lassie Stakes at Chicago last weekend looked such a soft touch that he shipped her out there, and, as expected, she won by four lengths, picking up a purse of $67,938, which brought her earnings to $250,989. Not bad for a $22,000 yearling.

IT isn't often that a hundred-thousand-dollar race is a prep for a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar one, but that's what the Governor Stakes was for the Marlboro Cup at Belmont this Saturday. As these notes are written—before the weights for the Cup have been announced—I am making no selections, which is probably just as well. I expect that Forego, who was third in the race last year, will be top weight. And the increase in the distance to a mile and a quarter will give him a better chance than he had last year at a mile and an eighth. Ancient Title is at the top of his form, and Step Nicely has been training well, too. Royal Glint, who, like Forego and Ancient Title, is a five-year-old, won the Arlington Handicap in smashing style in the rain at Arlington Park recently, which may be worth remembering if it comes up mud. In my opinion, the Marlboro will be a battle of the three-year-olds. Many horsemen say that Foolish Pleasure is the one to beat. Just as many say that nobody knows how good Wajima is. That could be, but he won't have the advantage in the weights he had in the Governor. Still others were impressed no end by the way Avatar beat Valid Appeal in a lively seven-furlong event at Belmont the other afternoon. Avatar is much improved since Buddy Hirsch has been training him. I wonder if everybody has forgotten about Forceten. Oh, well. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

—AUDAX MINOR

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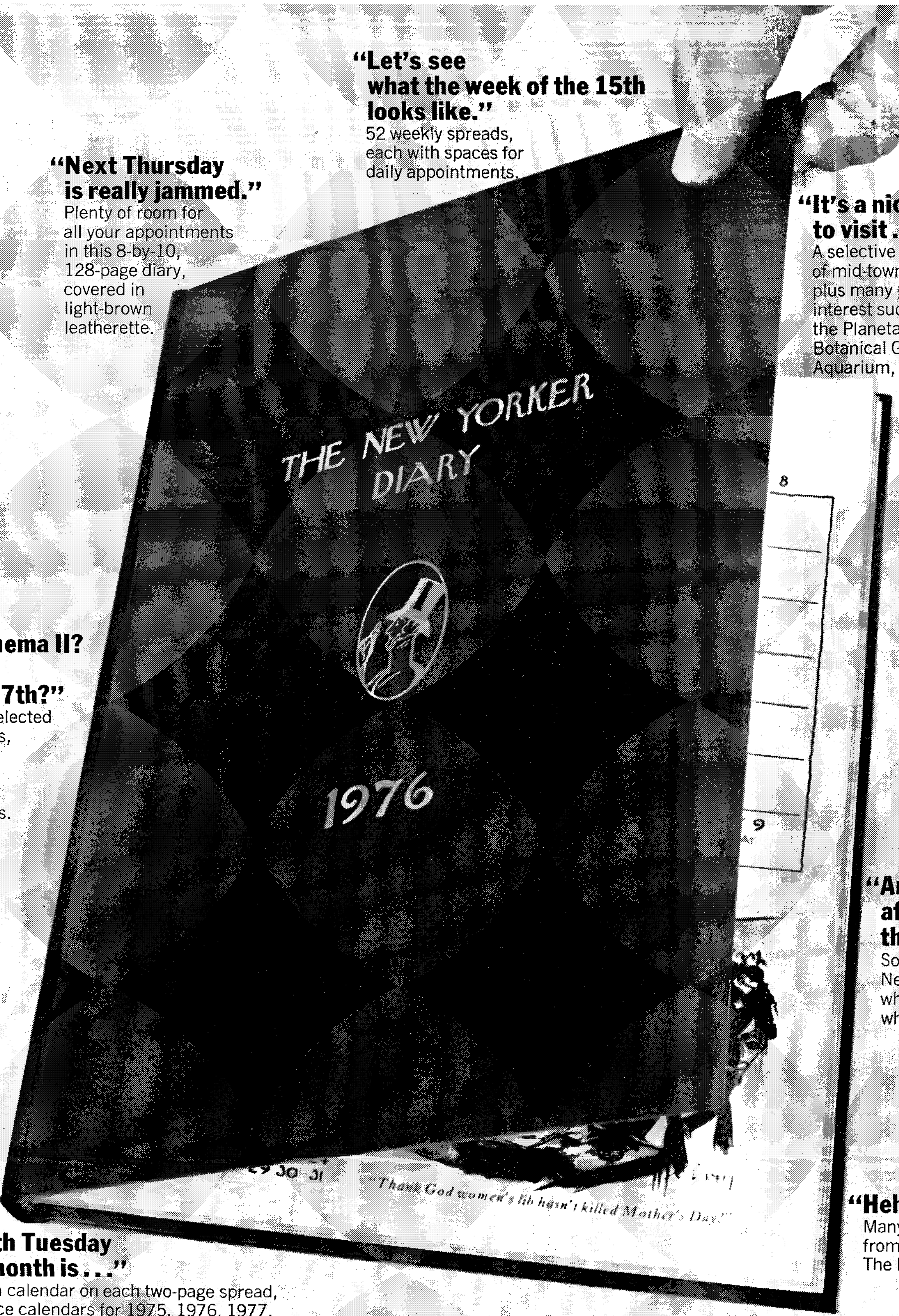

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 5

PRESIDENT GERALD FORD has described Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's success in negotiating a disengagement agreement between Egypt and Israel as the most "historic" achievement of its kind in the last decade. Since the past ten—even the past twenty—years have been almost barren of diplomatic accomplishments (at least, by Americans), it was something of a coup to get Egypt and Israel to come to terms on anything, and, although Kissinger has as many critics as admirers here, many people in both groups are now praising him for his tenacity in this venture and for his persuasive powers. Here, as well as in the Middle East and Europe, though, there is considerable uncertainty and some disagreement over exactly what, beyond the signing of a document and a more conciliatory tone in the statements of leaders in Cairo and Jerusalem, has been achieved—or, rather, what will be achieved if and when the accord is implemented. Some people, and almost surely a majority in Congress, favor the plan and regard it as a promising step toward a general settlement between Israel and the Arab states, while others, including such usually circumspect students of foreign policy as Senator Mike Mansfield and ex-Senator William Fulbright, think it likely to delay and perhaps make impossible such a settlement. And there is apprehension among supporters as well as among opponents over the American role in the contemplated arrangement—the presence of about two hundred American civilian technicians to monitor military movements on both sides of the United Nations zone—and over the concessions, particularly those for increased military aid to Israel, made by Kissinger to win approval of the agreement. If the short-term outlook for peace is better than it was, so, some argue, is the long-term outlook for war as a result of the certain escalation of the arms race between Israel, more than ever an American client state, and the Arab nations supported by the Soviet Union.

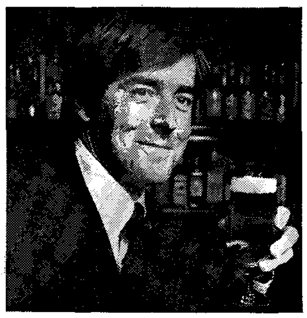
The case the Administration is making is that while the risks and costs for this country are by no means negligible, they are small compared to the risks and costs of another Middle Eastern war and the attendant dangers of a Soviet-American confrontation. In answer to the analogies with Vietnam drawn by Mansfield and Fulbright, who equate the presence of a few Americans on what could still become a battlefield with the early presence of American "advisers" in Indo-China, Kissinger and Ford point out that our people will not be aiding one side against the other but will be reporting to both and, according to the agreement signed yesterday in Geneva, may be withdrawn immediately in the event of armed hostilities. In any event, they say, an American presence was demanded by both governments, and without it not even an interim settlement was possible. Kissinger, of course, may have made pledges larger than those that appear in the published documents and statements; he has done this in previous negotiations, and when he returned here this week he acknowledged that there had been exchanges he would reveal only to members of Congress who agreed not to make them public. But these are thought to be mainly in the fields of economic and military aid, possibly to governments not party to the accord.

To Cold War enthusiasts here, the agreement looks very much like an American triumph. It was a unilateral American undertaking. It has angered and divided Moscow allies, and Moscow's criticism of Egypt's acceptance of it has led President Sadat to accuse the Soviet Union of "an attempt at splitting the ranks of the Arab nation"—something that he himself is accused of doing by the more militant, or "rejectionist," wing of the Palestine Liberation Organization and by certain other Arab leaders. But if these consequences are welcomed in some quarters, they are seen in others as having their own dangers. Sadat, perhaps the most moderate of the Arab heads of state, has lost much of his authority outside his own country and no doubt some inside as well. He cannot now be any kind of force for restraint. Israel's other neighbors could react to the new situation by stepping up armed incursions or, having noted our implied approval of Egypt's territorial demands on Israel, by asking as much of us in their own behalf. Indeed, they could do both. And although few Egyptians have ever been as fanatically anti-Israel as many of their onetime allies, some certainly are, and their feeling of betrayal could lead to a coup d'état or to Sadat's assassination and a repudiation by a new leadership of the plans for disengagement.

But there are diplomats here with much experience in the Middle East who think no large-scale war there is now possible. One could not be fought without Egyptian participation, and Egypt is not prepared. Sadat could be overthrown, but a successor regime that put foreign and military policy ahead of improving economic and social conditions would be unlikely to last long enough to carry out its intentions. Over the next several years, these people feel, there is almost certain to be a series of piecemeal, bilateral settlements between Israel and its regional neighbors—especially with Syria over the Golan Heights and with Jordan over the future of the Palestinian Arabs. In both cases, the problems are far more complex than were those in the Sinai, but few think them insoluble short of war. Israel will negotiate only with those ready to concede its right to exist as a nation-state, and Egypt alone has thus far done so. But anti-Zionist passions have subsided in most Arab capitals, and even in the currently divided Palestine Liberation Organization, whose formidable leader, Yasir Arafat, is now regarded as a spokesman for the "moderates." Early Arab responses to this week's agreement have been far less violent in tone than many assumed they would be. As expected, Syria's were the most hostile. The newspaper *Al Baath*, an organ of President Hafez al-Assad's Socialist Party, accused Sadat of "sacrificing the blood of [the] thousands of martyrs" who fell in 1973. But Assad himself said nothing, and many in the State Department believe that sooner or later Syrians and Jordanians will be negotiating, if not with Prime Minister Itzhak Rabin and Kissinger, then with their successors. As for the oil-rich nations, they have lately discovered interests far beyond the Middle East, and they now wish to Westernize their economies. The poorer ones will face a choice between an accommodation with Israel and a closer alignment with the Soviet Union. The latter course is something that few of their leaders seem to relish. Eventually, many believe, a general settlement with Israel will emerge as the product of several partial ones.

EVERY issue now is being judged for its possible impact on the Presidential politics of 1976. The agreement in the Middle East should be a considerable political asset to the President and his party. At the moment, it seems likely to be about the only one they will have in foreign policy. In the early summer, analysts attributed the President's sharp rise in the opinion polls—a thirteen-per-cent increase in two months, according to the Harris Survey—largely to the success of his military and diplomatic initiatives in winning the return of the captured merchant ship Mayagüez and its crew, an operation that had the approval of seventy-nine per cent. But the passage of time and the release of the casualty lists led, in August, to approval of the action by only a minority—forty-six per cent—and, perhaps even more painful to political sensibilities, to the finding by Harris that "close to one in four Americans [had] forgotten the Mayagüez altogether." Between the illusory success of May and the apparently significant one of August, the only diplomatic event of note was the conference in Helsinki, where the President and thirty-four other leaders met to affirm the spirit of détente and to express formally their acceptance of the post-1945 boundaries in Europe. Except to those who regarded it as a moral surrender on Ford's part, this was really a non-event, a ceremony that changed nothing and produced only another document—one committing the signatories to a political status quo and to a respect for certain human rights, many of which some of them routinely ignore. It may have had a slight negative impact on American opinion, especially among those who feel that no American President should appear to acquiesce in the Soviet domination of much of Eastern Europe, but the conference has probably been forgotten by an even larger number than those who drew a blank on the Mayagüez action three months after it occurred.

In May, the President's over-all performance had the approval of about fifty per cent in most polls. Now it is back down to where it was in March—about thirty-seven per cent. In the past, when he has been tested against most possible Democratic opponents Ford has made a stronger showing, but few of the Democrats, with the exception of Edward Kennedy and George Wallace, are at present well known outside their regions or have strong popular backing within them. If the Democrats splinter or if Wallace organizes a third party behind his candidacy, the President, even assuming that his standing with the public remains what it is now, could hope for a popular plurality, but unless he gains a lot more support between now and the campaign season, it is difficult to see how, if he is elected in his own right, he could be more than a minority President. In respect to the stands he has taken on domestic affairs, he has majority support on none of substance. A few months ago, he seemed to have persuaded most Americans that inflation was a greater threat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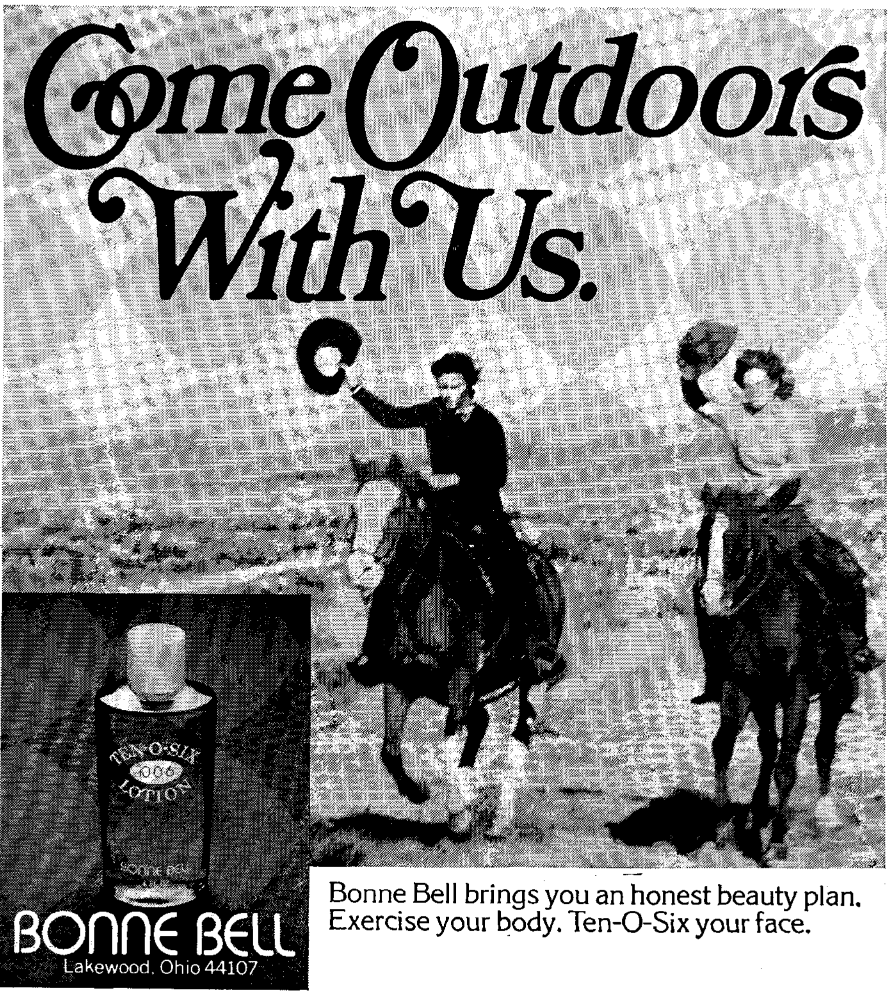

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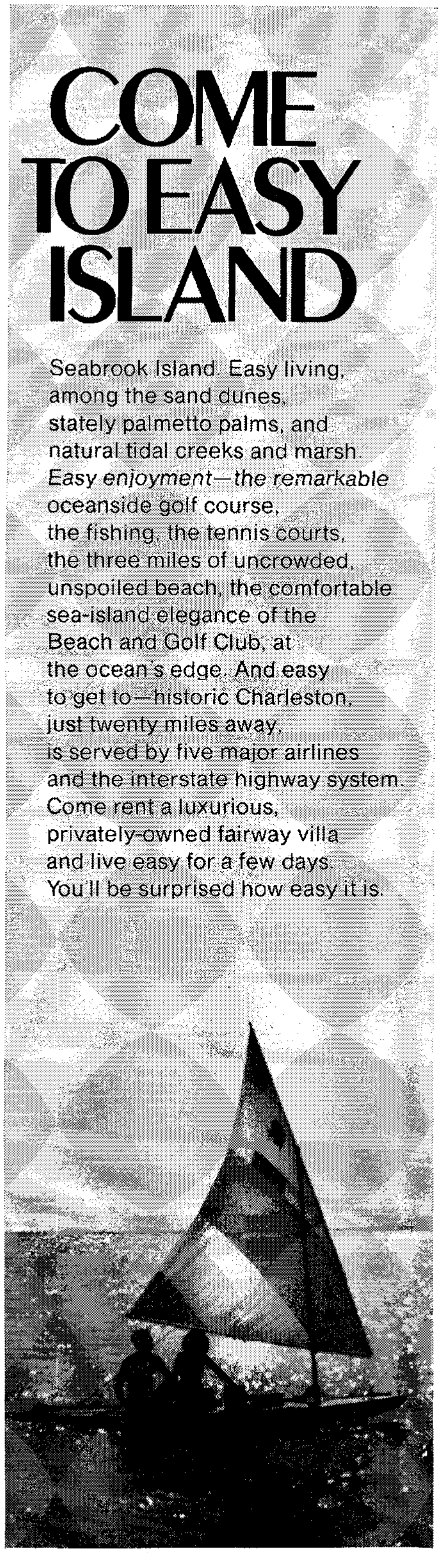
to stability than mass unemployment—a view that at the time seemed to combine traditional Republican policy with astute politics, since inflation is felt by almost everyone, while unemployment, of course, afflicts mainly the jobless and their dependents. But his attacks on inflation have been accompanied by more of it, and unemployment, though it has abated somewhat in certain industries, remains at what most economists consider an intolerable level. When Congress recessed for the summer, his attacks on its Democratic majority as irresponsible and obstructionist seemed justified to many, and perhaps they still do, but on such matters as the decontrol of oil prices and the sale of wheat to the Soviet Union the public now appears to share the views of the Democratic leadership.

Yet if Ford, whose public pronouncements seem to become more conservative by the day, is appealing to only a minority, it is a large one, and there are only two Democrats—Wallace and Kennedy, neither one now a candidate—who are capable of doing even that much. Henry Jackson, considered to be in the lead among those who have declared, is, according to the Gallup Poll, the first choice of only six per cent in his party, and none of the five other contestants has a showing of better than one per cent. In the past, primary elections have given some obscure Presidential aspirants an opportunity to familiarize the public with their personalities, records, and positions, and the fact that next year there will be more primaries than ever before—at least twenty-nine—should, in theory, help them become better known. But there is a feeling in some quarters here that the importance of the primaries will be downgraded as a consequence of their proliferation. It will be difficult for the press and television to cover so many with much thoroughness—and perhaps even unrewarding to try, since the attention paid by a national audience to more than a few such local events is difficult to hold. And, with so many Democrats in the field, it seems probable that in only a few cases will there be clear winners. For these and other reasons, some have been predicting that Madison Square Garden in July will be the scene of what in the past was known as a "brokered Convention"—one in which not the delegates but a small number of Party leaders select the ticket and write the platform. Yet this seems unlikely to happen in New York in 1976. For one thing, the brokers, or bosses, have all but disappeared. Mayor Richard Daley, of Chicago, is today the only Demo-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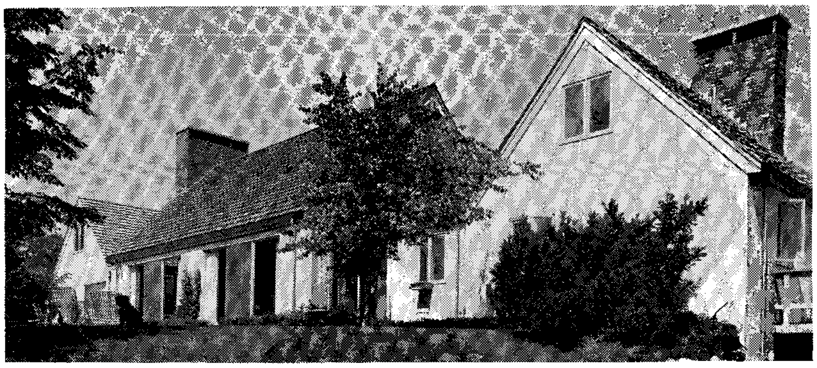
crat in firm control of a large party machine, and his power does not extend much beyond Cook County. For another, the Convention rules that the Democrats adopted in 1971 and 1974 have greatly reduced the number of delegates of the sort who would cede their collective power to a few leaders. And if there were many delegates willing to go along with the power brokers, the nature of what was happening would quickly become apparent to those observing the proceedings on television, and this could help defeat even a party whose program and declared principles appealed to a majority.

Except, then, in the event that Edward Kennedy, the one man who might unite most Democratic factions, becomes a candidate within the next several months, or in the event that most of the present candidates withdraw before July, the prospect for the Democrats is a floor contest of several ballots. That has not happened since 1952, when Stevenson was chosen on the third ballot. The advent of television has put Republicans and Democrats under heavy pressure to shorten all Convention proceedings—speeches, committee sessions, balloting—and to finish each day's business by the time it is late evening in the East. All major-party Presidential nominees since 1956 have been chosen on the first ballot. In this age, multiple-ballot and round-the-clock sessions would irritate the viewers and be extremely costly to the networks. Still, it might turn out to be the only way in which the Democrats could complete the business at hand, and the probability in that case would be that the uninspiring spectacle would produce uninspiring results and much apathy and disaffection in Party ranks.

The Democrats may find themselves under another handicap—one largely of their own making. Last October, in the aftermath of Watergate, Congress enacted a reform the Democrats had long pursued—the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1974, which provides a measure of public financing for those seeking national office, and limits campaign expenditures and donations from individuals and institutions. This law was aimed at cutting down the political role of large corporations, trade unions, and wealthy individuals, and it is generally felt that if it is upheld by the Supreme Court this year, it will be quite effective in doing so. (It was recently upheld, by six to two, in the Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, after a challenge by former Senator Eugene McCarthy and Senator James Buckley, who contended that many of its pro-



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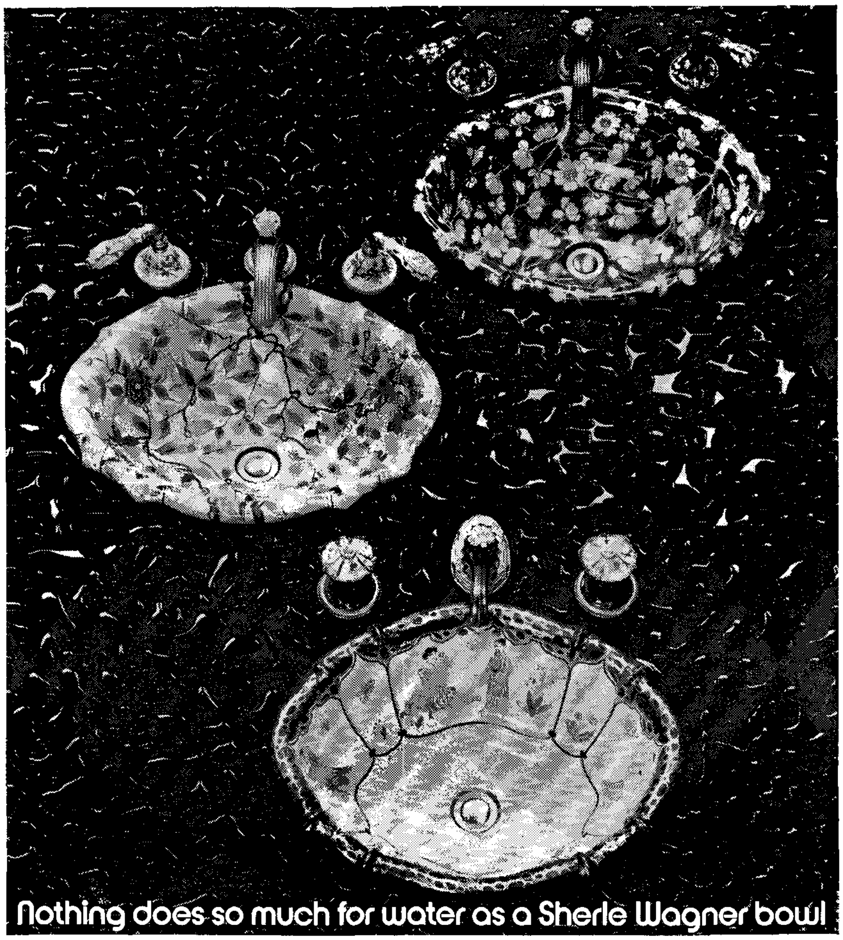

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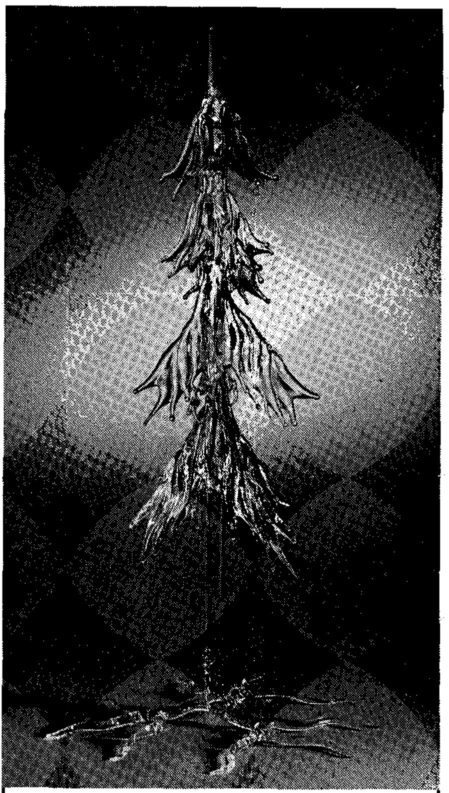
visions, most notably the thousand-dollar limit on individual political donations to a Presidential candidate, violated the Constitutional right of freedom of speech.) It is evenhanded as it applies to Republicans and Democrats, but—at least in the present situation—it increases the advantages of incumbency. It requires an officeholder to distinguish between his expenditures in running his office and the costs of seeking political approval. But the distinction is a tricky one to draw, even for a President of Ford's personal rectitude: there are few occasions on which he is not simultaneously being head of government and bidding for the favor of the electorate. Moreover, an incumbent President is always acknowledged to be the leader of his party and is not restricted by the new law from expenditures incurred in this role. (The last defeated candidate is also, at least nominally, the head of his party, but George McGovern would have a hard time making any such claim stick now.) One thing the law surely does is to prevent the kind of campaigning around the country that brought John F. Kennedy the Democratic nomination in 1960. No one knows how much he and his family put into the various primaries that year, but it was certainly far more than the ten million dollars that is the limit a candidate and his supporters can now spend. For a politician already well known to the public, as Richard Nixon was in 1960 and 1968, the handicap might be a slight one, but for those entering the race almost as unknowns in their own party it may prove great. And, of course, a consequence of the public-financing aspect of the law—matching federal funds for candidates who collect five thousand dollars or more in individual contributions of up to two hundred and fifty dollars from twenty states—is to attract those with small followings.

It may be that once the Democrats have chosen their candidate the law will work as much in their favor as in that of the Republicans. There have been cases of men becoming established national figures almost immediately upon nomination: Wendell Willkie in 1940 and Adlai Stevenson in 1952 were two such, but each in his way was, unlike any of the Democrats now in contention, an unusual, almost unique figure in American politics. In any case, the advantages of incumbency are still very large—large enough, perhaps, to elect an appointed President who after a little more than a year in office has the approval of only a bit more than a third of the people.

—Richard H. Rovere



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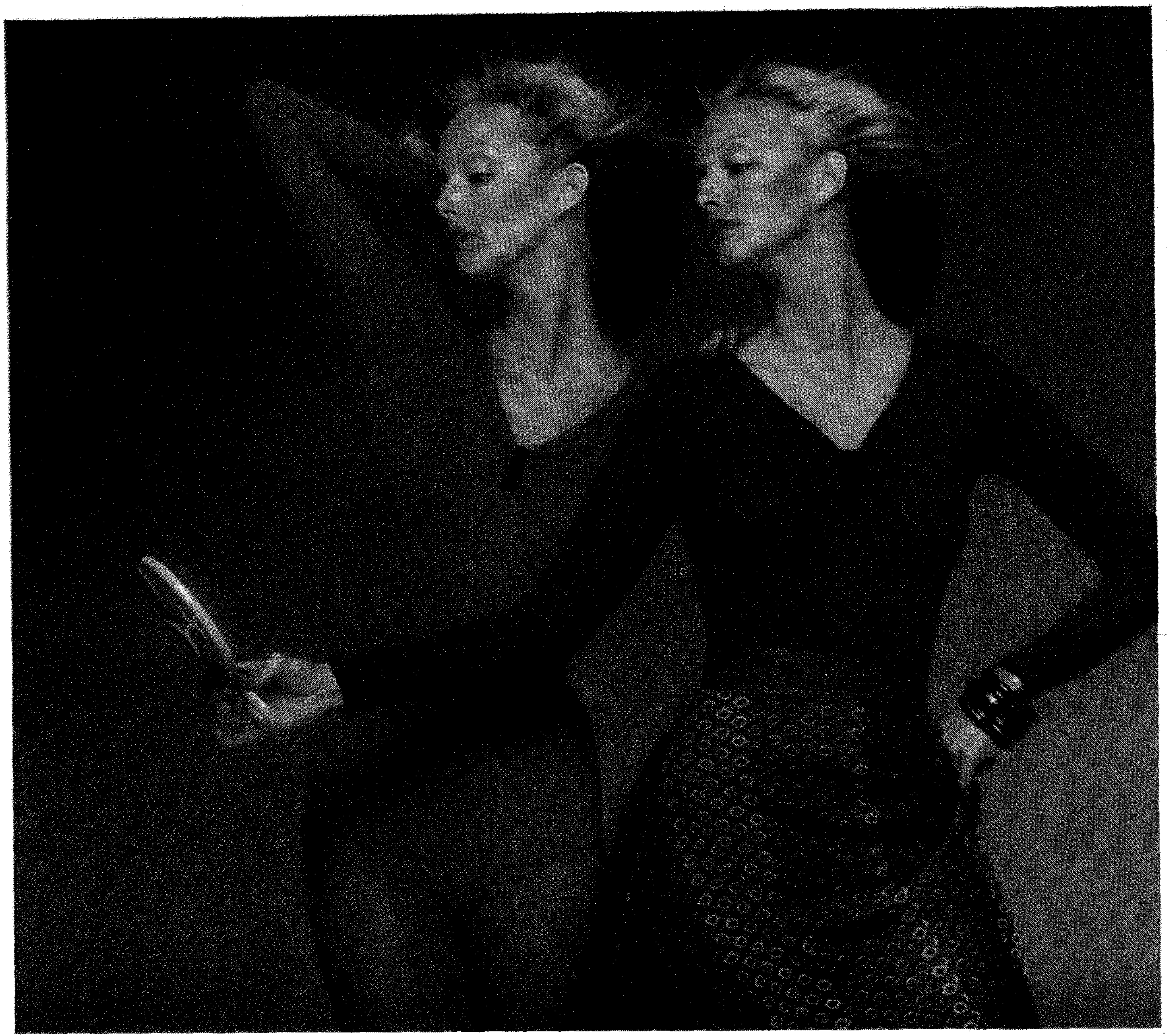

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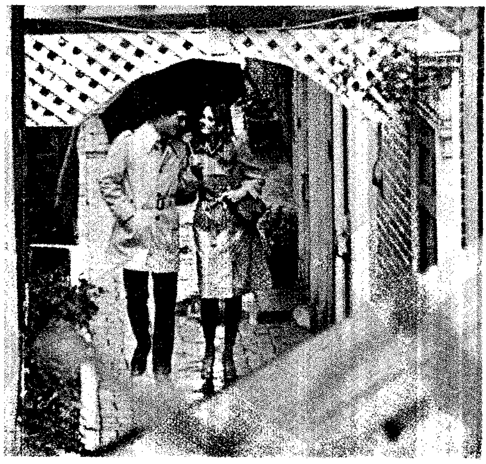

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MUSICAL EVENTS

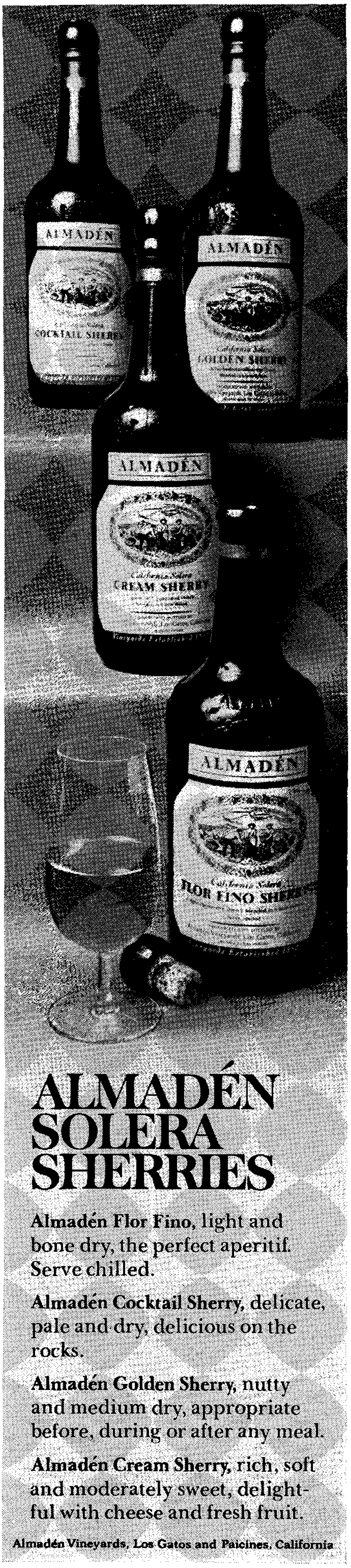
Rock, Etc.

IN 1953, Sam Phillips and Junior Parker wrote a blues called "Mystery Train." Its strange lyric (adapted from the old folk song "Worried Man Blues") went, "Train I ride, Sixteen Coaches long, Well, that long black train Carry my baby and gone. . . . It took my baby, it's gone do it again." On the original record, the singer (Parker) was trapped in an uncanny paradox, riding his train (how long? to where?) even as it slipped away, along with his hopes for love. Two years later, Elvis Presley cut his own version of the song for Phillips's Sun Records, and completely transformed its spirit: he challenged the inexorable mystery train ("It took my baby—BUT IT NEVER WILL AGAIN"), stole his baby back, and ended with a shout and a laugh. That reversal, with all that it implies about the relation of blues to rock and roll, and the relation of both to America as myth and reality, is a key image in Greil Marcus's "Mystery Train: Images of America in Rock 'n' Roll Music" (Dutton). As well as one image can, it suggests the sort of territory that Marcus is trying to map in this remarkable book.

Marcus is a committed rock-and-roll fan who has been writing about the music in various periodicals since 1968; he is a former record editor and associate editor of *Rolling Stone* and a contributing editor of *Creem*. He also has an academic background (he studied at Berkeley during the sixties and taught there in 1971 and 1972), a fine analytical head, and a considerable knowledge of American literature and history. In "Mystery Train" he fuses two critical genres—analysis of American culture in the tradition of Leslie Fiedler and D.H. Lawrence (both of whom he cites as influences), and what might be called the rock-as-social-history approach to pop journalism. The combination is not an easy one to pull off. Rock criticism does not generally benefit from erudition—like the music itself, it tends to be best and truest when it is serious in an unserious way, achieving its effects obliquely—and "Mystery Train" sometimes bogs down in one literary allusion or historical parallel too many. But Marcus's excesses, like Bob Dylan's, are forgivable because they come from passion rather than pedantry; he wants to *get it all in.* He proceeds from the notion that his job as a critic is to explore the widest possibilities of his subject rather than fit it into some preconceived intellectual framework. A basic premise of "Mystery Train" is that the author's love for rock and his fascination with certain books and ideas have a common source in his experience of the world: "I am no more capable of mulling over Elvis without thinking about Herman Melville than I am of reading Jonathan Edwards . . . without putting on Robert Johnson's records as background music. What I bring to this book, at any rate, is no attempt at synthesis, but a recognition of unities in the American imagination that already exist."

If "Mystery Train" is about unities, it is also obsessed with dualities; for Marcus, rock embodies the central contradictions of American life. The book begins with a section about two men whom Marcus calls "ancestors." Harmonica Frank Floyd, an obscure white Southern singer who was a pre-Elvis protégé of Sam Phillips, anticipated the irreverent, noisy, joyous fool-about-my-money-don't-try-to-save hedonism of Elvis and Little Richard—the element in rock and roll (and in the American spirit) that, like Huck Finn, refuses to be "sivilized." Robert Johnson, perhaps the greatest of the country-blues artists, prefigured the dark side of rock: the suffering, terror, and rage that surface when the American promise that we can have it all, are *entitled* to it all, meets implacable limits.

The rock performers ("inheritors") that Marcus goes on to discuss have all, in one way or another, struggled with these disparate realities, are all in some sense exemplary Americans. Marcus depicts The Band as failed pilgrims—a group of Canadians who had faith in the possibilities of an America that many young Americans had rejected; who set out to inspire us with their vision of community and instead were infected by our fragmentation and self-doubt. Sly Stone is seen as a contemporary version of Staggerlee, the ultimate black outlaw-hero, who beat the Devil at his own game. Unlike his prototype, Sly aspired to be a winner without killing or dying for the privilege—his weapon was the utopian optimism of the sixties—but in the end he turned bitterly against his own fantasy with the no-exit album "There's a Riot Goin' On." For Randy Newman, who



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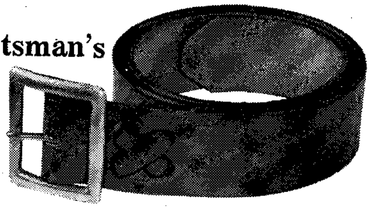

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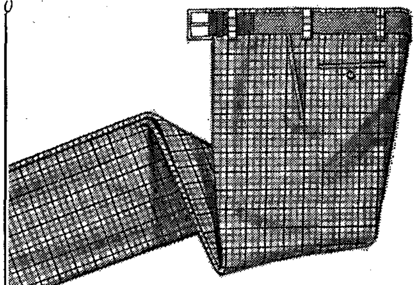

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comes from that exemplary American city Los Angeles, the only possible response to inhabiting a culture whose logic is equally likely to produce the Beach Boys and Charles Manson is an ironic pop consciousness that acknowledges both complicity and distance. Yet, as Marcus demonstrates, Newman's sensibility creates its own contradictions: his complicity makes him crave mass popularity, but his distance attracts—and makes him settle for—a cult.

Finally, there is the giant beside whom, as Marcus says, "the other heroes of this book seem a little smalltime." "Elvis: Presliad," the long essay that concludes, dominates, and sums up "Mystery Train," is an extraordinary piece of writing. A celebration of and a protest against nothing less than the American epic as American tragedy, it traces Presley's career from his early, legendary singles on Sun to his current status as a cultural icon equally revered by rock freaks, middle-aged housewives, and even Richard Nixon, who once invited him to the White House and made him an honorary narcotics agent. To Marcus, Presley is the man who embraced the contradictions, lived out the promise, and achieved a mythic success that is nevertheless its own kind of failure: having defied all the usual limits—black and white music, art and schlock, dirtiness and piety, Memphis and Las Vegas, blue suède shoes and pink Cadillacs—Elvis has succumbed to the complacency that comes of having no more limits to defy.

And so it seems that there is no way out: that every rock-and-roll image of America, pursued far enough, yields its image of defeat. Which is not to say that "Mystery Train" is a pessimistic book. For Marcus, none of the defeats are final; in the end, he reminds us that Elvis still has his great moments, and suggests that they represent "his refusal of all that he can have without struggling." The truth is that Marcus is more romantic about America than he has any right to be if he values his sanity—but, of course, that is precisely his point. There was a time when our most desperate need was to strip away false optimism and face the horror underneath; the imperative that now confronts us—in art, in politics, in love—is to fling joy and hope in the teeth of the horror. Marcus, as a good American, accepts the challenge. One of his most important metaphors is The Band's song "Across the Great Divide": the Divide, he observes, is where the two sides of the country separate but also where they meet.

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Marcus believes that art should be risky—the performers he admires all have grand ambitions that allow the possibility of equally grand disasters—and he does not hedge his own bets; it takes a certain audacity to assert, for example, that Lyndon Johnson, America's Ahab, had more than a little in common with Huck. "Mystery Train" tackles difficult, often painful subjects: the aspirations and betrayals of the sixties; black aesthetics and politics; the meaning of freedom for a popular artist. Marcus also takes risks with his prose, abandoning straightforward discourse for an episodic style that reflects his dialectical structure. At times, his writing attains an elegiac eloquence that echoes the blues; at other times, it is pure effluvium of pop, crammed with digressions and amplifications and throwaway insights and the endless bits of information a fan can't bear to leave out. (I should mention here the wonderful "Notes and Discographies" appendix.)

My major reservation about "Mystery Train" is that it virtually ignores women, and thus perpetuates and elaborates a set of myths about America that are only half true. It's not just that Marcus doesn't write about female performers—thereby overlooking crucial themes—but that, except in some remarks on black machismo and a brief account of a conversation with Dominique Robertson (Robbie's wife), he does not deal with the relation of the male myths to a female perception of reality which remains largely unwritten, unsung, unacceptable, and even unconscious. The result at times is an uncharacteristic obtuseness, as when Marcus takes Randy Newman's affection for the rapist-narrator of one of his songs to be a triumph of imaginative empathy rather than a version—however benignly Newmanesque—of an all too common male fantasy. It is easy, and probably accurate, to say that only a woman could correct this sort of bias. But that lets Marcus off the hook—and perhaps underestimates him. Greil Marcus owes it to his own vision of America to try and cross this most dangerous divide of all.

—ELLEN WILLIS

•

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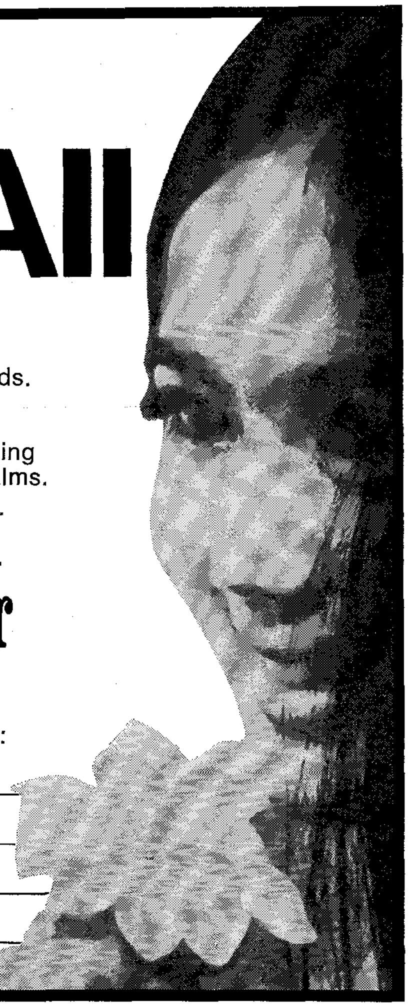

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BOOKS

Draping Radiance with a Worn Veil

Charlie Citrine, the narrator and hero of Saul Bellow's new novel, "Humboldt's Gift" (Viking), takes a lot of abuse from the other characters. His brother Julius tells him, "Ah, you poor nut, you overeducated boob. . . . I can't read the crap you write. Two sentences and I'm yawning. Pa should have slapped you around the way he did me. It would have woken you up." His ex-wife, Denise, tells him, "When you get solemn you're a riot, Charlie. And now you're going in for mysticism, as well as keeping that fat broad, as well as becoming an athlete, as well as dressing like a dude—all symptoms of mental and physical decline. I'm so sorry, really. Not just because I'm the mother of your children, but because you once had brains and talent." Renata, his mistress, tells him, "Your sentiments and deep feelings may do you credit, but you're like a mandolin-player. You tickle every note ten times. It's cute, but a little goes a long way." Naomi, his childhood sweetheart, says, "I wonder what it is with you—a big important clever man going around so eager from woman to woman. Haven't you got anything more important to do?" Von Humboldt Fleisher, the spectacularly failed poet whose "gray stout sick dusty" ghost is the Minotaur of Charlie's mazelike narrative, tells him, "You're not a real American. . . . You're a Yiddisher mouse in these great Christian houses. At the same time, you're too snooty to look at anyone," and, in a madder mood, "You're a crook. You're a traitor, a liar, a phony, and a Judas," and, in a valedictory letter, "For you are, at one and the same time, no good at all and also a darling man." The character called Rinaldo Cantabile, a dapper Chicago punk who leeches onto Charlie in an inscrutable relationship of furious mutual fascination, is the most abusive of all: he compels Charlie to accompany him into the stall of a men's room and onto the catwalk of an uncompleted skyscraper, cheats him at cards, smashes up his Mercedes, nearly gets him arrested as a hired gun, and entertains him with responses like

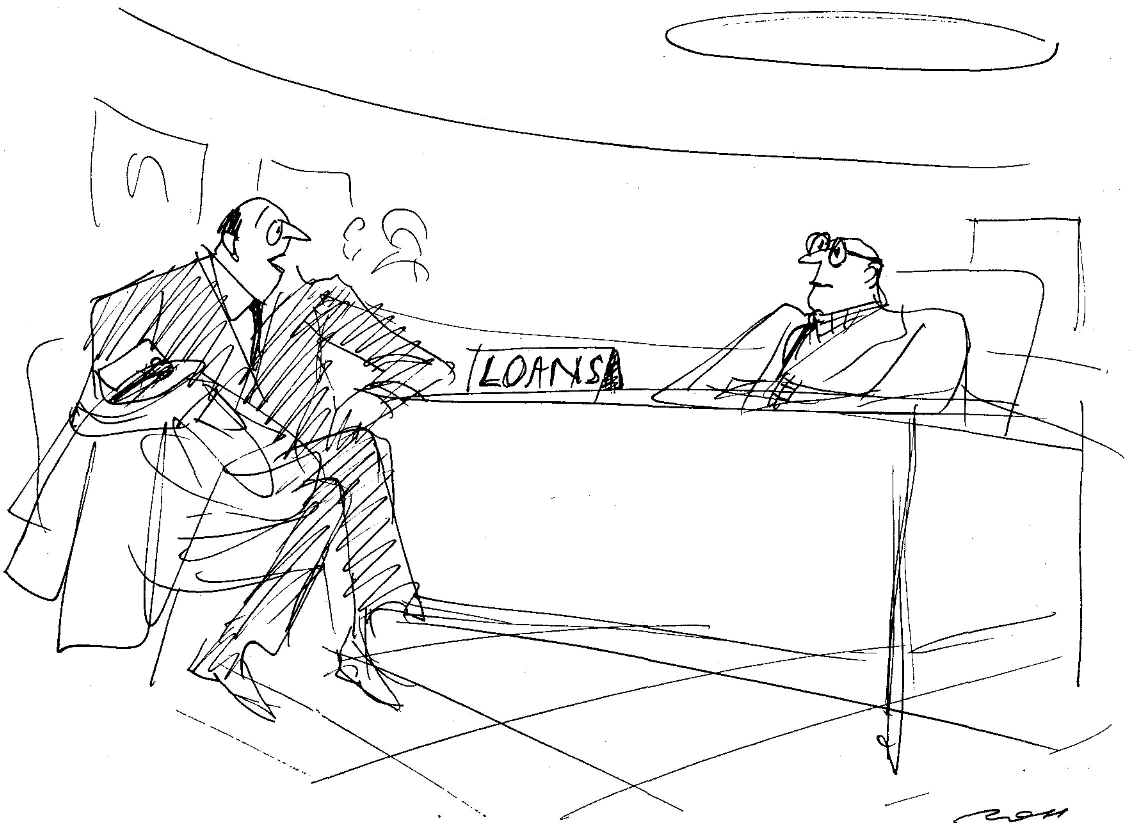
> "You don't think I know what I'm doing, Mr. Cantabile?"
>
> "No you don't. You couldn't find your ass with both hands."

It is to Cantabile that we owe the book's most vivid physical characterization of its hero:

> "Now he's a faded beauty," said Cantabile. "I know it's killing him. He's losing the clean jawline. Notice the dewlaps and the neck wrinkles. His nostrils are getting big and hungry-like, and they have white hair. It's a sign with beagles and horses too, turning white around the muzzle. Oh, he's unusual all right. A rare animal . . . And a sexy little bastard. He's slept with everything under the sun. Awfully vain, too. Charlie and his pal George jog and train like a couple of adolescent jocks. They stand on their heads, take vitamin E, and play racquet ball. Though they tell me you're a dog on the courts, Charlie."

As if putting down his racquet ball isn't enough, Cantabile goes on to dismiss Charlie's intellectual exertions: "All you have to do is ask him a question and he turns on. Can you see this as an act in a night club?" (Not a bad question: the end result of Citrine's friendship with Humboldt—the "gift" descending from their obsessions with poetry, history, nobility, great thought, and beauty—is a successful comic film plagiarized from an old piece of foolery they worked up to relieve their boredom at Princeton.) Nor does Charlie spare himself abuse; he is, by his own account, "a goofy old chaser" and "a dumb old silly." By the time he has reached the page (434) upon which this last characterization appears, the reader, worn out with the mental effort of defending Charlie against his accusers, is terribly tempted just to nod.

The concepts of goofiness, of silliness, of "shenanigans" keep recurring. Human activity, often frenzied and feverish in Bellow's fiction, is more than ever felt as a distraction to thought, an obstacle to some truth: "One thought, How sad, about all this human nonsense which keeps us from the large truth." Though the book begins as if it will be a wonderfully animated meditation upon the sociological question of the intellectual's place in America, the questions that really fascinate Charlie Citrine are more transcendental and mystical—questions of death, of immortality, of "light-in-the-being":



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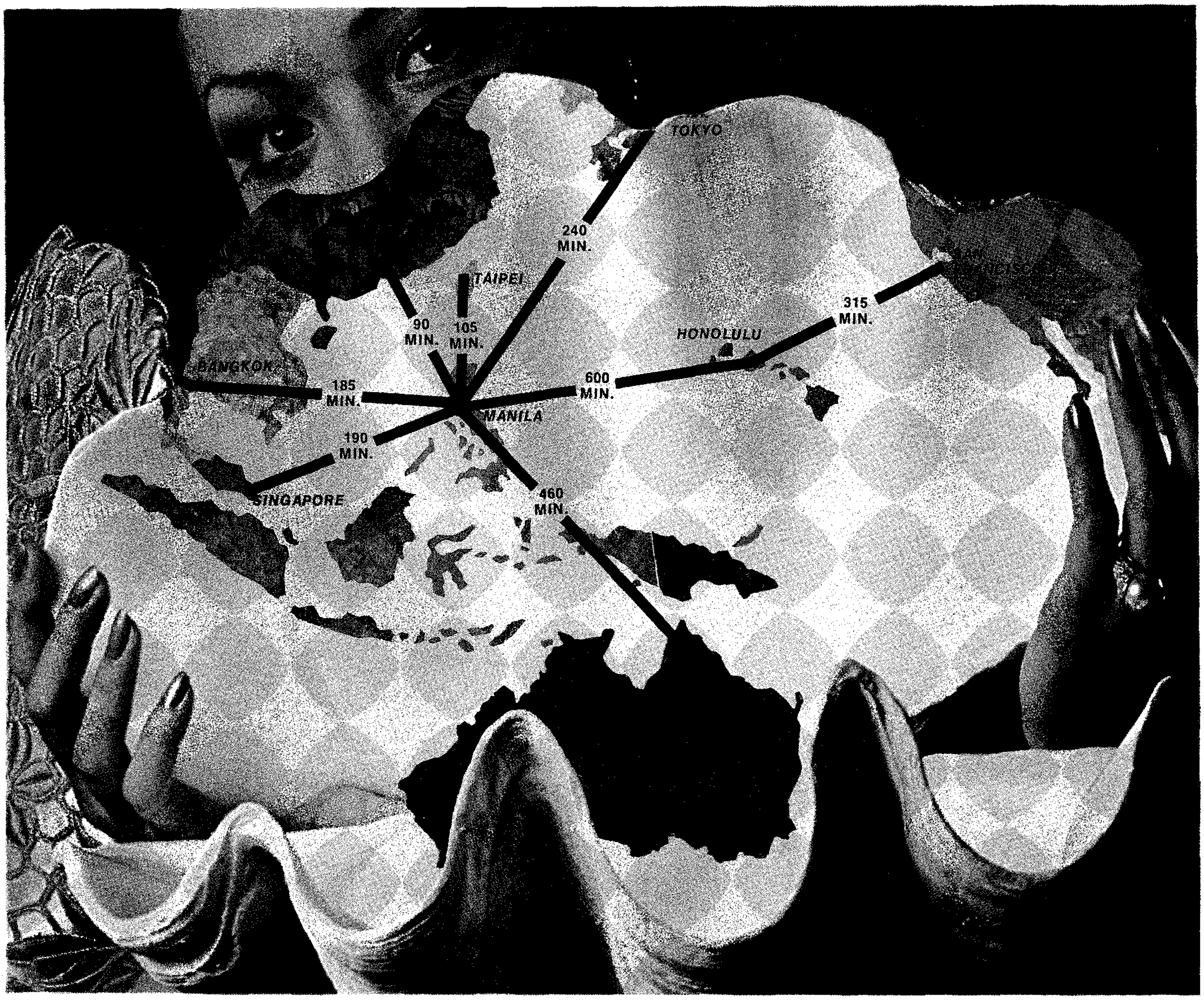
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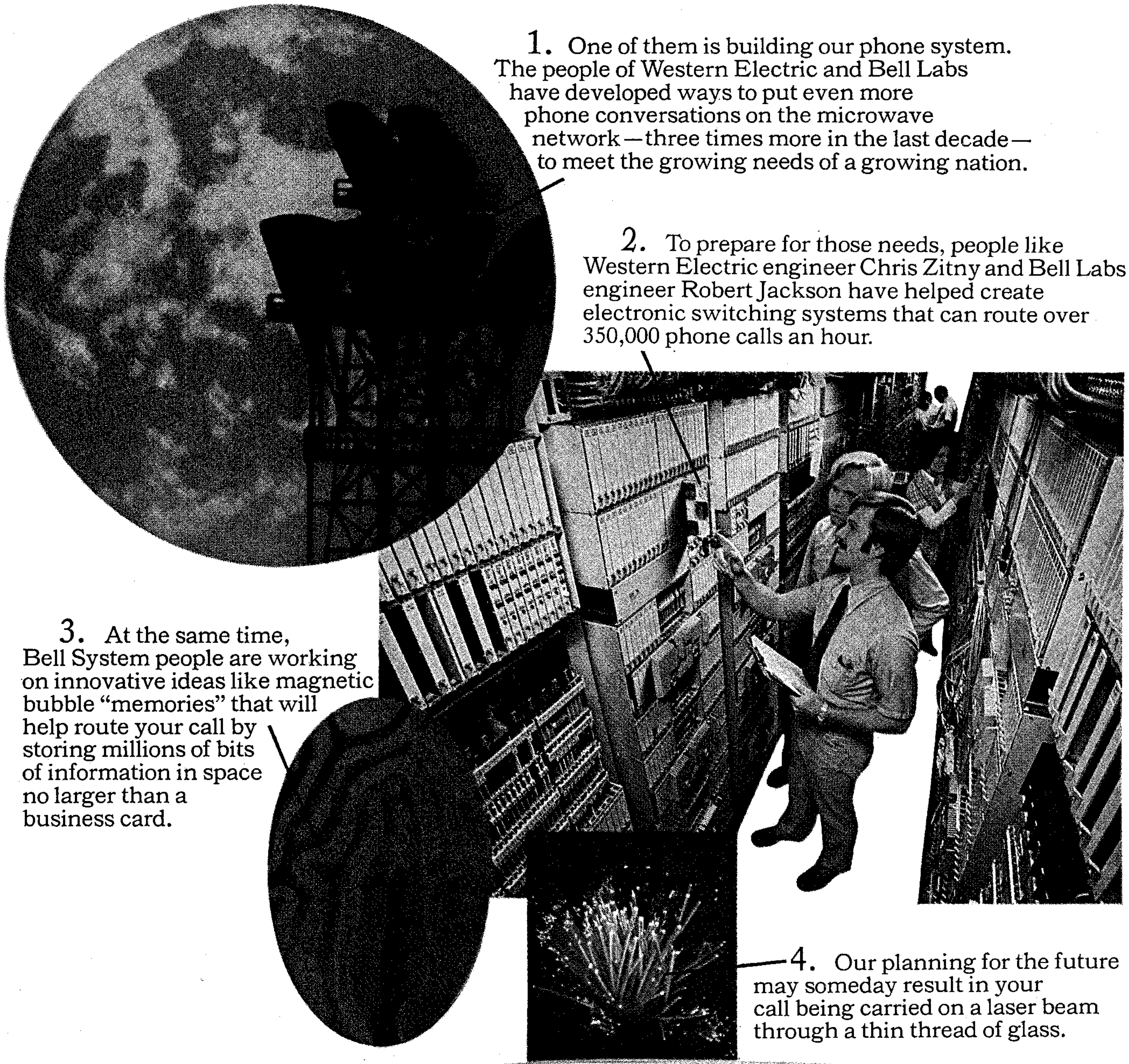

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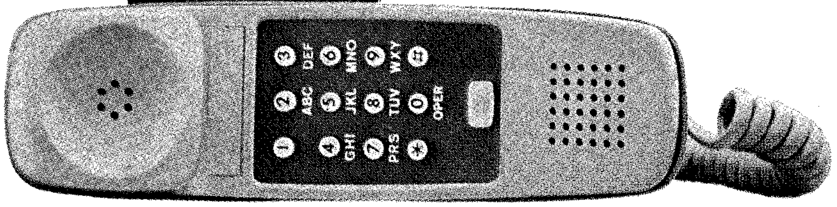

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"I mean a kind of light-in-the-being, a thing difficult to be precise about, especially in an account like this, where so many cantankerous erroneous silly and delusive objects actions and phenomena are in the foreground." Small wonder, then, that the events of the novel pull away from the issues, and effusion replaces conversation (with everybody, including the supposedly unintellectual Renata, sounding like Charlie), and the many brilliant episodes become too many—a static of human busyness that prevents Charlie from tuning in and that leads the reader to tune out. Rinaldo Cantabile, for instance, is at first a compelling apparition, a figure of frantic menace and insecurity, a "nervous invention" that simultaneously illustrates Charlie Citrine's "weakness for the sensational" and demonstrates Saul Bellow's marvellous susceptibility to the eccentric particulars of American life in motion. When, toward the end of the book, amid a welter of exploded schemes and fresh entanglements, Cantabile reappears, he seems a mere annoyance, a bothersome shrill squawking over the telephone, a demented *deus* lowered from a needless *machina*, a thoroughly excessive device introduced to get the hero to go to a movie that is sweeping the world and would have come to his attention anyway; Cantabile is dismissed, by a suddenly unfascinated Citrine, like a messenger in Shakespeare. Cantabile has become a bore because the possibility of development is permitted no character but the omnipresent, amorphous, relentlessly self-regarding narrator.

Piecemeal faults might be found with "Humboldt's Gift." When, a little more than halfway through, the novel leaves Chicago, it abandons a regional portrait of considerable accumulating richness. The Madrid section is relatively tenuous; the "shenanigans" are especially abstract and hurried. The novel has more characters than it can use; some, like Cantabile's girlfriend Polly and the crooked financier Stronson, exist as if only to occasion their descriptions, and none, save Humboldt and his wife, Kathleen, occupy more than one corner of the territory that the story's time span stakes out. Bellow's style, breezy and tough and not always grammatical, feels fallen away from a former angelic height. Contrast the opening sentences

> The book of ballads published by Von Humboldt Fleisher in the Thirties was an immediate hit. Humboldt was just what everyone had been waiting for. Out in the Midwest I had certainly been waiting eagerly, I can tell you that. An avant-

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> garde writer, the first of a new generation, he was handsome, fair, large, serious, witty, he was learned. The guy had it all. . . .

with the also idiomatic but far more electric and cadenced opening of "The Adventures of Augie March":

> I am an American, Chicago born—Chicago, that somber city—and go at things as I have taught myself, free-style, and will make the record in my own way: first to knock, first admitted; sometimes an innocent knock, sometimes a not so innocent. But a man's character is his fate, says Heraclitus, and in the end there isn't any way to disguise the nature of the knocks by acoustical work on the door or gloving the knuckles.

And the stylistic recourse, new since "Mr. Sammler's Planet," to commaless series, running to such lengths as "black bread raw onion bourbon whisky herring sausage cards billiards race horses and women," seems a rather too determined exercise in relaxation.

But Bellow's great gifts deserve great indulgence, and the only real trouble with "Humboldt's Gift" is that the problems that engage the author do not engage the gears of his story. Death, power, America—Charlie Citrine has much to say about these cherished topics, but his remarks are incongruously juxtaposed and interwoven with the "shenanigans," the "capers," the "daily monkeyshines" that compose his mystic's impression of natural human events. Tellingly, Charlie confesses, "I could read a little in the great mysterious book of urban America. I was too fastidious and skittish to study it closely—I had used the conditions of life to test my powers of immunity; the sovereign consciousness trained itself to avoid the phenomena and to be immune to their effects." Perception, for the supremely perceptive Citrine, has become a tic, a trick to exploit. Himself immune, he scoops up impressions, pours out descriptions. From high in the Plaza, he invites Renata to admire the view of Fifth Avenue at Christmastime:

> I was very good myself at putting other people on to views for the purpose of absenting myself. . . . I was like a deft girl, scooping all the jacks before the ball bounced back. It was as it had been with Renata last spring when we took the train to Chartres, "Isn't that beautiful out there!" she had said. I looked and yes, it was indeed beautiful. No more than a glance was necessary.

That glance was earlier described:

> I looked out, and she was right. Beautiful was indeed there. But I had seen Beautiful many times, and so I closed my eyes. I rejected the plastered idols of the Appearances. . . . I even thought, The

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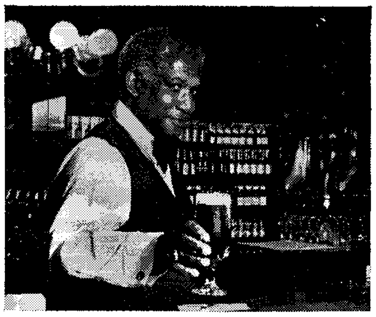

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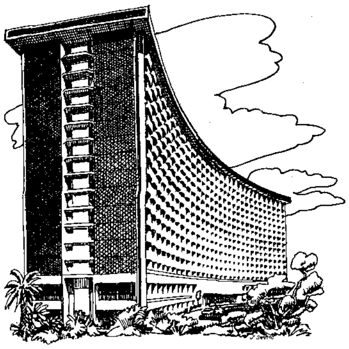

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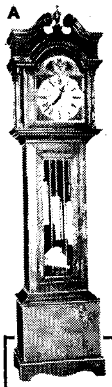
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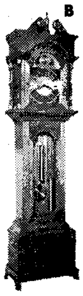
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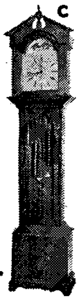
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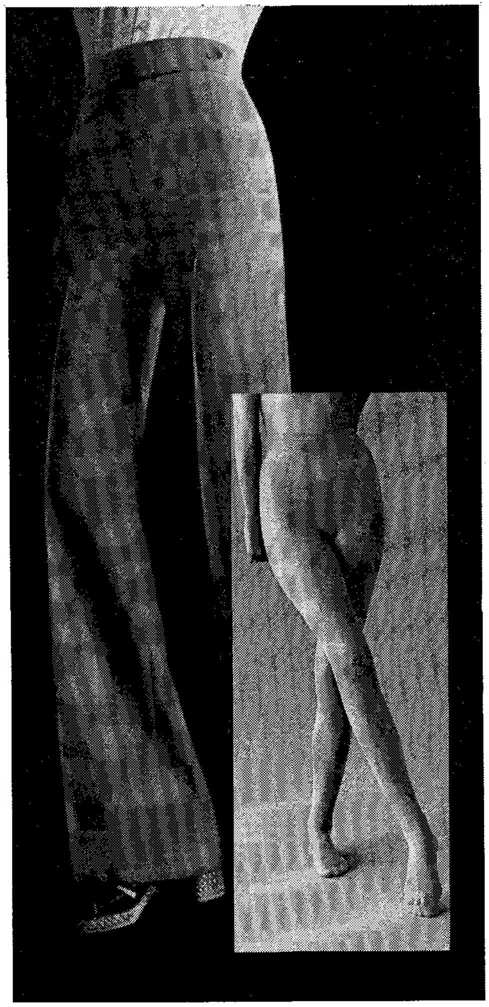
painted veil isn't what it used to be. The damn thing is wearing out. Like a roller-towel in a Mexican men's room.

The vividness of the metaphor rather retracts the disclaimer, but the weary tone sounds honest. The veil of *maya* isn't what it used to be for Bellow, though he is not yet mystic enough—unlike I. B. Singer—to look at daily monkeyshines for glimmers of supernatural light. Nor, unlike the former celebrant of Chicago, Theodore Dreiser, can he accept the natural world as the only world, portentous by its own final weight. So he gives us a world as craziness, as "goofy . . . a solid mass of improbabilities," a world kept spinning by whimsical impulses and savage egos, an earth that is "literally a mirror of thoughts" to the central, immune viewer, who devotes his attention more and more to the world beyond death, to the anthroposophy of Rudolf Steiner, to the consoling curious possibilities that "our bones are crystallized out of the cosmos itself" and the universe is "the living garment of God" and "we occupy a point within a great hierarchy that goes far far beyond ourselves." These supernatural preoccupations of Bellow's are not in themselves unworthy—it takes a courageous humanism to perceive that life is infinitely cramped by the loss of an expectation of an afterlife—but they do make the veil of his fictional phenomena thin. We know, reading, that there will be many surprises but no revelations, that no turn of event will dreadfully deepen the theme, that the essentially cerebral and comic spirit of the creator will contrive to preserve his hero from essential harm. And so it is: Charlie Citrine loses Renata but takes comfort in one of those dazed, ignominious retreats so dear to Bellow heroes; he loses his money but more falls to him; he leaves his city and his children but in the spirit of a holiday; the sleep of his soul, as he thinks of it, is disturbed but not shattered. He rolls over, amid the rumpled sheets and untied threads of the plot.

And yet. Of course there are passages that no one but Bellow could have perpetrated—scenes that are, in the flow of their wit and felt detail, simply delicious. The giddying ascent with Cantabile up through the unfinished skyscraper ("the hollow interior filled with thousands of electric points resembling champagne bubbles") to a windy height from which the indignant hood sails airplanes folded from fifty-dollar bills; the visit to Humboldt's book-stuffed house in a rural slum of New Jersey (a "scant"



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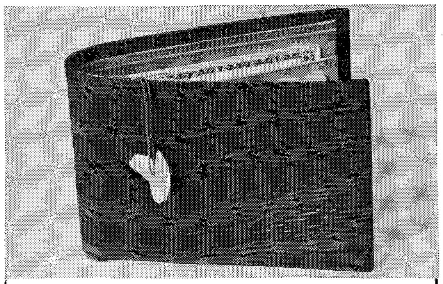
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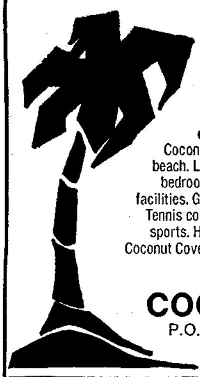
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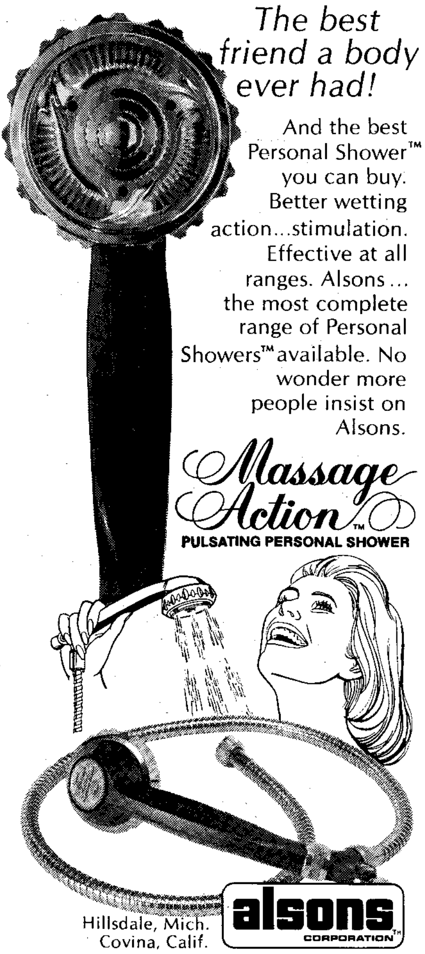
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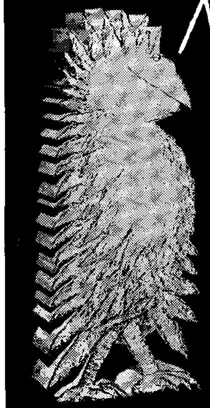

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terrain "good for nothing but chicken farms" and looking "like the still frame of an old movie on sepia film"); the opulent carnal landscape of Renata, her throat "ever so slightly ringed or rippled by some enriching feminine deposit;" the scenes of Chicago justice as manipulated by woolly, cannibalistic lawyers and urbane Slavic judges (hilarious scenes, as devastating to the legal profession as anything in "Bleak House"); the barbed caricatures of Manhattan intelligentsia; the unfailingly tender sketches of old Chicago neighborhoods—with such evocations, enlivened by love and alarm, Bellow fragmentarily makes good the book's *implicit promise to illumine* the "overwhelming phenomenon" of America, in its "abominable American innocence." The very thinness of the veil, for Bellow, enables him to exaggerate and poeticize. Mind permeates Bellow's renderings; permeability is the essence of his fluid, nervous, colorful mimetic art. The most passing moment gets its infusion of magic. For instance: Briefly, Citrine remembers visiting Humboldt's widow on a ranch in Nevada. She has remarried; her new husband, a cowboy called Tigler, is particularized by "the bold bronze face with ginger tufted brows, the bent horse-disfigured legs." When, fishing on a lake with Charlie, Tigler falls into the water and has to be rescued, the bronze returns as more than a color—as his substance—and metaphor elevates the incident into fable:

> I could see the late Tigler's Western figure as if it were cast in bronze, turning over and over in the electrical icy water, and then I saw myself, who had learned swimming in a small chlorinated tank in Chicago, pursuing him like an otter.

The touch of fantasy is Bellow's obedient imp; he is as fertile as reality itself in arresting incongruities. Humboldt is prevented from committing street violence not by any faceless passersby but by a "group of lesbians gotten up as longshoremen;" Humboldt passingly mentions a hospital suicide who "took a fork and hammered it into his heart with the heel of his shoe;" and a pack of Humboldt's cats is made hyper-real by Charlie's recalling one "with a Hitler mustache." Bellow is not only the best portraitist writing American fiction, he is one of our better nature poets. How palpable, tastable, and visible is this glimpse of Princeton:

> I stood under a brownstone arch, on foot-hollowed stone, while panhandling squirrels came at me from all directions across the smooth quadrangles, the love-

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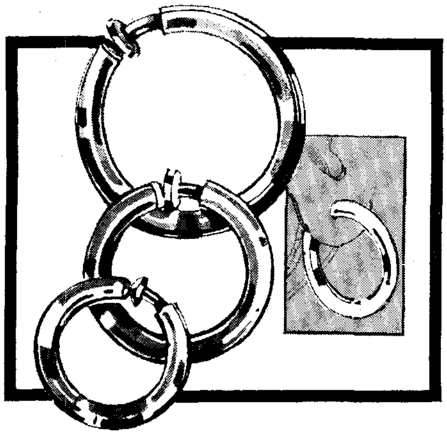

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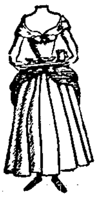

Some Fine Day
You'll Come
to
Waterville

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ly walks. It was chilly and misty, the blond dim November sun binding the twigs in circles of light.

Charlie ventures a number of epitaphs for Von Humboldt Fleisher, but the best one comes early: "Humboldt wanted to drape the world in radiance, but he didn't have enough material." The judgment seems self-reflective; the wonder about Bellow is how much radiant material he can provide, to drape a world he scarcely wants to touch.

This seventh (not counting "Seize the Day") novel shares many qualities with Bellow's first, "Dangling Man," written more than thirty years ago. The same Chicago, the same ruminativeness, the same moral passion oddly mixed with passivity and spurts of farce and quarrel. The early novel even runs the same calendar course, from December to April, an entombed time of the year whose vernal resurrection means much to Bellow, though "a city boy." From the outset, his fiction gravitated toward heroes suspended in, as "Dangling Man's" Joseph puts it, "sheer dishevelment of mind." And out of Joseph's dishevelment emerge a number of principles that Charlie Citrine, in his slacker, racier tone, might still propound:

> I would rather be a victim than a beneficiary.
>
> Trouble, like physical pain, makes us actively aware that we are living, and when there is little in the life we lead to hold and draw and stir us, we seek and cherish it, preferring embarrassment or pain to indifference.
>
> We are too ignorant and spiritually poor to know that we fall on the "enemy" from confused motives of love and loneliness.
>
> Such reality . . . should not be trusted . . . there was an element of treason to common sense in the very objects of common sense.

Joseph is young, his novel is a scattered journal, he resolves "to begin schooling myself in shrewdness." Charlie Citrine has certainly acquired a worldly shrewdness, as well as (like Saul Bellow) the riband of an honorary Chevalier. But after making one's way through the worldly mass of "Humboldt's Gift," so rich in information and speculation, one wonders if, for Bellow's kind of dangling, rather than doing, man, the shorter length and implicative texture of the youthful book weren't better. We marvel at a safe distance at Charlie's predatory relationships with his bitchy ex-wife and his mistress, whereas we entered into Joseph's gentle, mundane, unspokenly doomed marriage to Iva. "Dangling

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Man," though in snippets, merged earth and air, whereas "Humboldt's Gift," washed up on our drear cultural shore like some large, magnificently glistening but beached creature from another element, dramatizes, in its agitated sluggishness, the body/mind split that is its deepest theme.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MISS SILVER'S PAST, by Josef Škvorecký, translated from the Czech by Peter Kussi (Grove). An alternately comic and lachrymose diatribe against literary censorship in Czechoslovakia, convolutedly disguised (to get past the censors) as a mystery novel. Mr. Škvorecký is a leading Czech writer who left his country after the Soviet invasion of 1968 and now teaches at the University of Toronto. His book satirizes the hypocrisy, fear, and jockeying for power of the Czech publishing world. It was banned in 1967 (before it even came out), was published under Dubček in 1969, and sold out its first printing of forty thousand copies in a few days; its second printing, of ninety thousand copies, was confiscated by the police. Unfortunately, the Czech slang and proverbs haven't weathered the transition to English very well (sentences like "Lies have short legs they don't get very far" and "Now came another scene in the grand parable of humanity" weigh down the satire like lumps of lard), the Mata Hari-with-a-mission mystery story is too transparent, and none of the characters succeed very well either as satirical symbols or as real people. Only the frustrating, stifled atmosphere of a controlled intellectual life comes across with any vigor.

GENERAL

ROBESPIERRE: OR THE TYRANNY OF THE MAJORITY, by Jean Matrat, translated from the French by Alan Kendall with Felix Brenner (Scribners). As a young Arras lawyer, Robespierre (he was born in 1758 and guillotined in 1794) was a royalist and a Christian. He was also affected by Rousseau's ideas, especially in pitying and sentimentalizing the poor. His political career was less than meteoric, since the Revolution devoured a lot of its children—its original leaders and its more famous and distinguished figures—before it

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turned to the meticulous small-town purist. M. Matrat gives a fine sense of the emotional confusions that the Revolution produced, and also a good account of Robespierre's terrifying tactics in attempting to maintain his ascendancy. What is not made clear—and perhaps no document exists that could explain the puzzle—is how Robespierre changed from what eighteenth-century American revolutionaries would have recognized as a fellow-democrat into one of the world's first totalitarians, whose execution, even on the pages of history, comes as a relief.

THE 1940s: DECADE OF TRIUMPH AND TROUBLE, by Cabell Phillips (Macmillan). A no-nonsense political history. The volume is one of a series, The New York *Times* Chronicle of American Life, and the author has himself worked for the paper; not surprisingly, the book draws on its files. But Mr. Phillips has also used many other sources, as well as his own reportorial experience. The book is thorough and reliable, and where historical assessments and opinions differ Mr. Phillips usually notes the differences, and says why he thinks what he thinks. The book's unspectacular approach is extremely effective; the period is full of conflict abroad and partisanship at home, and does not need screaming prose to arouse the reader's interest.

A WAKE FOR THE LIVING: A FAMILY CHRONICLE, by Andrew Lytle (Crown). The Lytles arrived in America "sometime before 1724" and gradually moved south and west, until they settled down in Tennessee after the Revolution. The author's tales, recollections, and reflections about his ancestors and their lives evoke the Southern past—fighting the Indians and the British, clearing the wilderness, owning slaves, losing the Civil War, and retaining a sense of noblesse and its obligations. Mr. Lytle includes a lot of practical farm lore to present the texture of the agricultural life of the past. The book reads as if spoken, reflecting the great Southern storytelling tradition.

NOTE: Elizabeth Drew's "Washington Journal: The Events of 1973-74" has been published by Random House. Most of the material originally appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

RAINBOW'S END, by James M. Cain (Mason/Charter). Mr. Cain is now

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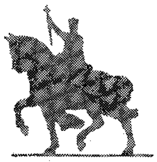

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close to eighty, but he can still run the three-minute mile that he first achieved more than forty years ago in "The Postman Always Rings Twice." The setting for this new exercise in almost mindless speed is a farm on the Muskingum River, in the hillbilly country of southeastern Ohio. Chapter 1 begins and ends with Mom trying to get into bed with her grown son Dave. Chapter 2 finds a hijacker and his hostage airline stewardess stranded by parachute on a little island owned by Mom and Dave. Chapter 3 finds the hijacker dead, Dave and the stewardess in each other's arms, and the loot—one hundred thousand dollars—missing. There are twenty-four chapters in all, and not a breathing place anywhere.

THE MANDARIN CYPHER, by Adam Hall (Doubleday). The British secret agent Quiller is distinguished from other international spies by his infinite capacity for survival and his awesome loquacity, and in this relentless cliff-hanger set in Hong Kong he (1) survives poison in his toothpaste, a surprise attack by three armed assassins, strangulation in a snake shop, an underwater knife fight, and a deep-sea swim through a minefield, and (2) keeps us informed of the reasons for every move he makes: "A mass of data was streaming in from the sensory systems and it had to be computed before anything useful could be done. . . . This was one of the countless combinations presenting themselves for review: a strike upwards with the right arm and a stab downwards with the right foot. . . . This one got an instant negative because . . ."

•

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—*Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune.*

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•

His cautious words were obviously directed at critics in America—particularly in Congress—who think he and Dr Kissinger have given too much ground to humour the Russian in agreeing to sing the 30,000-word Helsinki declarations this week.—*London Daily Telegraph.*

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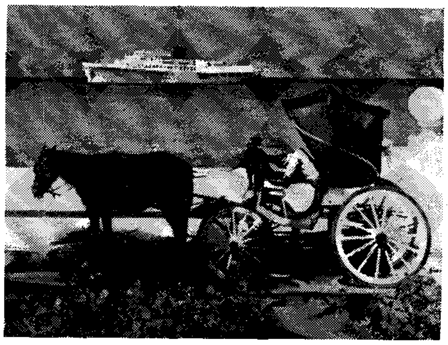

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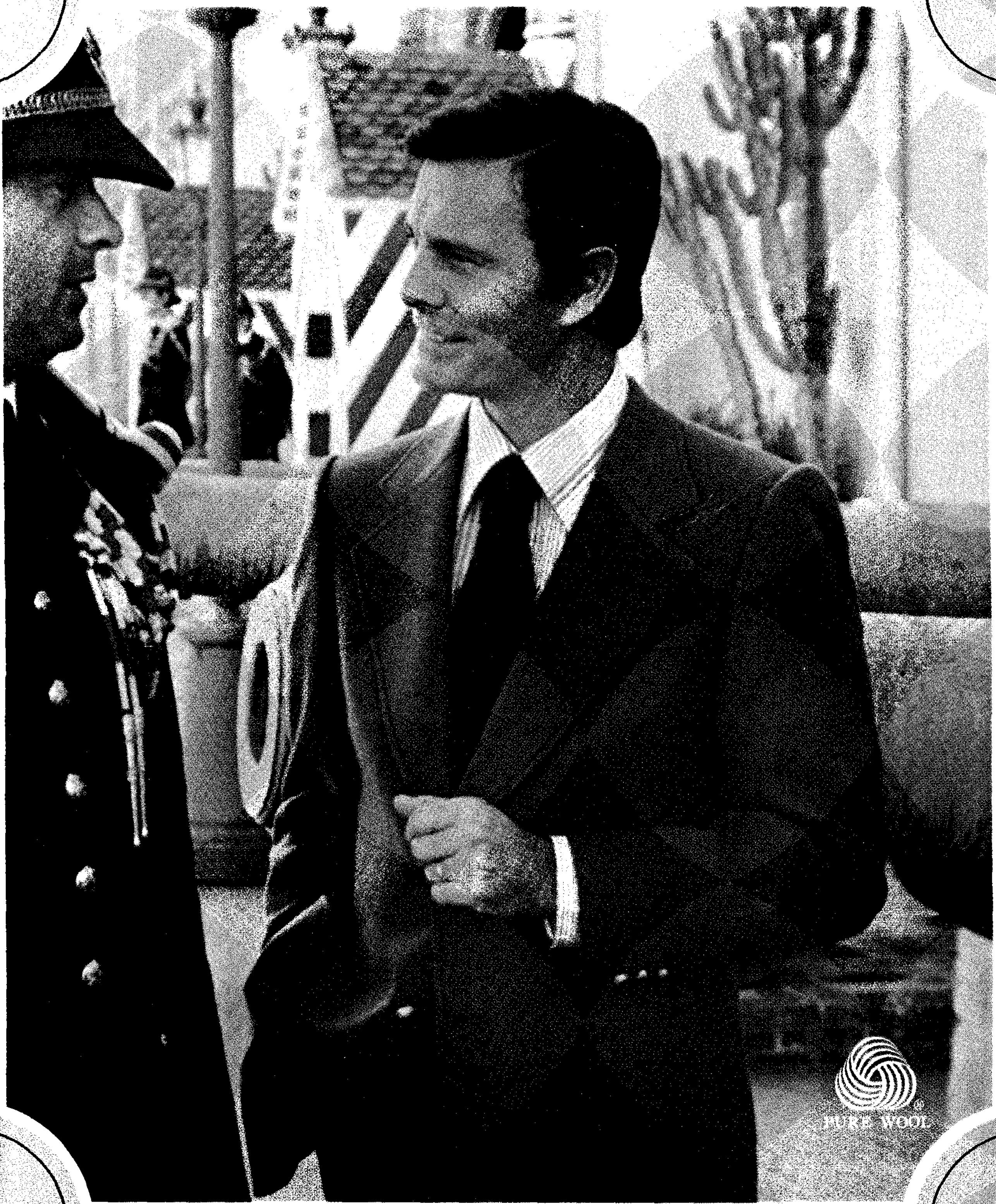

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